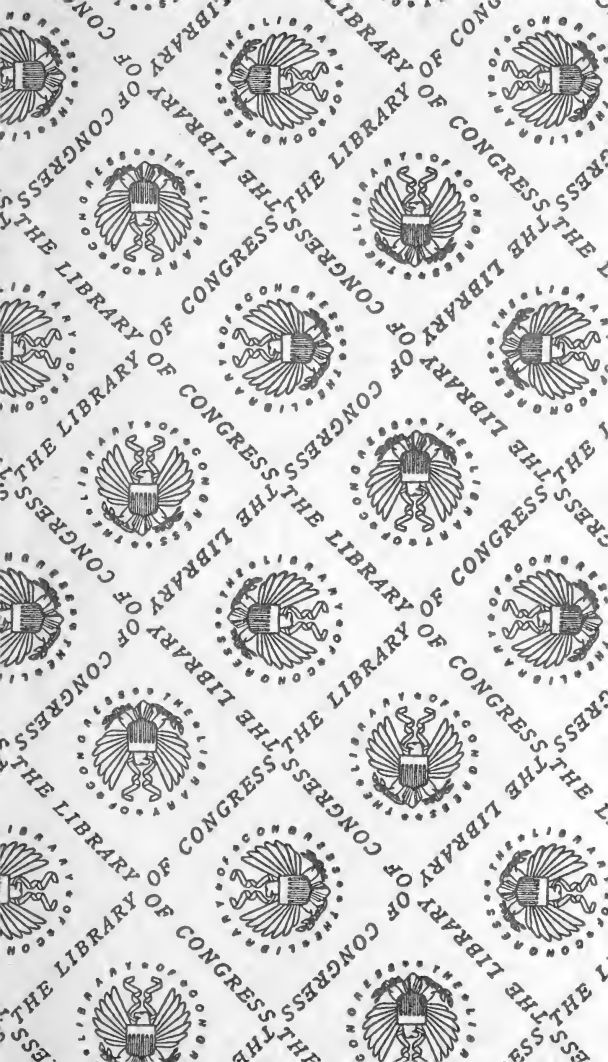


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THE CONVENT BELL.



THE

CONVENT BELL:

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY



CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

Tonna



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THE CONVENT BELL.

A TALE.



CANTO I.

I.

HARK! to the distant Convent Bell,
That rolls its deep and solemn knell
Upon the passing breeze :
The choral strain has died away,
And the last taper's glimmering ray
Has faded from the trees.
Again the silver moon-beams rest
Unbroken on the mountain's breast
That rises in majestic grace,
And naught beneath the midnight beam
Is heard, save yonder winding stream,
That murmurs at its base.

II.

It is not long since this lone glen
Rang to the tread of armed men.
Britons they were, whose blood had dyed
The Douro's rushing wave,
When many a crest of martial pride
Found by that gloomy torrent's side
A low and silent grave.

The Conqueror had drawn his train
Back tow'rd Abrantes height,
From thence to succor trembling Spain,
With his collected might.
This was a little wounded band,
Who left beneath Oporto's towers,
Had risen with renovated powers,
And longed to grasp the vengeful brand,
And by their peerless Wellesley led,
Wreak Europe's wrongs on Gallia's head.

III.

Their Chief was one whom glory's call
Had tempted from his father's hall,
In manhood's early prime ;
He left his Erin's emerald Isle,
The charms of home, and beauty's smile,
The steeps of fame to climb ;
And well his warlike deeds might grace
The glories of his ancient race.
Touch but his heart with patriot ire,
His dark eye flashed a living fire,
And his firm front withstood,
In dauntless brow, the cannon's blaze ;—
Unmov'd that steadfast eye could gaze
On his own streaming blood,
And, fainting on the field, his glance
Defied the foe's protended lance,
In stern unaltered mood.

IV

But when in that expressive eye,
The beam of sensibility

Resumed its wonted reign,
'Twas soft as eve's reflected sky
Upon the watery plain,
When storms that heaved the waves on high
Have sunk to rest again.
A sabre wound brave Ronald bore,
Of late from Douro's blood-stained shore,
Which was but scantily healed ;
Though now, impatient of delay,
He heads his comrades' bright array,
And leads them to the field.

V.

With buoyant spirits light as air,
A bounding heart untouched by care,
With sparkling eye, and polished brow,
And downy cheek of healthful glow,
The young Fitz-Arthur came ;
A sprightlier youth of courage free
Ne'er graced the lips of chivalry,
Nor sought the fields of fame.
His smile was gay as summer flowers,
His heart was soft as vernal showers,
And all of noble, good, sincere,
In that unclouded mind appear.—

VI.

It boots not here to tell the name
Of each from Douro's banks that came ;
Suffice it they were hearts as brave
As ever crossed the azure wave,

From Britain's chalky shore,
As ever taught her foes to feel
The force of that terrific steel,
Her conquering legions bore.
From Albion's cultivated plain,
From Erin's verdant sod,
From Caledonia's mountain reign,
They came to rescue falling Spain
From the Usurper's rod.
Oporto saw the earnest given—
Saw her detested foes
Forth from her walls in panic driven,
While to the favoring breeze of heaven
St. George's banner rose.

VII.

The little band by Ronald led
Bent to this glen their dubious tread,
As the fourth sun at evening smiled ;
And here their burnished arms they piled,
And sate them on the ground to share
The patient soldier's simple fare.
Soft was the summer eve,—it stole
With soothing charm o'er Ronald's soul ;
—"Seest thou Fitz-Arthur, where the beam
Arrays you mountain's lofty brow ?
Mark how that glory's living stream
Gilds the high broken ridge, and now
'Tis gone,—and see the dazzling sky,
A gold and purple canopy,
Reflected on the streamlet's face,
And vying with the gorgeous flowers,
That nature in this lonely place
Has strewed, to shame our richest bowers.

VIII.

“ O why should man’s inconstant heart
Prefer the gilded wiles of art,
Unmindful of the whispering voice
That wooes him to a nobler choice ?
Why shuns he still the lowly dell,
Where truth and contemplation dwell,
And seeks the gaudy edifice,
By pampered folly reared to vice ;
Viewing with cold and languid eye
The glories of the evening sky,
And pining for the midnight glare,
The wild debauch,—The poisoned snare
That dwells in pleasure’s syren’s breath,
And lures to infamy and death ?
—O let me still unshackled rove,
With nature, friendship, peace, and love,
To guide me on my way !
The tranquil wish, the classic page,
Shall bless my youth and cheer my age,
And consecrate my clay.”

IX.

The rich and variegated dye,
Was fading from the evening sky
More clear and strong the moonbeam played,
Where in the olive’s chequered shade,
Each weary soldier sought repose,
Beside the rippling stream,
While to his wandering fancy rose
The home-restoring dream ;
One watchful sentry paced alone,
And carolled in a low-breathed tone

The ditty of his native vale ;
While, sweeping cross the mountain's side,
To his half-uttered song replied
In murmurs soft, the freshening gale.

X.

But Ronald slept not ;—o'er his frame
By starts a shuddering chillness came :
For spurning soon at soft repose,
Impetuous from his couch he rose,
Ere the skilled Leech might well assuage
The fury of the fever's rage ;
His half-closed wound had pained him sore,
Beneath the parching ray,
Yet silently the pang he bore,
And seemed alert and gay,
Reclined upon a rising ground,
He now his throbbing brow unbound,
To court the cooling breeze,
Then wrapped his martial cloak around,
And in calm contemplation found
A momentary ease.
But fiercer and more frequent came
Those varying starts of chill and flame,
And faint and fainter drooped his head.
The sentry marked with pain and grief
The sufferings of his patient Chief,
And sought Fitz-Arthur's verdant bed ;—
In whom for Ronald's weal he viewed
A brother's fond solicitude.
But vain ev'n friendship's soothing hand,
And vainly pressed his faithful band,
They could not calm the panting strife,
Where death seemed combating with life ;—

A warmer couch was quickly spread,
A softer pillow propped his head,
But ghastly was the languid smile,
That sought to thank their zealous toil.

XI.

Fitz-Arthur searched with piercing ken
The deep recesses of the glen ;—

“ Is there no hut ? ” he cried,
“ No succor can the soil afford,
To him who in her quarrel poured
His life-blood’s flowing tide ?
O Ronald, must thou helpless lie,
Exposed beneath th’ un pitying sky ?

Were earth’s whole surface mine,
I’d freely give th’ extended space,
Beneath one sheltering roof to place
That gallant head of thine ! ”

The tear his glistening eye confessed
Shamed not his helmet’s lofty crest.

XII.

Once more that wild in moonlight grey,
His anxious glances scan,
Yet naught is there which can bewray
The near abode of man.

He only sees the glittering stream,
That sports and dances in the beam,
Hears but the loitering waters play
Among the rocks with fond delay,
While on its banks the olive trees
Sigh to the whispers of the breeze.—

XIII.

Whence came that deep and startling sound
So sudden, clear, and strong,
Which from the craggy rocks around
A thousand caves prolong?
“It is—it is a CONVENT BELL?”
And up the mountain side,
Fitz-Arthur started from the dell,
With quick and eager stride,
And followed through the tangled ground
The guidance of that welcome sound.
Onward he presses his trackless way,
Along the steep ascent,
Where scattered rocks opposing lay,
From the dark mountain rent;
But each rude bulwark lightly passed,
His venturous step is fixed at last
On such commanding height,
That every object placed below
The precipice’s frowning brow,
Is spread before his sight.

XIV.

Down from his dizzy post he bends
A glance of eager hope,
To where the peaceful vale extends,
Beyond that mountain’s slope,
Unbroken, save by rocks that lay,
Hurled downward by the tempest’s sway,
On whose fantastic shapes the beam
Casts with full force its radiant stream,
And shows in mingled light and gloom,
The ruined tower, the sculptured tomb;

With all the forms that fancy brings
To people her ideal reign,
When night her mystic mantle flings
O'er the dim groves and shadowy plain.
The glen is open to the right,
And thither tends his eager sight :
There in the bright unclouded ray,
The silver stream pursues its way,
And winds along through orange bowers,
Whose golden fruit and pearly flowers,
Breathe their rich perfumed sigh,
And shine amid the foliaged shade,
Like heaven's bright host of stars displayed
On evening's purple sky.
There blooms, remote from rude alarms,
The signal of the Patriarch's Dove,
And myrtles form with bending arms
A bower might grace the Queen of Love ;
While with their depth of green entwines
The lighter hue of clustering vines.
And far remote, and towering high,
The dark Sierra meets the sky,
Forming, with wild majestic screen,
A giant barrier to the scene,
Where yet no human step intrudes,
To break its awful solitudes.

XV.

But hark ! the welcome bell he hears,
Resounding from below ;
Down to the left a fane appears,
Which bowered in trees its front appears,
White as the driven snow.

Blithely the glad Fitz-Arthur blest
The holy seat of pious rest,
As springing toward the sacred ground,
A little beaten track he found,
And reached the outer gate ;
And when the porter's bell he plies,
His panting breath will scarce suffice
His errand to relate.

XVI.

—“ A weary march, a wounded friend,
No Leech his skilful aid to lend,
No hospitable roof in view——”
The porter to the fane withdrew,
To move the Lady Abbess' ruth,
For succor to the stranger youth,
And soon within the wicket gate,
Fitz-Arthur might espy,
A holy Friar, whose solemn gait
And shading cowl bespoke his state,
Priest of the Sanctuary.
He doffs his helm with courteous grace,
And to the Father bends,
Then seeks with wistful glance to trace
What hope his suit attends ;
While in persuasive accents dressed,
The tale of Ronald's fate
Ends with a prayer to grant him rest
Within that holy gate.

XVII.

—“ Stranger ! this consecrated pile
Safe from the sacrilegious foe,

Our Country freed from bondage vile,
The dawn of Peace and Plenty's smile,
To thy protecting arms we owe ;
And shall St. Clara's gates be closed
Against our brave Allies,
Wounded and tired, and all exposed
Beneath the midnight skies ?
Forbid it, Heaven ! A litter straight—
Torches !—and open wide the gate—
Now, warrior, wilt thou lead these men
Down yonder path ? there lies the glen :
Meantime will I, with needful care,
Due succor for thy friend prepare,
A lodging for thy train :—
No time for thanks,—nay, haste away,
Brave Ronald feels thy long delay ;—
We soon shall meet again.”—

CANTO II.

I.

WHEN Ronald ope'd his eyes on day,
The fever's rage had passed away,
And though exhausted, faint and weak,
Well could his smiling looks bespeak
Surprise and gratitude,
When in the good Confessor's hand,
That touched his own with gesture bland,
The healing draught he viewed ;
And saw his kind Fitz-Arthur bend,
In triumph o'er his rescued friend.

For when they bore their cherished freight,
Last evening to the convent gate,
 Insensible he lay ;
So dark and dead his slumber seemed,
That for a while Fitz-Arthur deemed
 The soul had passed away.

II.

Few words the passing scene explain,
 “ And now,” Bernardo said,
“ The Lady Abbess does ordain,
That here a captive you remain,
 Till medicine’s potent aid,
Shall give you strength, again to wield
Your heaven-sent arms in victory’s field.
By easy march, your little band
May muster to the chief’s command,
 Long ere he moves again,
And you, my gallant Sir, to tend
With me upon your wounded friend,
 May yet awhile remain ;
Your men shall have a trusty guide,
While a fleet messenger shall ride,
And to the British camp repair,
Due tidings of your state to bear.”—

III.

Fitz-Arthur, voluble and gay,
Now rattled thoughtlessly away
 By smiling Ronald’s side ;
His ramble through the moonlight glade,
And the Confessor’s ready aid,
 A copious theme supplied.

And ardently he longed to pry
Within the Convent's cells,
And feast his bold unhallowed eye,
Where in St. Clara's sanctuary,
Each veil-clad votaress dwells.
He railed against the bigot sway
That doomed them to despair,
And mused if they were old and grey,
Or gentle, young, and fair ;
And vowed it was his high resolve
These doubts by force or fraud to solve.

IV.

As evening closed Bernardo came,
With greeting in the Abbess' name,
—" She longs to hear the tale,
From whence your wandering footsteps strayed,
To shelter in the lonely shade
Of this sequestered vale :
And of Britannia's victor host,
Whose daring step so lately crossed
Her native Douro's stream,
And sooth to say she reckons most
On that inspiring theme ;
And when your pious steps incline
To seek our house of prayer,
And view St. Clara's holy shrine,
She bids me guide you there."—

V.

A purer heart, a kinder soul,
Ne'er dwelt beneath the monkish cowl ;
Much had he read, and studied long,
And sighed for the misguided throng

Who follow some unworthy prize
His pious wisdom could despise.
Peaceful and mild, and innocent,
His philosophic days were spent ;
St. Clara's grace to him had given
To lead her sister-train to heaven,
But no high pride of power or place
Sate in his smooth brow's ample space ;
In his blue eye, of pensive thought,
The ray of love and mercy shone,
Prompt to excuse a brother's fault,
But never lenient to his own.

VI.

Another day is come and gone,—
The setting sun's effulgence shone,
Where through the latticed casement hung
The richly clustering vine,
And the clear vesper-bell has rung,
Its summons to the shrine.
His solemn pace Bernardo bends
To the huge iron gate,
While on his step the following friends
In expectation wait.
The well-paved court is quickly passed,
Within whose spacious square,
The fountain's crystal waters cast
Refreshment on the air.
The folding gate is open thrown,
And a long corridor of stone
Ends in the massy doors, which bound
The chapel's consecrated ground.

The beams of countless tapers play
On the arched roof and fretwork gay ;—
St. Clara's shrine the centre space
In lofty pomp supplies,
While numerous altars round the place
In less proportion rise ;
The Priest is there in vestment white
To minister the sacred rite.

VII.

Foremost within the right-hand grate,
The Abbess sits in silent state,
And by her side an ancient race,
The veteran nuns of eldest place :
Farther and more retired from view,
Are those whose fatal vows are new,
Each in her separate stall ;
And yonder small light forms declare,
Young novices and boarders there,
Await the holy call.
A pitying glance and heart-breathed sigh
The gallant strangers gave,
For sad it was to British eye
To see such flowerets droop and die
Within a living grave :
They thought upon their native Isles,
Where beauty's warm endearing smiles
Should welcome home the brave.

VIII.

But every reasoning power was bound
Within a magic spell,
When the rich choral strains resound
From that secluded cell ;

Unnumbered voices, sweet and clear,
Burst forth upon the raptured ear :
And one there was among the rest,
That thrilled through either listener's breast,—

It came not loud nor strong,
But with a soft seraphic tone,
A melting sweetness all its own,
It would the note prolong ;
Sometimes in holy ecstasy
It pealed the Hallelujah high :
Then sunk to such low dying fall
As might beseem the sinner's call,
And prayer to be forgiven ;
Then rose again, as though in air
An angel winged her way, to bear
The rescued soul to heaven.

IX.

With eager eye and throbbing breast,
To view the chantress Ronald pressed,
For every note those lips had poured
Found in his soul its kindred chord ;
He looked in vain—the gentle choir
That moment from the grate retire,
And leave in Ronald's heart alone
The echo of that heavenly tone.

X.

Bernardo's evening office o'er,
They left the chapel's closing door.
“ What sweet celestial voices grace,”
Fitz-Arthur cried, “ your vestal race !
It were a foolish risque to wage,
If longer I should stay ;

There is a bird in yonder cage,
Might sing my heart away.”—
The good Confessor sadly smiled,
“It was St. Clara’s darling child,
The flower of all her train,
From whose pure lips so meek and mild
Arose that vesper strain.”
“And did that witching songstress dwell
From childhood in the cloistered cell?”—
Bernardo shook his head and sighed,
“Such was her destined fate ;
In infant beauty’s earliest pride,
A father willed that gem to hide
Within the holy grate,
Where from the false world’s sinful lure
She dwelt in sacred peace secure.—

XI.

“Ye British warriors, well ye know
How erst our dark unpitying foe
In the fierce rage of conquest came,
And dealt round havoc, blood, and flame.
One tide of terror rolled o’er all,
And from the convent’s sheltering wall
The helpless nuns were driven,—
To shun a fate more horrible
Than holy lips may bear to tell,
They braved the storms of heaven,
And wandered houseless, shelterless,
In all the anguish of distress.

XII.

“The Convent where Maria dwelt
The fierce assassins’ fury felt ;

Scarcely the nuns could speed their flight,
Ere the Destroyers came,
And their wild path was rendered bright
By their own dwelling's flame.
Maria's native palace stood
Two leagues beyond a spreading wood,
And to that sheltering fane
Their steps in trembling haste they bent,
Nor heeded as they onward went
The wind and driving rain.
All torn with thorns, and galling stones,
Maria led the weary ones
That night to her paternal hall ;
They came—one aged man they found,
Whose faltering lips could scarcely sound
The tidings of his master's fall.

XIII.

“ Too bitter were the task to tell,
What toils that hapless maid befel.
Until in this sequestered dell
A safe retreat was given ;
And ye have heard how saintly swell
Her notes of praise to Heaven.
Her father's fall by foes betrayed,
The horrors of that frantic flight,
Have cast a sad and mournful shade
O'er her pure spirit's native light ;
But 'mid Religion's holy balm
Has soothed it to a pensive calm ;
And Oh ! within this sheltering wall,
So may her days glide by,
Till Heaven shall in its mercy call
An angel to the sky !”—

XIV.

His hands upon his breast he crossed,
And in the mental prayer was lost.
The fire was bright in Ronald's eye,
The glow was on his cheek,
And his clenched hand spontaneously
Seemed his good sword to seek.
"Aye, let us meet," Fitz-Arthur cried,
"Once more these dogs of hell,
And thou and I, still side by side,
A vengeful tale will tell!"
Bernardo raised his pensive head,
And the stern frown beheld,
The lightning glance that proudly said
Your foemen shall be quelled.
Kindly he grasped their offered hands,—
"Conquest already crowns your toil,—
The blood of those invading bands
Has streamed upon our ravaged soil;
Well have ye fought, and freely bled,
Be Lusía's blessing on your head!"

XV.

Another morning dawns—"Arise!
Ronald uncloze those drowsy eyes:
The Abbess in her chair of state
Will shortly our approaches wait;
Come, invoke the Graces' aid,—
For many a day is gone,
Since on our forms, in gay parade,
Fair ladies' glances shone.
Our brows have felt the hand of care,
Our coats are somewhat worse for wear,

But when our knightly tale is told,
They'll say we're gallants true and bold."—

XVI.

Silent and sad his friend arose
From short and unrefreshing rest.
The tale of fair Maria's woes
Was heavy on his breast;
That voice so soft and so resigned
Still floated on his ear,
As to the half-awakened mind
Our morning dreams appear.
Yet could he not but smile to view
His comrade's earnest face,
Brightening his garments' faded hue,
Pluming his war-worn casque anew,
The long-expected interview
In martial pomp to grace.
His short crisp locks of chestnut brown
Shade his unruffled brow,
Unconscious of the surly frown,
Or self-reproving glow :
His tall and well-proportioned form
The sculptor's art might grace,
And the heart's glow, sincere and warm,
Was beaming o'er his face :
An arch and animated smile
His lips would oft divide,
And never did the word of guile
From their frank portals glide.

XVII.

Of riper years, and manlier prime,
Stood Ronald ;—his dark pensive eye

Spoke the high soul, the thought sublime,
That dwelt on immortality.
The scholar's lore, and sober sense,
Mingled with mild benevolence,
And all that polished grace can give,
In those expressive features live.
His light and active form combines
Strength, dignity, and ease,
And the bold martial spirit shines,
Though gentleness the fire refines,
Mild as the summer breeze.—

XVIII.

Bernardo at the appointed hour
Attends them to the gate,
Where throned in plenitude of power
The Abbess holds her state.
The crucifix and holy bead
Are glittering at her side,
And in her steadfast look they read
A trait of conscious pride,—
But naught repulsive or severe
Lours, as her grateful guests draw near
Ranged on their lowly forms around,
With modest glance that seeks the ground,
The gentle nuns are seen ;
And many a sparkling eye was there,
And many a cheek of beauty rare,
With soft and graceful mien :
Their robes and veils of spotless white
Descend in folds of waving light,
The welcome given, with gracious smile,
The Abbess craves a boon,—

“ Would but their brave Allies beguile
The sultry hour of noon,
With tidings of the recent fight,
That quelled proud Gaul’s detested might?”
Back she has thrown the shading veil,
While thus they tell the glorious tale.

CANTO III.

VICTORY OF THE DOURO.

I.

RONALD.

“ TEJO’s emancipated stream
Beheld our burnished weapons gleam,
Nor yet their dazzling blades display
The sanguine dye of battle fray,
Though the succeeding leagues disclose
The path of our remorseless foes.
The ravaged field, the trampled vine,
The smoking hut, their step declare,
With many a dark and fearful sign
That murder’s crimson hand was there.
In horror, hunger, nakedness,
The remnant from their coverts crept,
And prayed the Lord our arms to bless,
While frantically they wept
O’er the retrieveless scene of spoil,
The wreck of their industrious toil.

II.

“ I cannot speak, O holy Dame !
How fiercely blazed th’ indignant flame
In every heart with pity wrung,
While ‘ Vengeance’ burst from every tongue !
Impatient at the long delay,
And burning for the fight,
Northward we urged our threatening way,
Till Vonga’s rising banks display.
The spirit-cheering sight ;
For there in soaring pride arose
The eagles of our ruthless foes.
How brightly then in every eye
Gleamed the sure hope of victory !
And bright o’er all, resplendent shone
Our Wellesley’s piercing glance,
When in his conquest-boding tone
He bade our ranks advance.

III.

“ As bloodhounds who have tracked their prey
Through the wild wood’s uncertain way,
When lo ! before their glaring eyes,
Th’ exhausted foe more faintly flies,—
Rises each bristling hair—they strain
Headlong across the open plain,
And deem their fangs already dyed
In the lost murderer’s crimson tide :
So eager and so fierce we stand,
So dart we at the chief’s command,
Routed at every point, they yield
Before our desperate way,
And masters of the chosen field,
We wait th’ approaching day

That promises a sterner fight,
Vengeance more full, and fame more bright.

IV.

“ Reluctantly the morn arose,
To chase that glowing dream,
And show our dark and crafty foes
Beyond the Douro's stream.
The floating path from strand to strand
Their cautious care had riven,
And far from either hostile band
The broken fragments driven.
Abrupt and high the banks appear,
Within whose narrow space
Old Douro holds, in swift career,
His never-ceasing race.
Such mighty bonds on either side
As Nature's careful hand supplied
To curb the torrent's force,
Alone could chain the rapid tide,
And check its hurrying course.
A yellow tinge the waters wear
As rushing on their way,
From the imprisoning banks they tear
The scanty soil and clay.
A weary task the boatman plies,
Against th' opposing stream,—
Or with the favoring current flies,
Swift as the passing dream ;
But now each straggling boat they moor,
Securely to the farther shore :
No practicable ford extends
O'er the rude gulf between,

Save the wild rocks Avintas lends,
—Too distant from the scene !—
Less sullenly the tiger growls
O'er his contested food,
'Reft of her young, less fiercely scowls
The empress of the wood,
Than our indignant warriors eyed,
And cursed, the intercepting tide.
But Wellesley's ardent mind the while
Teemed with the glorious plan,—
Nor mightiest force, nor craftiest guile,
Can foil that wond'rous man :
He bids the impatient band divide,—
One part along the river's side
Must seek Avintas' ford,
The rest remain, their chance abide,
And wait his leading word.

V.

“ Hark ! that glad shout !—with daring hand,
The gallant Lusians from the strand
Two ample boats unmoor,—
Turn, gracious Heaven, the balls aside
That shower around, while through the tide
They struggle for the shore !
Safely they cross, and safely reach
Our shouting comrades on the beach ;
And freighted to the full, each boat
Once more is on the stream afloat,
While ranged upon the strand,
Our thundering guns their volley send,
And with repeated roar defend
The dauntless little band.

VI.

“ Lost in the fixed astonished gaze
Of stupid wonder and amaze,—
Or scorning the inferior force,
No foe opposed their daring course ;
Till from a ruined building nigh,
Brave Paget sends defiance high
To their o’erwhelming power ;
Then, starting from their fatal trance,
They bid a numerous force advance,
And tear us from the tower.

VII.

“ It was a College Hall that gave
This timely shelter to the brave,
And there defensively they form,
And coolly ’bide the coming storm.
It comes, in deep compacted cloud :—
It bursts with detonation loud,
And streams upon the battered walls,
Through sulphurous flash, a shower of balls ;
But as our Albion’s caverned rock
Responds the thunder’s roar,
And dashes, with indignant shock,
The billows from her shore,
So truly we return the knell,
So firmly the advance repel.
They spring to the surrounding wall,
And on the marble-paved hall
The well-aimed bullets ring.
While on succeeding hosts they call,
Their spreading lines to bring.

Hemmed by the hot assailants round,
And pierced by many a smarting wound,
At desperate bay we stand,—
But not one fainting heart is found,
Nor one exhausted hand.

VIII.

“ Now, echoing loud, the British cheer
Proclaims a timely succor near,
As our bold bands from yonder side
The crimsoned bank attain,
And bid the enclosing force divide,
While spreads the combat deep and wide,
O'er the surrounding plain.
Aloft our English banners fly,
Our battle shout ascends the sky ;
From the fierce charge of pointed steel
Their awed battalions backward reel,
Their steady columns bend,
And Soult already meditates
The refuge that Oporto's gates
Reluctantly might lend ;
When lo ! we point the blood-stained sword,
Where hastening from Avintas' ford
Appears a phalanx bright,
His wavering flank prepared to turn,
And greet with salutation stern,
His intercepted flight ! ”

IX.

FITZ-ARTHUR.

—“ Dripping we came,” Fitz-Arthur cried,
“ For quickly dashed we through the tide,
Your gallant deeds to crown,—

And well our moistened garments dried,
In chasing through the town.
Ill might the startled Frenchman wait
To close Oporto's royal gate,
While we his flying rearward greet,
And charge them on from street to street ;
With headlong force and thundering shout
We rushed upon the flying rout,
And drove them,—till the pitying night
Cast her dark mantle o'er their flight.

X.

“ Ronald, within the College walls,
Had haply 'scaped the murderous balls,
And sallying forth, he rushed amain
The hot pursuit to aid,
And foremost of the victor train,
He waved his flashing blade ;
Till pressing on a well-armed band,
They turned, and made a stubborn stand.—
'Twas there my gallant friend I found
Senseless upon the reeking ground.”—

XI.

He ceased—and now the Abbess rose,
To heaven her tearful look she throws,
“ My Daughters,” she exclaims, “ draw nigh,
Lo ! in our favored dwelling stand
Two heroes of that godlike band
Who brought us life and liberty !
Our shrines from sacrilegious gaze,
Our walls from desolation's blaze,
Our bosoms from the sword,

These have they saved,——our frequent praise
Hath risen to the Lord,
And here before the face of heaven,
Our grateful thanks to them be given.”—
Then many a fair hand clasped on high
Implored a blessing from the sky ;
So late by bashfulness subdued,
The eye now beamed with gratitude,
And shone with lustre, bright and chaste,
On each deliverer’s form,
Like the returning moon-beam, cast
On barks that gallantly have passed
The perils of the storm.

XII.

—“ O long may Heaven’s approving smile
Beam on the lovely sea-girt Isle !”
(And Ronald’s bounding heart has flown
To greet that well-remembered tone)
“ Like her majestic oak she stands,
And spreads her shade o’er other lands,
While her protecting arms extend
A refuge for the poor,
And virtue, strength, and beauty blend
Her empire to secure.
So said my martyred sire, who long
Strayed her enchanting scenes among.”—

XIII.

—“ Lady, the touch was warm and true
That gave that picture to thy view :—
Deep in the trackless ocean wave,
Has nature placed Britannia’s throne,

And led the circling tides to lave
Her fortress wall of pearly stone ;
In isolated might she stands,
Girt by her guardian ocean bands.
Tremendous as her frowning rock,
Ruin and wreck assail her foes,
Her barriers brave the rudest shock,
Her woodlands smile in sweet repose :
There herds, and flocks, and golden grain,
Diversify the verdant plain ;
There towers that monarch oak, and shades
With patriarchal arms the glades ;
While many a peaceful cottage shines
Through wreaths of fragrant eglantines
The ivy-mantled wall displays
The majesty of other days,—
Unscathed by force, unharmed by wrong,
Time gently shakes the mouldering pile,
And tells how ages roll along
Unbroken in that favored Isle.”—

XIV.

Bernardo ! thou hast sought a boon,
And gained the fatal gift too soon
From that indulgent dame :
And daily at the convent grate
Those dangerous guests of thine may wait,
The social hour to claim.
Dost thou not mark the mantling blush,
That lightens o’er Maria’s cheek,
Nor rapture’s corresponding flush
On Ronald’s kindling visage speak ?
Where was thy ever-watching heed ?
Spell-bound thyself, thou didst not read ?

What rapid clouds and sunbeams chase
Alternate o'er her varying face,
While in attention rapt, she hung
On every accent of his tongue.
Thou saw'st not that soul-speaking eye,
Heard'st not the palpitating breath,
That hailed in speechless ecstasy
Th' avengers of her father's death.
Could not thy long observant age,
Nor lore of thy loved classic page,
Tell thee that wo the bosom leaves
Too prone to soft affection's power,
Even as the dew-steeped grass receives
Th' impression of the falling flower?—
O! can those grated bars repel
Love's monarch from the holy cell?
His power is throned within the eye,
His chariot is the viewless sigh,
He sports with vows, disarms the brave,
And prizes most th' unwilling slave.
Alas! how impotent and frail
The barrier of the vestal's veil,
Against the tyrant's fraudulent guile,
Who, couched in friendship's artless smile,
Unmarked can pass the strong defence
Of piety and innocence,
Then fix the everlasting dart,
And lord it o'er the vanquished heart!
What boots it that yon warrior's mind
Is pure as brave, and true as kind?—
He cannot crush the potent spell,
Destined the firmest soul to quell,
Nor ardent and impetuous youth
Gainst passion balance sober truth.

Beauteous and fair Love's roses grow,
And fragrant is the breath they breathe,—
Would but some gentle spirit show,
In pity of the latent wo,
The thorns that lurk beneath!

CANTO IV.

I.

O SYMPATHY! thy witching power,
From whence our dearest comforts flow,
Can soothe misfortune's darkest hour,
Or brim the cup of human wo.
What words shall tell his misery
To whom the fatal pang is known,
To read in the congenial eye
A heart that must not be his own!
Fancy awhile may seize the rein,
And bear him o'er her wide domain,
And plant his ardent eyes to bless,
The radiant bowers of happiness;
But to destroy the fairy scene,
Cold Duty lifts her wand between,
And bids an awful barrier swell,
Impervious, insurmountable;
While the stern monitor within
In thunder tells him it were sin,
And frail mortality will strive
To keep deceitful hope alive,

Against the will of fate,
Till to one gloomy thought resigned,
The once well-regulated mind
Yields in the vain debate,
And lost in helpless, hopeless care,
Sinks a sad victim to despair.

II.

Tall was Maria's form, it rose
Majestic o'er the rest,—
A holy peace, a calm repose,
Her downcast eye expressed.
Through the long lash that fringed it round,
A frequent path the tear had found,
And her wan cheek in pensive grace
Too well portrayed its recent trace.
The ringlet that unconscious strayed
From her confining veil,
Contrasted with its deep dark shade
That cheek so fair and pale.
The arms that crossed her gentle breast
Hushed the rebellious sigh to rest,—
And when her meek and quiet eye
Was lifted to her native sky,
She seemed some gracious form divine,
Portrayed in chiselled stone,
If sculptor's hands could e'er combine
Patience and Faith in one.

III.

Reared in a Convent's peaceful cell,
She knew not the tempestuous swell
Of rapture, disappointment, strife,
That heaves the troubled waves of life :

Yet in her bosom dormant lie
The sparks that tender sympathy
 May brighten to a flame.
Could she on one true heart but rest
The hopes and sorrows of her breast,
 In holy friendship's name :
So thought she oft, but never yet
That kind congenial heart had met,
Though in the Convent's virgin train,
Were found the giddy, light, and vain,
The bigot harsh, the proud austere,
Mixed with the gentle and sincere,
 The timid and the proud,—
Yet not one perfect sister-mind,
So pure, so steadfast, and refined,
 She found among the crowd.
But since St. Clara's shrine had given
 A refuge of repose,
Bernardo led her mind to heaven,
 To consecrate her woes.
She loved her grateful voice to raise
Amid the choral notes of praise,
And loved to offer when alone
Her soul before her Maker's throne ;
Dearly she prized the pensive hour,
Passed in the garden's silent bower,—
The breeze of heaven that loved to play
 Upon the mourner's cheek,
Seemed, as it dried the tear away,
 Of hope and peace to speak :
It speaks of Him whose mercy dwells
 On all His hands have made,
And bids the heart where sorrow swells
 Repose on Him for aid

To every race of mortal kind,
On angel wings his care is borne,
Who tempers ev'n the northern wind.
In pity to the lamb new shorn :
—O never yet the fleece was rent
From lamb more meek and innocent !—

IV.

And such to Ronald's pitying eye
The helpless maid appears,
He longed to soothe the rising sigh,
And with a brother's sympathy
To dry the falling tears.
He brooded o'er the tender theme,
Till it became his nightly dream,—
Unwelcome was the glance of day
That chased the visioned bliss away.
The veil—the awful vow—would rise
Abrupt to his averted eyes,
But he would chide the start that came,
And say 'twas friendship's holiest flame :
Then seek the stern repelling grate,
Maria's pensive step to wait,
And draw, with gentle art refined,
The pure thoughts from her spotless mind.
Her word, her look, her very tone
Seemed but the echo of his own,
For the same master-spring controls
Each impulse of their kindred souls.
And when he hears the tolling hour,
That bids his lingering step depart,
He goes, in solitude to pour
The treacherous balsam on his heart,
And shrinks from friendship's solace, given
To wo-worn man by bounteous Heaven.

V.

Fitz-Arthur marked th' unwonted cloud,
That spoke an inward storm,
And wrapped in uncongenial shroud
That spirit once so warm :

He saw the mantling glow arise,
The sparkling rapture in his eyes,
When to the grated iron screen
The Nun's advancing step was seen.
He read his heart, and deeply grieved
To find that gallant heart deceived

By fancy's idle power ;
And longed to see the spell unbound
By the inspiring bugle-sound,
In battle's rousing hour.

With distant hint, and cautious speech,
He strove the bosom's wound to reach ;
But welcome cold could Ronald's mind
For truth's unflattering lesson find,
For conscience said, an earthly flame
Was masked by friendship's specious name.
He dreaded lest Fitz-Arthur's eye
The cherished phantom might espy,
And scare, with reason's deep-toned knell,
The forms of fancy's dreaming spell.
So inconsistent still is love !

He writhes beneath a piercing smart,
Yet shuns the hand that would remove
With pious care the rankling dart.

VI.

Unscathed by love's insidious power,
Fitz-Arthur passed the cheerful hour,

And in the sportive argument,
Would oft the heedless sally vent,
That won the ready smile,
Or the soft voice and plaintive lute,
Would vie with his harmonious flute,
The moments to beguile.

VII.

A noble maid from royal Spain,
Had lately graced St. Clara's fane,
And none the lofty note could swell,
Like the Castilian Isabel.
Her kinsmen's arms were famed afar
In the fierce desultory war,
That proved to the invaders' might,
More wasting than the practised fight.
High on their native mountains' breast,
Their dwellings, like the eagle's nest,
Brave the bewildered foe,—
And like the lightning's flash they came,
To dart destruction's sudden flame,
On the dark host below ;
Then parting in the deserts nigh,
Their various paths they hold,
And singly the pursuit defy,
Intangible as bold.

VIII.

The triumphs of her kindred race
Beamed o'er the nun's majestic face ;
The theme her nut-brown cheek has dyed
In the rich glow of patriot pride,

While from her loved guitar she draws
In tasteful skill the tone,
And sings the wild Guerilla wars
With spirit all her own.

IX.

ISABEL'S SONG.

THE GUERRILLA.

Is it the voice of the midnight breeze,
That comes by fits through the gloomy trees?
Was it the light of the mountain stream
That flashed but now to the pale moon-beam?
And can the dash of that slender wave
Echo so loud from the rocky cave!

—Those sounds are the prelude to deadly fray
Poniard and pistol reflect the ray;
That echo tells where the fiery steed
Impatiently stamps, and would fain be freed,
While the shadows of that lone cave conceal
The bravest and best of proud Castile.

Stern Juan throws back his ebon locks—
“They have bade us cower in our native rocks!
We cower but to rise, like the feathered king,
To a loftier flight on a bolder wing;
Their dearest blood shall our talons stain,
When we scream in their ears, “Revenge for
Spain!”

Sad swelled the sigh in Alonzo's breast,
And mournfully drooped his plumed crest:

“Too well they have guarded the conquered walls,
And revel secure in our ancient halls ;
My brother’s daughter and youthful heir
Are held in unwilling hostage there.”—

“Mine be the task”—cried the dark-eyed chief—
“Our deeds must be sudden, our words be brief ;
Hold ambush close in the rocky dell,
And look to hear more by the vesper bell :
I trust to my Saint, and my well-tried sword
And the pass of the undiscovered ford.”

—“Yet think on the fearful odds, and pause.”—
—“I think on our wrongs, and our Country’s
cause !

Ere the children shall mourn in captivity,
I will set my life on a desperate die,
My name and my purpose at once reveal,
And trust to the honor of high Castile.—

He has mounted his steed, and the shades of night
Have closed his path on his comrades’ sight ;
The moon is withdrawing her feeble ray,
And the chiefs are gone on their silent way,
And hope to deal on the battle plain,
To Gallia wo, and revenge for Spain.—

X.

SONG CONTINUED.

The guns are silenced—the broken swords
Are wrenched from the hands of their lifeless lords,
And the batteries screen, with gloomy frown,
The gates of the newly vanquished town.

While her lofty towers are echoing high,
To the notes of unhallowed revelry.

Three sides are guarded, but safe they deem
The fourth that is laved by the spreading stream ;—
They knew not the ford, whose winding way
Brave Juan had traced ere the dawn of day,
Nor dreamed that by those neglected guns
Lurked the boldest of Spain's unconquered sons.

He lay till about the vesper hour,
When the children are led from their prison tower,
That the breeze may play, for a niggardly space,
To wave the light curl from the guileless face,
And kiss off the bitter tear that flows
Down cheeks where terror has blanched the rose.

One ruffian an ample guard is found,
To lead the babes on their lonely round,
Well trained to the gaoler's ruthless part—
But Juan's poignard is in his heart !—
He hath lifted the maid like a willow wand,
And the gallant boy has grasped his hand.

“ Brave Spaniard, haste ! let us quickly flee,
To the verge of earth I will follow thee !”
They plunge at once in the conscious tide,
And safely they reach the farther side,—
Unmarked they steal o'er the woody space,
And rush to their Uncle's fond embrace.—

—“ The doves are freed—and the ravenous kite
To-morrow shall soar on his latest flight ;
Too cheap the conquest—too poor the strife,
That cost but one wretch's worthless life.

Secure the children—the dawning sky
Shall light us to vengeance and victory !”

XI.

SONG CONTINUED.

Ere night had parted, brave Juan stood
On the outer verge of the friendly wood ;—
He rests his sword on the olive bough,
And places his trusty steed below,
While the shroud of a peasant's poor disguise,
Veils his noble form from inquiring eyes.

He seeks the walls, where rising loud,
Mix the angry tones of the armed crowd ;
And hears of the children's mystic flight,
And the fiery threat of lawless might,
That dooms the city to flame and sword,
If evening see not the prize restored.

In uncouth phrase he tells his tale,
Of a horseman who passed o'er the lonely vale,
And close by his courser's side there speed
Two slender forms on a lighter steed,
And well he deems that the rugged height
Perforce must have checked their eager flight.

“ To arms ! and haste to the mountain's side,
This peasant slave shall our footsteps guide :
Thou wretch ! remember thy caitiff head
Shall vouch for the tale thy lips have said !”
—How blithely the proud Castilian strode,
As he led them forth on their fatal road !—

He has drawn to the wood the unwary bands,
He springs to the spot where his charger stands,
He vaults, and is fixed on the gallant steed,
His blade from its verdant sheath is freed,
He has given the spur, and loosened the rein,
And shouted aloud, "St. James for Spain!"

Bravely they fought, and struggled long,
For rage is bold and despair is strong,—
But rage and despair in vain engage
With vengeful hatred and tenfold rage;
The chargers of Spain their fetlocks dyed
In the last opposer's vital tide.

The Gaul has collected a mighty force,—
But the heroes are gone on their trackless course;
They part like the streams of the Northern light,
Yet oft shall those scattered flames unite,
And teach the astonished foe to feel
The death-dealing vengeance of wronged Castile.

XII.

The cadence of the closing note
Still on th' enchanted ear would float,
While in the maid's uplifted eye
Blazed Juan's soul of pride,
And scorn and indignation high
Her beauteous lips divide,
And her resounding tones inspire
With gleams of a prophetic fire.

XIII.

Thus hour by hour, and day by day,
Still glided unperceived away.

Bernardo all their steps attends,
And with his pleasing converse blends
The pious and instructive truth,
So needful to unthinking youth ;
The good old man would fain delay
The call that soon must end their stay.
—O could he hear the sighs that swell
In fair Maria's lonely cell,
And view the ineffectual strife,
That preys upon her harmless life,
His trembling hand the gates would close
On the sad partner of her woes.

CANTO V.

I.

How lightly on the quiet breast
Close the unruffled wings of sleep !
Bathing the peaceful brow in rest
Soft as the dew that violets weep,—
While with her poppy garland blending
The airy forms of worlds unknown,
She leads the willing soul, ascending
Through flowery paths to Fancy's throne,
And decks the Ethiop form of night
In halcyon plumes of azure light.—

II.

Sleep has a Sister, dark and dread,
Who seeks the mourner's tear-stained bed ;

With sullen scowl, and raven plume,
She deepens midnight's cheerless gloom,
And strews the throbbing temple o'er
With bitter rue and hellebore,—
And loves the shrinking soul to bear
Through wilds of terror and despair ;
Snatching from reason's hand the rein,
 She whirls the giddy wretch afar,
Where phantoms, horrible as vain,
 Throng round the witch's ebon car,
Till, panting from the fearful flight,
The sufferer wakes to grief and light.

III.

No more the balm of tranquil rest
Is shed o'er sad Maria's breast,
No more the shrine and midnight prayer
Her undivided homage share ;
One visioned form will hover near,
One voice still vibrate on her ear,—
And when within her narrow cell,
Her hand th' accustomed bead would tell,
Still from her murmuring lips will steal,
The ceaseless prayer for Ronald's weal.
What though her pious mind disowned
 The interdicted name of Love,
Th' usurper in her heart was throned,
 Nor virtue's self that throne might move ;
While she, a lone unsheltered flower,
Was withering underneath his power,
And that fair cheek was faint and pale,
As the meek snow-drop in the vale.
With pitying eye Fitz-Arthur viewed
The maid by hopeless love subdued,

And inly vowed by strong reproof
His lingering friend to tear,
Far from that dark ill-fated roof
Of passion and despair.

IV.

The morning beam was scarce displayed
On the wild mountain, when he sought
To pass within the fragrant shade,
An hour of deep and serious thought ;
But in the glen, in mental dream
He found his pensive friend reclined,
Intent upon the murmuring stream
That soothed to rest his feverish mind
Roused by the loud advancing tread,
He slowly raised his languid head,—
“ Fitz-Arthur ! you are soon abroad,
To greet the morning’s early light : ”
“ Yes, I have viewed my idle sword,
And burnished it for future fight ;
For truly we shall both be shamed
To hear our conquering hero named,
If loitering here in sloth and ease,
We let the rust our weapons seize :
What think you, if to-morrow’s ray
Behold us on our destined way ? ”—
His half-averted glances seek
The varying hue of Ronald’s cheek.
—“ I would not, for an empire’s power
Be absent from the battle hour ;—
Yet do the troops with toil o’erspent
Repose beneath the sheltering tent,
And—doubt not but Bernardo’s care
Will for our timely march prepare—

Till then"—his martial spirit strove
Disdainful 'gainst the tyrant Love.
Fitz-Arthur saw the mounting blush,
And marked the downcast eyes,
He felt resentment's kindling flush
Each calmer thought surprise,
Nor longer his impetuous soul
Could the severe reproach control.
With curling lip, and scornful look,
He glanced from Ronald to the brook:—
"Let the sweet purling stream o'erwhelm
Thy warlike garb and useless helm,
Methinks a cowl would better grace
The outline of that pensive face ;
Forsake thy King—eschew thy creed,
Embrace the crucifix and bead,
Doff that neglected steel !
Let Britain bleed, and Lusias fall,
Friar Ronald in his Convent wall
No sense of shame will feel.

V.

"Far better had I seen thee die
In yonder midnight glen !
Soldiers had caught thy latest sigh,
And in an honored grave thou'dst lie,
Mourned by thy countrymen.—
—I care not for that reddening frown !—
I saved thee not, thy bright renown
At woman's feet to lay,
To languish for an idle toy,
And like a whimpering love-sick boy
Sigh thy fond soul away !—

A Nun professed !” he sternly smiled,
“ Why, Ronald, sure the wayward child,
Who in the stream shall see
The moon’s reflection round and fair,
And cries to catch the bauble rare,
Is but the type of thee :
Boldly the urchin might essay,
To grasp the warm resplendent ray,
Cold recompense was his,
And such were thine, if thou should’st try
To seize her heart which dwells on high,
Among the saints in bliss.”

VI.

Resentment flashed in Ronald’s eyes—
“ To me these daring words addressed !
But that my soul may well despise,
Boy as thou art, thy taunting jest,
This sword thy hasty tongue should teach,
To weigh the yet unuttered speech ;—
Deem’st thou I bear a heart so base,
To shame my Country’s warlike race ?
As for the life thou bragg’st to save
I value not the gift from thee ;
Take what thy well-meant succor gave,
But check that tongue so bold and free,
And cast no more thy gibes on me !”

VII.

Sternly he spoke, and strode away :—
Rage struggled in Fitz-Arthur’s breast,
But fond affection barred its way,
And bade the angry impulse rest.

His noble spirit spurned at fear,
But Ronald to his soul was dear :—
Then he had probed the treacherous wound
Beyond the victim's strength,
And grieved that prudence could not bound
His words' unguarded length :
Wiser he deemed it to retire,
Again ere Ronald came,
He feared his own indignant ire
Might burst in deadly flame ;
And thought what wo 'twere his to feel,
Destroying where he meant to heal.

VIII.

But ere he well might turn to go,
Ronald with temperate step and slow,
Returning met his eye ;
Erect he stood in martial grace,
And firmly kept his former place,
He would not seem to fly.—
Their glances meet, as summer beams,
Dart forth their bright and transient gleams
Through the obtrusive cloud ;
And struggle to relume the day,
With that accustomed vivid ray,
The envious gloom would shroud :
Well versed each other's looks to read,
Small aid from words those glances need.

IX.

Ronald spoke first, and mildly said,
“ Fitz-Arthur, I was wrong,
Thy zealous friendship to upbraid
In terms so sharp and strong,

Albeit thy words were harsh and rude,
And taxed me with ingratitude,
And—what my soul abhors !
My patriot warmth no longer glowed,
Although my dearest blood has flowed
In my loved Country's cause.
Nay, more—thou said'st"—his color rose
And to the ground his glance he throws,
"That I, with treacherous art,
For my own selfish views would dye
With the foul stain of perjury,
Yon Maid's unspotted heart,
And from her wo-worn soul remove
A heavenly for an earthly love.
Could such black charge stand unrepelled
His heart with strong emotion swelled.
"Friend of my soul ! forgive the wrong,
My zeal hath blazed too rudely strong,
Roughly I seized the fatal dart,
That festers in thy gallant heart ;
And my unskilful hand hath pressed
The shaft more deeply in thy breast."—

X.

That evening to Fitz-Arthur's hand
A courier brought the chief's command,
That he upon the tented plain,
Should join his warlike friends again ;
But as no march they meditate,
Ronald within the Convent gate,
May yet the future summons wait.

XI.

The morning's earliest beam surveyed
Fitz-Arthur for the march arraved

His face in wonted smiles was dressed,
 But Ronald's fate disturbed his breast.
 And when the pious Nuns had given
 Their matin orisons to Heaven,
 Pressed round the grate in tears they stand,
 Contending for the out-stretched hand,
 That soon in bloody battle field,
 Again the glittering blade must wield.—
 The Abbess with an ardent prayer
 Commends him to th' Almighty care,—

In gentle accents then,
 While her kind cheek with dew is wet,
 She prays him never to forget

The Convent in the glen.

Laden with blessings, prayers, and gifts,
 He tells them, in the next bold fray
 His sword shall their good deeds repay.
 His holy hands Bernardo spread,
 Above the warrior's bending head,
 While scarce his quivering lip can say
 The fervent "Benedicite!"

XII.

Ronald the warm injunction gives,
 To warn him of the earliest move ;
 For if to that good day he lives,
 His sword his steadfast faith shall prove.
 With gentle hint, and mild disguise,
 His friend the wholesome counsel plies ;
 And now they reach the outward glen,—
 —" Soon may we meet as fighting men !
 Part we in this eventful dell ;—
 Dear Ronald, guard thy heart—farewell !"

XIII.

Throughout St. Clara's holy bounds,
The silence of dejection hung,
The cheerful note no more resounds,
The voice is mute, the lyre unstrung ;
Even Isabel's resplendent eye,
Now rolled in listless vacancy ;
Maria felt the sad farewell,
As presage of a warning knell,
And shuddered, as the deadly chill
Stole o'er her frame with painful thrill.
Bernardo strove, but strove in vain,
To wake the cheerful smile again ;—
The pensive Nuns too keenly viewed
The gloom of hopeless solitude.

XIV.

—O ! let me earth's wide surface tread,
With weary step, unsheltered head,
And let my feeble frame sustain
The stormy terrors of the main ;
An endless pilgrimage to roam,
From native land and peaceful home,
With never-ceasing care to tend
The steps of one beloved friend !
And I will greet, with ready smile,
The forms of peril, want, and toil,
So on my lip may never dwell
That dreary sound—the long Farewell !
That blighter of one every joy,
That canker, formed but to destroy
The rose that sparingly adorns
This cloudy wilderness of thorns.

—Oh, heavily its accents swell !

Even from th' unwilling, short, good night
To the last deep and hollow knell,
O'er those the grave's relentless cell
Hath closed for ever from her sight !

XV.

While many a vestal sigh is borne
On the soft breezes of the morn,
And prayers to patron Saints are told
For the young warrior true and bold,—

Cheerly he winds his way ;
The cloud upon his spirits light,
Dispersed like lingering shades of night
Before the rising day.

High deeds of might and wreaths of fame
Before his brightening fancy came ;—
Proud Gaul subdued, Iberia freed,
An honored name, and laurelled meed,
Supplied a long and flattering dream,—
And home, dear home, still crowned the theme.
For there were hearts in Britain's Isle,
That glowed but in his magic smile,
Parents, whose only pride and joy
Was centred in that gallant boy,
And friends, whose anxious breasts would burn
In rapture at his safe return.

XVI.

How throbbed his bosom when afar
He saw the radiant lines of war !
And to the playful breeze unfurled
The glorious flag that awed the world

While notes of preparation rise,
And he—the hand, the eye, the soul,
Wellesley—the mighty plan supplies,
That moves and regulates the whole.
Fitz-Arthur hears the high design
Is ripening for the fray ;
Cuesta will soon his force combine
With Albion's proud array ;
And high Madrid her head shall rear,
When their united bands appear.

XVII.

Ronald has heard the martial call,
That roused him from inglorious thrall,—
Once more his eye is beaming bright
With all the warrior's stern delight ;
Nor treacherous Love himself may claim
Another day's delay,
To-morrow to the field of fame
He speeds his hasty way.
But grief can dim that sparkling eye,
And wring his soul with agony,
And treble all his former woes,
As to his purpose firm and true,
With stealing step, alone he goes,
To take a long, a last adieu !

CANTO VI.

I.

WHERE is the kind considerate art
That veiled the pangs of Ronald's heart?
Alas! the fearful parting hour
Has torn the feeble shroud aside,
Nor longer has the sufferer power
His bosom's agony to hide;
But every sound his lips express
Is love's despairing bitterness.

II.

As vainly would the maid control
The wild emotions of her soul,
Till her distracted glances fell
On the low shrine that graced the cell,—
Then on the cross her hand she laid,
“The will of God must be obeyed!”
In earliest years this form was given,
To be th’ affianced bride of Heaven,—
And what avails it now to say,
That had I drawn the vital air
Where liberty delights to stray,
In yonder Isle, so sweet and fair,—
Aye, had I filled her regal throne,
Myself, my crown, were thine alone:
Or happier in some cottage bower,
To share with thee the peaceful hour,
To tend our white flocks on the plain,
To watch the autumn’s ripening grain,

Around our little porch to twine
The roses and the eglantine,
To bid our simple garden bloom,
And wander in the solemn shade,
Where through the oak-tree's pleasing gloom
The zephyr with the moon-beam played ;
The nightingale with vesper song
Had closed in peaceful rest our eyes,
And the lark's matin clear and strong,
Pierced the thatched roof, and bade us rise :
Adown life's current, side by side,
Methinks our barks would smoothly glide."—
—The faltering voice her heart betrayed,
She grasped the cross, and firmer said,
"The will of God must be obeyed !—
And when 'gainst His o'erruling power
Our wayward wills would seek to rise,
That is the best, the holiest hour
For most accepted sacrifice ;
'Tis then we emulate the Son—
—Oh Father ! may thy will be done !
Since thou hast deemed me meet to share
The vestal's joys, the life of prayer,
Shall my ungrateful heart rebel,
Impatient of the sheltering cell ?
No—ever at thy sacred shrine
O ! let me yield my will to thine !"
Her hands are clasped, and raised her eye,
In patient, meek humility,—
But the faint hectic on her cheek,
Her pale and quivering lip, bespeak
What deep and strong emotion pressed
For empire in her lab'ring breast,

While closer still her fevered grasp
The crucifix essayed to clasp,
As if within its holy power
Dwelt the sole balm for that sad hour.

III.

Again she bends her pitying glance
On him who lost in sullen trance,
Was brooding o'er their hopeless fate ;
One hand upon his brow was spread,
As if to calm his throbbing head,
The other grasped the fatal grate.

A low and scarcely uttered groan
Forced passage for his stifled breath,
Then starting, and in hollow tone,

“ Maria ! wilt thou work my death ?
Break these accursed bands, and fly
The hated den of bigotry !
Mistaken maid ! would righteous Heaven
That soul of sympathy have given
To moulder in a living tomb,

Unblessed by one congenial heart,
To shut thee from creation's bloom ?

—'Twas superstition's baneful art !—
Burst the dark chain and fly with me
To pure and pious liberty ;
And every joy that Isle can give

Shall smile upon thy spotless life,
Too blest for thee alone to live,

My treasured love, my cherished wife.”—

IV.

With altered look, and brow severe,
—“ Ronald,” she said, “ I may not hear
Our holy faith reviled ;

Nor in St. Clara's blessed fane,
Must thy rash lips essay to stain
The virtue of her child.
The awful vow is registered,
In the bright record kept on high,
And my insulted ear has heard
The proffered boon of perjury !"
Abashed before her eyes' keen rays,
To earth was sunk his ardent gaze,
Then raised to heaven in frantic rage,—
" My death shall soon thy wrath assuage !
Yes, one more onset with the foe
That sought thy Country's overthrow,
And this detested head laid low,
Shall find a bloody grave,
And thou may'st one kind tear bestow
On him thou would'st not save !"

V.

—" I would not save ! Oh witness Heaven,
One boon to my entreaty given
Should shield thee in the deadly strife,
Thy ransom, poor Maria's life."
The startling tear, the bursting sob
Bespoke her bosom's anguished throb,
While love, despair, and virtuous shame,
In following tides of crimson came
O'er his flushed brow and burning frame.
" Forgive the harsh unjust reproof,—
I will not tear thee from the roof
Thy pious zeal has sanctified,
Nor bid thee cast the veil aside ;—

On thee be Heaven's best blessings shown,
The guilt, the punishment my own!—
Short is our life's uncertain scene,
Pass the few years that intervene,
And freed at length, each kindred soul
Shall seek the same celestial goal."

VI.

—"Now blessed be the Power who brought
To soothe thy mind, that holy thought!
To happier scenes, through purer skies,
May our glad souls together rise!"—
She took the 'kerchief from her head,
"Be this the simple pledge," she said,
"Of friendship calm and bright;
Bear it to yonder battle-plain,
And never may the blood-drop stain
Its now untarnished white!"——
She gave it to his eager grasp,
She met his hand's impassioned clasp,
And bowed her lovely head;
Then drawing from his earnest hold,
Her gentle hands once more to fold,
Her crucifix she spread,
And called on every saint to bless
Her friend with glory and success.
"Oh! free from sorrow, pain and care,
May'st thou behold thy native shore!
To Heaven shall rise that daily prayer—
Farewell!—on earth we meet no more?"

VII.

—The sun is in the western sky,
And Love his frantic slave hath led

To yonder steep so wildly high,
Where man had never dared to tread.
What seeks he there ? it is the hour,
When in her favorite moss-clad bower,
Maria never fails to raise
Her hand in prayer, her voice in praise :
So told the Friar——and Ronald now,
Goaded by love had reached the brow,
Whose height a barrier safe was found
To screen the garden's northern bound.
His downward gaze at length he bends,
And, careless of his life, descends ;—
He cannot stay his rapid course,
'Tis like the mountain cataract's force,—
Yet firmly still he trod, and now,
His hand has grasped a friendly bough ;
There rests he for a time to breathe,
O'er the diminished space beneath,
When gliding through the distant trees,
Maria's graceful form he sees.
And now a daring leap has thrown
His weight on a projecting stone ;
Descending now, where closer grew
The cork tree and the spreading yew,
A welcome aid they lent,
And lightly, as from spray to spray
The sportive squirrel speeds his way,
His verdant course he bent.
And now his eye the distance traced,
Then glanced with piercing search around,
One moment and his step is placed
Within the garden's hallowed bound !

VIII.

He trembles,—yes, the heart that stood
Unmoved in battle's crimson flood,
Shrinks from the daring deed, which shame
Tells him is sacrilegious blame.

He will not heed the warning voice,

He plunges in the myrtle shade,
To lose it in the murmuring noise

That issues from the bright cascade.

A thousand roses gay entwine,
Around the orange and the vine.—

The heliotrope, so soft and fair,
Sheds its sweet perfume on the air,
And all around, above, below,

A fairy vision seems to glow ;
He heeds it not—his steps are bent,

To the rude grotto's cell ;

'Twas to that spot Maria went,
—Perchance her beads to tell—

Perchance to think on one too near,
Less holy, but alas ! more dear.—

IX.

Soon has he reached the modest bower,
And he has seen that drooping flower,
Purer and sweeter than the rose

That all around its fragrance throws.

Low at the sacred shrine she kneels,
While fast the trembling tear-drop steals ;
Her bosom heaves in agony,

And mingled with the frequent sigh,
From her wan lips low murmured came
A blessing, prayer, and—Ronald's name.

What varying thrills of pain and bliss
Rent his wild-throbbing heart at this !
Yet holy awe withheld his hand,
Half reaching to the gate,
He seems upon the verge to stand
Of everlasting fate :
But fast those living crystals roll
O'er her pale cheek, and melt his soul,
While treacherous Love impels him on,
Till every calmer thought is gone.
Unheard is Reason's voice divine,
And desperate to the holy shrine
His daring steps proceed,—
What power that frantic purpose quelled ?
Bernardo's sacred arm withheld
And warned him from the deed.

X.

Astonishment, confusion, shame,
In one o'erwhelming current came ;—
The Father saw the moment's power,
And drew him to the olive bower,
And on his trembling lip he laid
A supplicating hand ;
While Ronald's awe-struck mind obeyed
The mild and soft command,
Maria slowly rose, and spread
The veil around her drooping head ;
Her arms were folded on her breast,
And her meek bending form expressed
Returning calmness in her mind,
Forlorn, forsaken, but resigned ;—
And Ronald strove not to unclasp
Bernardo's weak but earnest grasp ;—

Passive he stood, while glided by
The sad unconscious fair,
Then on the Father bent his eye,
In sullen, calm despair :
“ I know my crime, I know its doom,
Thrice welcome is the closing tomb !”
“ Yes, even the closing tomb, my son,
Must welcome prove to thee,
Favored by Heaven, by virtue won
A glorious victory !”
A tear from his mild eye that stole,
Spoke soothing peace to Ronald’s soul.
“ Much have I erred,” Bernardo said,
As through the screening orange shade
Slowly they bent their way,—
“ For I exposed two gentle hearts,
Unthinkingly to sorrow’s darts,
And Satan’s deadly sway :
Much have I erred—but Heaven forgave,
And sent me to prevent and save.—

XI.

“ But say, by what strange chance you found
An inlet to this guarded ground ?”
He followed Ronald’s glancing eye,
And started, as the mountain high
Met his astonished sight ;
“ The Virgin and the Saints defend !
And did you then, my son, descend
From that tremendous height !
What was the purposed deed ?—what cause ?”—
He waited with an anxious pause :
“ I came for one last parting glance,—
I saw Maria’s step advance

To yonder grot——by passion wild
Each sober faculty beguiled,
I followed——heard the prayer addressed
To Heaven for me——you know the rest.”—

XII.

His wondering eye the Father raised,
Then silently his Maker praised ;
And stooped him to the ground, where lay
A rose just severed from the spray ;
“ My son, behold this lovely flower,
It bloomed in a secluded bower ;
Some idle hands misjudging tore
The flowret from the stem,
Its beauteous tints revive no more,
It cannot profit them !

XIII.

“ Who from yon peaceful fane would tear
One maiden bud that blossoms there,
Screened from the tempests rudely hurled
O’er that defenceless waste—the world ?
It was the hand of Heaven that spread
The holy shelter o’er their head,
And saved them from the storms of life,
The clouds of wo, the waves of strife,
The thousand agonies that press
On woman’s blighted tenderness,
When by that poisoned shaft subdued,
Their sex too often prove,
The arrow of ingratitude,
Barbed by the hand of love !

The faithful bosom left to bear
The deep sad pressure of despair ;
The day of pain, the night of sorrow,
The joyless dawning of the morrow,
The sickening eye, that cannot trace
One comfort in creation's space,
Until the pitying tomb shall close
On the poor mourner's silent woes.—
Now haste thee to the field and bear
Even to thy grave this blighted flower,—
The tale its faded leaves declare,
Shall comfort thy departing hour !”

CANTO VII.

I.

ALBERCHE ! on thy winding stream
The eye of morn was wont to beam,
And make each opening flower display
Its velvet petals in the ray,—
To drink the pearl of glistening dew,
And wake the songster's note anew ;
Then the dark prowlers of the night
Sped from the searching glance of light,
Which bade Heaven's feeble lamps retire
Before the blaze of vital fire.—
While cheerily the shepherd trod,
O'er Talavera's verdant sod.

II.

But faintly pale the day-light broke,
Dim struggling through the earthly smoke
That wrapped those altered plains in shroud
Denser than midnight's murkiest cloud,—
Nor morning's beam might chase away
The wolves of carnage from their prey.
There, for the mild star's twinkling rays,
Still flashed the death-devoting blaze ;
There, for the feathered warbler's note,
The trumpet strained its brazen throat ;
Crushed were the wild flowers of the plain
Beneath the wounded and the slain,—
The dew profusely sprinkled o'er,
Was of those warriors' gushing gore.

III.

Sternly the British phalanx stood,
And deep defiance frowned,
While rolled the Gaul his hostile flood
In ceaseless tide around.
The soothing hour of rest had given
No respite from the fight,
The death-fire's column rose to heaven,
As horrible as bright !
And on, by that red blaze, were driven,
The hosts whose battle-peal had riven
The curtain of the night.

IV.

Forbear, my feeble muse ! nor fling
A hand unpractised o'er the string,
That echoed to the lay,

Where rose in richest minstrelsy,
The combat fierce, the conquest high,
Of Talavera's day :

O quit the mighty theme, and glance
Where yonder slender band advance

Impetuous o'er the plain,
And press upon the wily foe
Who meditates the sure o'erthrow
Of that devoted train.

There, in the jaws of death and flame,
Fitz-Arthur seeks the smile of Fame,
And cheers each eager friend,

While from the central battle's roar,
Through clouds of smoke and seas of gor
Their crimson path they bend :

Too late they view the vengeful foes,
In awful force surrounding close ;
Well may each warrior deem he stands
On his allotted grave,

Though with redoubled force their hands
The dinted falchions wave,

And every death-shot parting true,
Straight to some Gallic bosom flew.
Still rushing with o'erwhelming might,

The raging foemen urge the fight ;
Cleft is Fitz-Arthur's waving crest,

The blood is streaming o'er his vest,
But like the mountain pine his form
Rises majestic through the storm :

Turn, gallant youth, thy fearless eye,
For Ronald's sword is flaming nigh ;
Through their firm ranks and close array
With onset fierce he rends his way,

Before their startled view appears
The glittering blade, the range of spears
And Ronald, like the simoom's breath,
Resistless pours the blast of death.

V.

Beneath the evening's sober ray,
The echoing war-note dies away.
The skilful Leech has gently bound
The cincture on Fitz-Arthur's wound,
Who scorns his wearied eye to close,
Beneath the wing of soft repose,
Till Ronald shall have pledged the draught,
To Britain and to conquest quaffed.
Amid th' exulting victor train
He seeks him, but alas ! in vain :—
The posted guard, the wounded band,
 No cheering hope can yield,
Too well they fear that gallant hand
 Is cold upon the field !
And now his earnest accents ask
To share in their accustomed task,
Who has, with sad and silent tread,
To part the dying from the dead.

VI.

O veil, my muse, thy weeping eye !
Nor pause on the soul-sickening plain,
Where murderous carnage triumphs high,
O'er the red piles of warriors slain :
View not the frozen gaze of death,
That glares as in unearthly strife,
Nor mark the agonizing breath
That struggles still for life.—

But, while the drop of anguish rolls,
Beg Heaven's sweet mercy on their souls!

VII.

As Phœbus o'er the western hill
Slowly recedes, and lingers still,
So Ronald's spirit paused, as yet
His sun of glory was not set:—
Drawn from the dank, corrupting steam,
And laved with the refreshing stream,
Once more his eyes unclosed;
Once more upon his altered cheek,
A wandering and uncertain streak
Of vital color rose,—
And Hope's unfaithful meteor broke
On glad Fitz-Arthur when he spoke.
“Or foes or friends,—in pity say
How fares the fight?—how goes the day?”
—“Yonder across Alberche's stream,
Slowly retires the routed Gaul;
The watch-fires' ray and Cynthia's beam
On Albion's conquering banner fall!”
—“Fitz-Arthur, to my dying ear
How sweetly sounds thy cheering voice!
O truest friend! thou sought'st me here,
To bid my parting soul rejoice!”
“Talk not of parting—many a sun——”
—“It may not be—my sand is run:
The richest boon that heaven could yield,
Is death on this victorious field!
My breath is short—my wounded breast—
—Fitz-Arthur, hear my last request!
Whene'er this contest's glorious close
Shall proffer thee a long repose,

Haste to the glen,"—his keen eye shone—
"Maria!—Say her soldier fell,
Where many a fierce invader's groan
Pealed forth her murdered father's knell.
Her parting boon my hand shall grasp,
Till death have loosed its lingering clasp :
Then, faithful friend ! thy pious care
To her the treasured gift will bear."

VIII.

A pang that rent his mangled breast
His faltering voice awhile suppressed ;
His brow was damp with dews of death,
And shorter came the panting breath,—
But still in calm serenity
On heaven was fixed his fading eye.
With gentle arm Fitz-Arthur raised
His drooping head, and hopeless gazed,
Bending, with indrawn breath, to seize
The murmuring accents that respire
Faintly, as to the evening breeze
Responsive sighs th' Æolian lyre.
Once more those speaking glances roll,
And beat, with tranquil beam his own,
While from the warrior's rising soul
Breathes the proud thought in loftier tone :—
"Dear comrade ! thou wilt see me laid
Beneath some olive's friendly shade ;
And in my father's ancient hall
Tell thou the tidings of my fail,—
Tell him, unstained by fear or shame,
My grave is on the field of Fame !"

IX.

Ere sunk the moon, the turf was spread
By martial hands o'er Ronald's head,
Where on the slope spontaneous grew
The olive and sepulchral yew ;
A little mountain stream supplied
The never-ceasing dirge beside,
And lowly flowerets bloomed around,
To deck the consecrated ground
Hallowed by friendship's holy tear,
And the poor soldier's sigh sincere.
Fitz-Arthur breathed with bending head,
A solemn prayer above the dead !
Then with the dews of midnight damp,
Sadly he sought the conqueror's camp.

X.

Proud is the hour when heroes meet
Unscathed from battle's fiery heat,
While the bright blaze of victory rests
Resplendent on their lofty crests :
Yet must the warrior's bosom know,
In that proud hour such piercing wo
As well may prompt the saddening thought
That conquest's wreath is dearly bought ;
For, borne upon the breeze of death,
Starting he hears the distant groan,
And deems some dear-loved comrade's breath
Has parted in that plaintive tone.
The eye that like the morning's ray
Shone cloudless on the early fight,
Untimely closed, ere fading day,
In deep and everlasting night :

Ghastly and cold the blooming face
Where beamed the heart's untutored smile,
The towering form of manly grace
Crushed in the undistinguished pile ;
And the gay voice, whose carol rose
Mid yester-eve's convivial train,
Greeting the march's welcome close,
Shall never sound again !
Yes, friendship's tear, compassion's sigh,
Will cloud the brightest victory,
While the thinned ranks too well unfold
How many a gallant heart is cold ;
How many a soul hath passed the bounds
That dark eternity surrounds,
And mingled with her awful stream,
Like frost-work in the noontide beam.

XI.

The relics of the brave remain
To moulder in the soil of Spain ;
The mild autumnal breeze hath spread
With her pale scattered leaves their bed ;
Iberia's short-lived winter threw
The transient veil of spotless hue ;
And Spring had bade her wild-flowers wave
Luxuriant o'er the soldier's grave,
Ere parting from the warlike train,
Fitz-Arthur sought St. Clara's fane.

XII.

His pensive way was long and lone ;
The evening fell serenely mild,
And Cynthia from her azure throne,
August in tranquil beauty smiled ;

But sad and cheerless fell the rays,
Unwelcome to his altered gaze ;
He thought of where those moon-beams strayed
O'er his loved Ronald's lowly bed ;
The breeze that whispered from the shade,
The rill that murmured through the glade,
All speak of the lamented dead.

XIII.

With heavy heart, and dewy eye,
Slowly he paced the well-known dell,
Till sounding from the turret nigh,
He hears once more the hallowed bell.
It comes not with that cheerful chime,
That rose so sweet in other days,
To mark the lapsing course of time,
Or call the Nuns to prayer and praise.
Oh no ! it is the awful toll
That tells of a departed soul !
With quickened step he seeks the gates
That ope to his remembered call,
His boding heart no question waits,—
He presses to the Convent hall.
Silent and dark is all around,
But streams of radiance paint the ground,
Where the long corridor extends ;
And there his stealing step he bends.

XIV.

Sudden a pealing note arose,
With lofty swell and solemn close ;
A holy anthem, deep and clear,
Now strikes on his attentive ear ;—

Behind a column's friendly height,
He screens him from the glare of light,
And views with sad prophetic eye,
The long procession winding nigh.
Bernardo leads the drooping train

With faltering step and motion slow,
His hands the sacred cross sustain,

His placid cheek is blanched by wo.
Along the pillared aisle they spread,
And now they bend their measured tread
So near Fitz-Arthur's shaded stand,
That every feature of the band

His eye might trace distinct and clear ;
But all unmarked they came and went,
His keen inquiring gaze was bent

On naught but the approaching bier.

XV.

Bright fell the taper's funeral ray,
Where robed in vestal garb she lay !
Through the light texture of the veil
Shone that fair face so sweetly pale,—
Save the dark lash and graceful brow,
No shade obscured its virgin snow,
She looked as if a peaceful rest

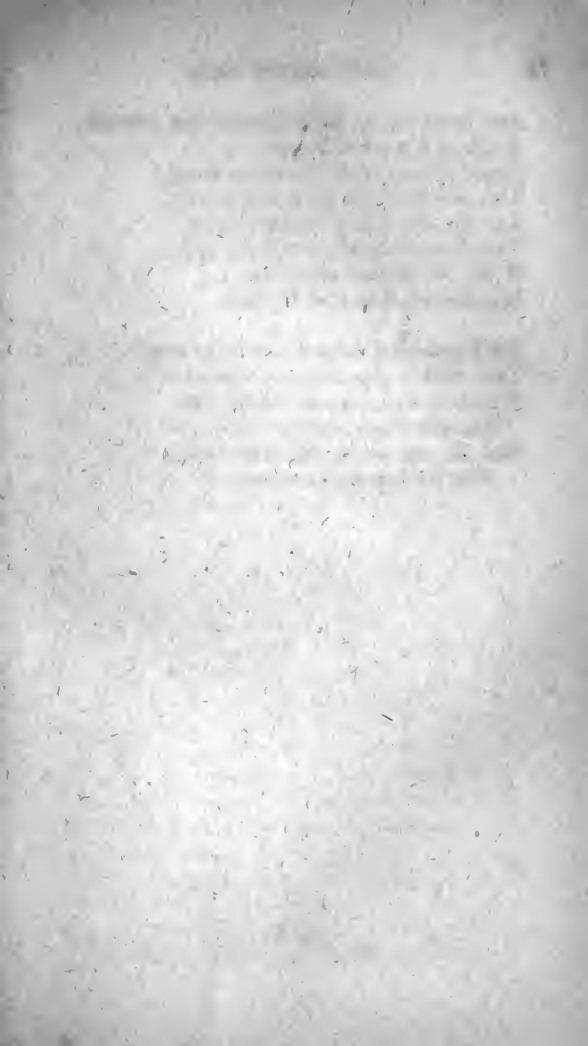
Had sealed her beaming eyes awhile,
And still her half-closed lips expressed
Their meek and melancholy smile.

Her hands were joined, as if in prayer.
And their transparent hues declare
That lingering Death with long delay
Had hovered o'er his patient prey.

The sisters' pious care had strewed
The fragrant herb and blooming flower,

And fancy might have deemed she viewed
A lily in a roseate bower.
Fitz-Arthur gazed, till borne along,
The bier was lost amid the throng,
And the full tide of bursting grief
Gave his o'erburthened heart relief,
While in majestic harmony
Maria's requiem rose on high.

Her's was that deep and solemn knell !
That taper's glimmering radiance fell
Where in the dark and silent clay,
 She rests from earthly woes,—
And the sad strain that died away,
 Was for her soul's repose.





IZRAM,

MEXICAN TALE.

BY

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

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IZRAM,

A MEXICAN TALE.



CANTO I.

“YE verdant shades, that gently bow
Your welcome o’er this throbbing brow,
And soft beneath my burning tread
In flowery moss a carpet spread,
Joyous I hail sweet nature’s throne,
Untainted by the breath of men ;
These echoes know no mortal tone,
No step unhallowed prints the glen ;
All silent, save the feathery throat,
Warbling its wild untutored note,
The rustling leaf, and fluttering wing,
And murmurs of this cooling spring,
Whose silver tides their freshness roll,
Like mercy to a parching soul.”

So spake the pilgrim youth, who strayed
To where those limpid waters played ;
Laid his light musquet on the bank,
Bowed with uncovered head, and drank.

Ere from the stream his lip can part,
A savage growl, resounding nigh,
Thrills through the traveller’s beating heart ;
Starting he views the blood-shot eye :
The jaguar in his wrath is there,

The red ball rolls its fiery glare,
But threats not him :—beneath the shade
The victim in repose is laid ;
Native his garb,—while zephyr sighed
O'er his young cheek, and fanned his rest,
Waving the ringlet's glossy pride,
And sporting with the lightsome vest,
Death from his ambush marked the prey ;
A moment—and he wakes no more :
The murderer bares, in dread array,
Those grinding fangs to quaff his gore ;
Type of the lurking foes, who scan
The heedless hour of dreaming man !
But help is nigh—with purpose true,
Swift to its aim, a death-shot flew ;
The howling monster ploughs the wood,
And tracks it with a stream of blood.
Upstarts the sleeper, lightnings flash
Beneath the long and sable lash :
“ Iberian blood-hound ! darest thou creep,
Thou soul of crime, on sacred sleep ? ”
The glittering dirk is brandished high,
But all unmoved the pilgrim stands :
“ No blood-hound, no Iberian I,—
My breath was drawn from fairer lands,
Where treachery lurks not : lo, the deed
That succored thee at utmost need,
Yet moves thine ire.” The fact was plain,
The branches rent, the crimson stain,
Dying the spot where couched the foe,
And roots upturn, their comment show.

A rapid glance that scene surveys,
Then meets the traveller's steadfast gaze.

“ Too scant the grace to bid thee live,
Stranger, I did thee wrong—forgive :
Well hast thou ’scaped my knife ; the meed
Is to thy birth, and not thy deed.

I ween this bold exploit was shown
Less for my safety than thine own.

Yet what thy nation ? quickly tell ;

 This alien tongue of pompous Spain,
Detested accent ! suits thee well ;

 Beware thou dally not—’twere vain.”

“ Thy speech is rude ; I answer not

 From cold compulsive fear ; I know
The galling chain, the bitter lot,

 That bids thy country writhe in wo :

Eritons can bend in pitying love,

Where threats nor daunt, nor perils move.”

“ And art thou of that island race ?

Methinks their lineaments I trace ;

Thy bearing lacks the fiendish pride

Of arrogance with craft allied :

I like thee well—thou shalt with me ;—

 Yet ere we wend in peace along,

Endure one test in courtesy,

 —Suspicion is the child of wrong—

Somewhat of English speech I know.”

 The youth complies with willing smile,

Freely the dear-loved accents flow

 That echo through his sea-girt isle.

“ Then thus I sheathe my trusty blade,

And plight a hand that ne’er betrayed.

Though rightful meed, with biting steel,

It erst has dealt, and yet shall deal.

Izram, whose soul the dart hath torn,
Yet hurls it back with double scorn ;
Izram the wronged, who ever yet
With full arrear hath paid the debt
Of human hate, nor shrinking swerved
From vengeful deed—by thee preserved,
A grateful guerdon shall not fail,
If hand or counsel aught avail.”

“ I take thy proffer, freely made ;
Conduct me to thy dwelling’s shade ;
Fain would I rest till morning’s ray,
For I have trod a toilsome way :
Entangled here, thy better skill
May guide me to the distant hill,
The eastern mount, whose borders sweep
Even to the rude and briny deep.”

The Briton meets with placid heed
The piercing glance that fain would read
His inmost thought. “ The choice is new
To wind this dreary forest through,
When broad, beyond its utmost bound,
Lies many a league of beaten ground
What lured thee from th’ accustomed road,
To pierce the serpent’s dark abode ?
Methinks it were for reason good,
If man prefer this wildering wood.”

“ I marvel not such pathway sought
Should waken a mistrustful thought ;
But while at ease our frames are laid
Beneath this aloë’s beauteous shade,
Hear thou my story, sad and brief :—

Thou know'st the creed of erring Spain,
Whose votaries clasp in blind relief
The dreams of a distempered brain,
And deem the corn that crowns the sod
Transmuted to the living God.

“ In our fair isle the Lord hath given,
Unerring guide ! the light from heaven :
It gleams from forth the written page,
On clown and noble, youth and age :
Taught by the rule of truth, we turn
From fabling tales, the idol spurn,
And, holding fast th' eternal word,
Confess no Saviour but the Lord.

“ Twin brothers, linked in two-fold band,
Peaceful we sought this fatal strand,
Nor dreamt such murderous hate could shame
The beauty of the Christian name.
Soon were we marked, through every scene
Our steps were traced, the watch was set,
But still in act and purpose clean,
We trampled on the viewless net.

“ At length, on some high festal day,
Heedless we urged our wonted way :
The host was there, the blinded crowd
Before their senseless idol bowed,
And bent the knee, and drooped the head,
In homage to a god of bread.
Erect amid the prostrate throng,
We bore us as it passed along ;
With deafening shouts the clamor rose,
And fiercely pressed our bigot foes ;

We could not kneel : the Lord hath spoke,
And cursed is each idol yoke.

“ One, deep in crime as high in place,
Blot of his office and his race,
With frantic rage his poniard drew,
And aimed it with a thrust so true,
That ere I heaved a second breath,
My brother’s eyes were dark in death.”

“ Remorseless fiend ! accursed blow !”
“ The Christian doth not curse a foe ;
No, not such a foe as he, who stood
Red in young Ulric’s streaming blood,
Nor sated with one harmless life,
Upraised o’er me the murderous knife
But Heaven was pleased to spare—I fled,
Turned hitherward my dubious tread,
And sure had passed thy slumbers by,
But for the jaguar’s threatening eye,
That marked thee for his prey. I crave
Thy guidance toward the eastern wave,
Where haply floats, beside the strand,
Some banner of my native land.”

“ Izram hath sworn, and he will bide
In truth and fealty by thy side.
But say, for well my soul doth ken
The brood of yon Iberian den,
What name bears he, the hound of death,
Who checked thy brother’s vital breath ?”
“ Almarez Gondolph, high in rank,”—
Upstarting from the mossy bank,
With arm extended Izram stood,
Like the roused monarch of the wood :

His eye-balls shot with crimson fire,
Each reddening feature flashed with ire,
While joy's triumphant wildness shone
In the stern glance, and swelled the tone.

“ Now hear, thou blazing god of day,
Unfaltering in thy destined way,
Who rollest on thy fiery path,
Blasting the rebel climes in wrath,
Frowning to wither, blight, destroy,
Or beaming light, and life, and joy ;
And hear, ye clouds, that, hurrying past,
Waft spirits wild on storm and blast ;
Ye demons, who delight to dwell
In the dark wave's tumultuous swell,
Or, wrapped in subterranean fire,
Work your fierce will in quenchless ire ;
Hear, and attest, in murmurs deep,
The vow of vengeance ne'er to sleep :
Proclaim in thunder, seal in blood,
The tie of vengeful brotherhood !”

Once more beneath the branches flung,
The traveller's shrinking hand he wrung :
“ I deemed not mortal man should dare
In wrongs so deep, so dark, as mine,
In luxury so rich, to share ;
But, Briton, lo the cup is thine,
The draught of sweet revenge to drain
Till not one lingering drop remain.
I've spread a wilier snare to-day,
Than e'er enclosed the beast of prey :
Before another sun be set,
Thou'lt view the quarry in the net.

I thought not to endure thy feet
Within my deep unseen retreat ;
But we are brothers, I have said,
And waked the hope I will not mock ;
Thy kindred blood on Gondolph's blade
Shall be thy pass through flood and rock ;
And from that rock thine arm may sweep
His mangled carcase to the deep."

"Now shame upon thee, man of death !
I told thee that I cursed him not ;
And shall I dye my Christian faith
With crimson taint, satanic blot ?
Far as the space from pole to pole
Be murderous thought from Albert's soul !
Nor shall such deed thy dwelling stain,
O Mexican, nor foul thy hand,
Till prayer, and faith, and zeal be vain,
To pluck away one burning brand."

"I like thy heat ; in this I view,
Fool though thou be, thy tale is true ;
If false, thou hadst not crossed me yet :
But, true or false, my steel is whet.
There's candor on thy quiet brow,
I neither doubt nor fear thee now.
Proceed, a sheltering roof is nigh,
And while my cares thy need supply,
My lip shall link that blood-hound's name
With the full record of his shame."

Then rising, with elastic tread,
Through many a winding path he led,
Free as the gamesome steed, whose mane
Ne'er drooped beneath controlling rein ;

And Albert, in the step of pride,
The form of lightness, mien of grace,
Might almost deem his youthful guide
A sylvan shape of fabled race.
Some twenty summer suns had shed
Their ripening fires on Izram's head ;
His hue confessed the tawny glow,
Born of a fierce and fervid ray,
But pale and clear the polished brow,
Where ebon locks disordered stray :
And ever as impatiently
Aside their silken veil was thrown,
Beneath its curve the glancing eye,
Like lightning from the midnight sky,
In awful beauty shone.
Something there was that mutely told,
No vulgar stamp was graven here ;
An impress cast in finer mould,
And nurtured in a gentler sphere,
Than might beseem those captive plains,
Crushed in Iberia's pond'rous chains.

Narrow and low the hut arose,
A summer bower for short repose,
Yet fenced around with thorn and stake,
From prowling foes that haunt the brake.
Roofed with the broad palmetto leaf,
That fan-like o'er the rafters spread,
And crested as a warrior chief,
Beneath its light and plummy head.
Amid the flower-wove lattice play
The quivering shade and stealing ray ;
Floating on zephyr's liquid sigh,
A thousand dazzling forms are nigh,

That in the brilliant blaze unfold
Their gossamer besprent with gold.
There hums the insect bird, who gleams
Glorious as day's departing beams ;
Beneath the proud papilio pressed,
The blossom bends its burdened crest ;
He steps the flower, a conscious king,
Or fans the bud with gorgeous wing ;
And not a breeze can hover nigh,
But teems with blended harmony ;
As every leaf were vocal grown,
And breathed a descant all its own,
While bowed the palm with princely head,
And wide a guardian shadow spread.

A simple couch of fragrant leaves,
In purple cased, each guest receives ;
And Izram from his secret hoard,
Profusely heaps the bending board
With all the tempting fruits that lie
Mellowing beneath a genial sky ;
And while their tints commingling glowed,
A juice nectareous sparkling flowed,
In shells of cocoa, richly bound
With hoops of burnished gold around.

With winning grace, in courtly guise,
The Mexican his comrade plies ;
Selecting oft, with studious care,
The choicest of their woodland fare ;
With mirthful thought, and sportive smile,
Cheering their sweet repast the while.

“ Inhale this cooling draught again ;
Methinks those whiskered Dons would drain

The luscious stream with bolder swell ;
And if the goblet 'scaped, 'twere well."

" Too tempting shines the glittering ore :
What if their ken the scene explore ?"

Dark radiance flashed from Izram's eye,
Lightly he touched his dagger's hilt,
And smiled ; " perchance, in deeper dye,
The rash intruder's hide were gilt,
Ere his profaning touch should tear
The meanest flower that blushes there."

" How freely in the mortal strife
Thy hand can sport with human life !
I would not ape thy deadly skill,
Purveyor to the yawning tomb ;
Nor hurl a spirit, reeking still
With crime, to its eternal doom."

" And yet, were wildest peril near,
No flincher thou : I've watched thine eye,
And not a mist of earthly fear
Hath clouded that calm azure sky.
By thy bold deed preserved, I long
To call thee friend : our years the same,
If right I guess ; in danger, wrong,
United ; branded both with shame ;
Thou for thy Christian faith, and I
For unsold truth and loyalty."

Gone was the hour of lightsome glee,
His brow grew stern with bitter thought,
That like a sullen wintry sea
In mystery and darkness wrought.

Still, as to quell the rising pain,
His lips the sparkling goblet drain ;
His glance emits the gloomy fire
Of restless care and feverish ire.

Albert beheld, his gen'rous heart
In secret wept the exile's smart ;
He shuddered o'er a soul so young,
By murderous hate to vengeance stung,
And yearned upon his thorny way
To pour the beam of gospel-day.
But Izram, on his couch reclined,
With graceful gesture half arose ;
His waving locks are flung behind,
His cheek with proud emotion glows,
In measured phrase the accents ran,
And thus the tale of wrong began.

“ Know'st thou Chiapa's soil, where rise
Wrecks of a glorious edifice ?
Offspring of kingly sires, who shone
On Mexico's unconquered throne,
Or, ranged upon her island shore,
Purpled the lake with princely gore.
Uprooted from their beauteous land,
Once more engrafted, and taught to thrive
Beneath Las Casas' pitying hand,
Who bade the drooping bough revive,
Till, like their own Vanilla, veiled
In mystery from the race accursed,
Again their weeping country hailed
Her royal stems, in secret nursed.
Even now, upon Chiapa's plain,
Our ancient arts in freedom reign :

The deathless wreath fair science gives,
Full many a young Cazique receives ;
Known but to them whose dearest pride
Were to lie slaughtered near his side.

Not these the upstart race, who reign

By sufferance of the crafty foe,
Exalted from the base-born train,

To specious power and gilded show ;
But sons of those illustrious dead,
Who, each a warlike nation's head,

With royal banner wide unrolled,
Twice fifty thousand warriors led

To battle for the isle of gold.

“ To boast were vain ; I will not tell
What streams in these blue channels swell ;

The deed may show :—no vulgar ire

Can feed so broad, so calm a flame,
Nor aught but princely hate aspire

To quarries of such noble game.

The deed shall show :—another night,
And vengeance waves her torch in light.

“ Embosomed in a peaceful vale,
There dwelt—but wherefore spin the tale ?”

—A flush was on his frowning brow,
And fast the hurried accents flow :—

“ ’Tis naught to thee who trained my mind,
The hater now of human kind,

I say but, of the hours I’ve known,
That once they were, and they are flown
Past, past—they come not if I would”—
He drained the cup, and then pursued.

“ It was ’mid life’s unfolding charm,
When hopes are high, and hearts are warm,
And young ambition, aiming wide,
Would grasp the world to prop his pride,
A guest, with wiles of Satan fraught,
Chiapa’s peaceful dwellings sought ;
A Jesuit,—of Iberia’s race,—
Inquisitor,—a monk of place,—
Vile titles all :—to add another,
Yet viler, he was Gondolph’s brother.
He marked me, and he won my ear
With tales wild boyhood loves to hear ;
I knew not then what hidden bait
Lured him in me to seek his fate ;
But thus it seems—my birth was high,
And many watched my destiny :
Child as I was, I oft had sate
With those who rule our free-born state,
Whose secret counsels may not pass
Beyond the threefold bolts of brass :
Some note of this had lately sped,
—Oppression will not lack its spies,
Nor tyranny forget to dread
The mustering tempest ere it rise.
Unwelcome rumors quickly flee,
The tidings Priest Anselmo heard,
And when he spread the twig for me,
Deemed he might lime a chattering bird.
So, while his flatteries won my ken,
And lured me to the Spanish den,
My treason was the corner-stone
He built his towering hopes upon.
Izram a traitor !”—Then he laughed
In bitterness, and freely quaffed :—

“ No, not to them—O never, never,
 Could tongue of guile or forceful hand,
The syren or the dungeon, sever
 Her Izram from his own sweet land :
Blighted this arm, if e’er it flings
Dishonor on the race of kings !

“ In furtherance of their sage design,
 The Spanish seers received me well,
And, deep in learning’s fruitful mine,
 For me they ope’d the secret cell.
I needs must laugh,—how, day by day,
They labored on the rugged way,
And placed within my eager clasp
Whate’er my spirit longed to grasp :
No page of all their classic lore,
But I had conned it o’er and o’er,
And from the tomes of history torn
New fuel for my burning scorn,
Ere yet the purblind fools could dare
To deem me wrapped within the snare.
And still misgivings vexed their mind,
A firmer tie the demons twined :
O would my tongue had never moved
To tell it ! Albert, hast thou loved ?
—Enough, enough ; that broken sigh,
And mantling cheek, too well reply.
It matters not ; I will not bend

My thought to such bewildering theme,
My spurning soul hath learned to rend
 The shreds of that deceitful dream ;
Nor could thy tranquil spirit pine
In love so wild, so deep as mine.

The sorcerers hoped this potent spell
The patriot throb should lightly quell,
This master passion in my breast,
Like Aaron's rod, engulf the rest ;
If e'er their eyes His page explored,
Whom they in blasphemy adored.

“ Now Gondolph joined the robber band,
Who gnaw the vitals, wring the land.
Thou know'st, perchance, each plundering tool
Is licensed to a short-lived rule :
Three summers, decked in pomp and pride,
They rack our race, our treasure drain,
Then, wafted o'er th' indignant tide,
Disgorge the spoil in hungry Spain.
Long had this Gondolph ruled unseen
The movements of a vast machine ;
The guerdon of his toils to glean,
He ploughed at length the azure deep ;—
Oh, by this sickle, bright and keen,
A plenteous harvest he shall reap !

“ His was the crafty wile, that snared
The heedless Mexican to rove ;
His wizard hand the spell prepared,
Of lofty lore, and witching love :
And blithely now the traitor came,
To light the pile with sulph'rous flame.
In courteous guise, with flattering word,
He led me to the festal board :
Trained to his beck, the servile throng
The revel and debauch prolong ;
While he, with cool observance, sought
In cobweb coil to snare the thought ;

Essayed—the wine-cup freely plied—
To wake the slumbering chord of pride ;
But all was vain, no word revealed
The charge in patriot honor sealed.
Baffled and chafed, the tiger scowled,
And hourly in my pathway prowled,
And oft in joyous scorn I threw
Some mocking hope before his view,
Till weary of the secret snare,
He laid his shameless purpose bare.
A life, with wealth and greatness crowned,
Ev'n to ambition's utmost bound,
This was the bribe ; the threat was shame,
The taint of slander's foulest breath,
A curse attached to Izram's name
Among his race, and lingering death.

“ I know not how my scorn might blaze ;
He quailed and shook beneath the gaze :
And when, in proud indignant strain,
I hurled the treason back on Spain,
His lurking blood-hounds seized their prey,
And bore me from the light of day,
Chained with the felon crew, who pine
Condemned within the deadliest mine.
Robber and murderer, side by side,
In groans and blood their labour plied—
Seest thou the scar those fetters wrought ?
His look shall wither on the spot.

“ Nor yet the crafty fox resigned
That dream of his besotted mind ;
Still came the lure, the menace, still
He thought to bend my steadfast will :

He blighted my fair fame, and she,
Chord of my heart, its vital tide,
Compelled to wed a vile Mestee,
Became the motley mongrel's bride.
Anselmo's self the tale conveyed,
And well his generous zeal I paid :
Too weak the cowl to guard his brain
From the fierce dash of severed chain ;
And while they thronged around the dead,
Goaded by maddening thought, I sped
Until the distant glimmering ray
Pointed to liberty and day.
I found a faithful few ;—the rest
Is doubly sealed within my breast ;
I doubt not thee, but oaths confine
Those secrets to our ancient line :
Yet if thy British nerve can brave
The horrors of an outlaw's cave,
And if thy strength in peril tried,
Can boldly breast a swelling tide,
Soon shall thy gladdened sight survey
Gondolph, by counter-wiles betrayed,
Groaning his blackened soul away,
An offering to thy brother's shade."

" My brother's shade hath soared, to rest
In the calm mansions of the blest ;
And there, at his Redeemer's throne,
He joins the rapturous song of praise,
To Him who hears the sinner's groan,
Jesus, whose pardoning love is shown
To ruined man's rebellious race.
And deem'st thou—if his spirit share
In aught of sublunary care—

My Ulric would not rather flee
On seraph wing to ward the blow
And plead, by Him who died for thee,
For mercy on a prostrate foe?"

"Forbear thy mockery, tongue of pride!
For me that Saviour never died.
Thou preaching friar, forbear, and say,
My proffered courtesy dost thou take,
Till twice return the morning ray,
With me thy fixed abode to make?"

"Aye, Izram, and to save thy soul
The bitter fruit of deed so foul;
My wrong is deep, far deeper thine,
But vengeance is the work of God:
O let thy hand this task resign,
Submit thee to the chastening rod.
Revenge to carnal lip is sweet,
But kills the soul with poisonous breath;
And thou impenitent, will meet
The wages of eternal death."

"Izram can neither pause nor fear;
His sin, if such the term, hath stored
The wrath of Heaven in long arrear,
And justice must unsheathe the sword,
She still a deeper debt may owe—
But truce with this, the sun is low;
I pledge thee in a sweeter draught
Than yet thy thirsty lip hath quaffed;
Recline on yonder couch and steep
Thy feverish frame in cooling sleep:
Trust me, no cause for doubt or dread
While Izram watches nigh thy bed.

I love thy race—they never bore
A blood-stained trophy from my shore,
Save when the daring Buccaneer,
 Scourge of the tyrants, hovered nigh,
And woke the Spaniard's startled ear,
 With the fierce midnight battle-cry.
Thou dost not fear to speak me plain,
To cross me in my angry vein ;
Nor dost thou shame to kneel and pray :”
Shading his sight, he turned away,
And Albert, with unruffled breast,
Composed his weary limbs to rest.

CANTO II.

SWEET his repose, but strangely new
The waking scene ; no lowly shed,
No waving forest caught his view ;
 A wide and vaulted cavern threw
Its mighty arch above his head.
A glimmering lamp in scanty flood
Dispersed its light, and Izram stood,
Folding his mantle round his breast,
 Half veiled in the sepulchral gloom,
With thoughtful brow, and head depressed,
Viewing the couch of peaceful rest,
 Like sculpture on a costly tomb.
“ Wak'st thou, my friend ?” the pensive tone,
That sorrow might have called her own,
Low as the ring-dove's plaintive sound,
By echoes caught, above, around,

Rang through the caves, and died away
In cadence like a funeral lay.

“Izram ! explain this magic spell.”

“No magic, but the needful guile
Of souls oppressed ; I watched thee well,
And practised naught but friendly wile.

Here is my palace, this my throne,
A regal court, as thou shalt own,
When my assembled hoards bespeak
The treasury of a young Cazique.”

Smiling, yet sad, he spoke, and drew
A drapery's heavy fold aside ;
Broad gleams of distant radiance threw
A steady lustre far and wide.

“Arise, the sun is high and bright,
But never shot his living light
Within these vaults : dark as the fame

Of Mexico, they need the toil
Of secret hands to raise the flame,
And oft renew the wasting oil.

Above, oppression's shaft is hurled,
Below, the infant fires are nursed,
That should the struggling splendors burst,
With blazing flag shall cow the world.

Tyrants engross the sunny sky,
Be ours the den and liberty !”

With stately port, and echoing tread,
Through the long widening vault he led ;
Passed a low arch, and dark alcove :—

Where hath the spell our pilgrim borne ?
Such wild illusion ne'er was wove
In the fantastic dream of morn.

They stood beneath a lofty dome,
Meet for the fabled genii's home ;

Here, crystal columns, shooting high,
Dazzle and pain the blinking eye ;
There, glowing as with secret fire,
Slight shafts of wreathing gold aspire.
The giant roof, bestud with spars,
Shone as a host of distant stars.
Framed by the fairest rules of art,
From every secret nook they start,
New treasures to the gaze unfold,—
Gold was the couch, the table gold ;
Wrought by the craftsman's cunning hand,
In bright confusion, close array,
Flagons, and bowls, and vases stand,
And on their burnished sides display
The swelling fruit, or garland fair ;—
The very least that glittered there
Had been an ample bribe, to gain
Some kingly suit from grasping Spain.
Quiver and bow and breast-plate hung
Standards and feathery tufts among ;
And sun-like orbs too well reveal
The deadly dint of forceful steel :
While pigmy plumes, of matchless dyes,
Combined in graphic beauty, rise,
Implanting in that rocky den
The charms of mountain, mead, and glen.

Izram beneath his dark lash stole
A glance, to read his comrade's soul.
" What say'st thou, Albert, can'st thou show
In thy fair isle so rich a throne ?
Nay, answer not ; full well I know
She calls one glorious gem her own,

A jewel fraught with deathless rays,
Whose faintest sparkles far outblaze
Ten thousand gaudy scenes like this :
Freedom and faith—O dream of bliss !”

He paused, and slowly raising up
From the bright board a costly cup,
Viewed it a while, then fiercely flung

On the firm floor that beaming gold ;
Their peals the clamorous echoes rung,
While to the utmost side it rolled.

“ I loathe the yellow dross, it hurled
My fathers from a lordly throne,
Ev’n as that bruised ore is whirled
Along the ruthless stone.

Metal accursed ! my brethren pine,
Through thee, beneath an iron rod,
Deep in the pestilential mine,
O’er which their sires in glory trod.

Now could I dash from side to side
The fragments of this scenic pride ;
But they have work to do, to sting,
Ev’n to his very inmost soul,
That Gondolph, that compounded thing

Of wile and avarice ;—we will toll
The death-knell on his shrinking ear,
Amid the splendid mockeries here :
Here, where his eye could never sate
With gazing, we will seal his fate ;
And I, the fettered slave, who drew
A length of chain in pois’nous mine,
Will blight the tyrant’s wildered view
In garb befitting regal line.

Thou, too, shalt glitter bright, in gems
Meet for Imperial diadems :

Weave diamonds in thy clustering hair,
Like stars on evening's folding wing,
And on thy very sandals bear

The ransom of an eastern king,"
"No gems for me."—"And wherefore thwart
Each purpose of my laboring heart?"—

"Nay, Izram, smoothe thy brow, nor deem
I cross thy will in sullen mood ;

But how shall rich array beseem,
Or brilliants pour their sparkling beam,
Amid the specks of kindred blood ?

Scarce dry upon my conscious vest
The stream that welled from Ulric's breast ;
Behold !"—"The hour of doom is near,
Let vengeance stay that bursting tear :
Fraternal love hath gemmed thy cheek

With drops to shame our Indian mine,
And Izram's heart perchance could speak
In tone as kindly and as meek

As ever woke the pulse of thine :
But I will drown that pleading breath
In the loud trumpet blast of death :
Retain thy simple weed, to roll

Its witness on the murderer's soul ;
Dark be thy wrath as frowning night,
And mine as dire volcano bright."

Swift as the linnet from the spray,
His lightsome step hath sped away ;
And Albert breathes the secret groan,
For woes more lasting than his own.

"So young, so beauteous, so enslaved
To Satan's bidding—lost—depraved
By sins unnumbered : yet he spoke
Of pleadings he would fain control :

Perchance the Lord indeed hath woke

A voice within his conscious soul.

‘Freedom and faith, a dream of bliss’—

Oh would that waking prize were his!

My spirit loathes his foul intents,

Yet with a mother’s wo laments;

Gladly I’d brave a life of pains,

To wrest him from these burning chains.

Confederate in his fell design,

Leagued to destroy, yet fixed to save

His victim,—Saviour, be it mine

To call this slumberer from the grave!

Bid him awake, and rise to view

Beams that can pierce his darkness through.

It were a miracle—what less

Could change our heart of mortal mould?

Speak, and the work is done—now bless

Thy word—O Lord, our Righteousness,

Conduct this wanderer to thy fold!”

While yet he breathed the broken prayer,
The fiery Mexican was there:

He came on Albert’s wondering sight,

Like some gay dream of fairy sprite:

His form, in snow-white vest arrayed,

Its beauteous symmetry displayed;

Soft as the wing of summer fly,

His robe outshone the Tyrian dye!

Each naked arm a circlet wore

Of pearls to shame a regal store;

The emerald and the ruby graced

His ancles, tissued gold his waist.

The plumes—his country’s coronet—

Enwreathed among his locks of jet,

With every gesture waving, bow
Majestic o'er his graceful brow.
Their quills in clustering diamonds bound,
They breathed a costly perfume round,
And rivalled, in their glancing dyes,
The glories of the western skies.
The tress confined, his brow was bare,
Softened in thought, and pale with care.
Though from his eye-beam toil had reft
 Awhile the fervid blaze of noon,
Yet all the floating light was left
 That steals around the midnight moon.
A naked dirk his belt displayed,
Its ivory hilt with gold inlaid,
And rich with gems ; the tempered blade
 Gleamed a blue death-fire, sternly bright
And Albert's sickening thought surveyed
 The unborn horrors of the night.
Abrupt he spoke, "Thou dazzling sin,
I would thou wert as fair within."
"Nay, Albert, all within is dark ;
 These gauds no living lustre shed ;
Revenge alone, with crimson spark,
 Lights the drear mansions of the dead.
It is for such as thee to dwell
In rays that demons cannot quell.
My soul is black as thunder's cloud,—
The gathering peal will echo loud,
And fierce the flash : this luring gloom
Is but the shade of Gondolph's tomb.
I have not slumbered since I lay
Beneath the jaguar's gaze—Away !
We'll to the bowl, and nectar drain,
Till young life bound in every vein."

"And would'st thou feed the angry mood,
 With wilder fire inflame thy blood,
 Hurl reason from her tottering throne,
 And change thy heart to very stone!
 O drink thou of the stream that swells
 Far from the scenes of ruthless strife,
 Drawn from the everlasting wells,
 That spring beneath the tree of life."
 In wayward humor, Izrain flung
 His limbs upon a couch of pride,
 Its canopy with plumage hung,
 And feigning regal scorn, replied—
 "What! bar me from the gen'rous bowl?
 Ev'n here my lordly will control?
 Rebel, wilt thou dethrone thy king?"
 "Jest not, but heed,"—"I will not hear:
 If but a single note I sing,
 These royal accents straight will ring,
 With descant meet for monarch's ear.
 Now mark."—In cadence sweet and strong
 Sudden he raised a lofty song.

IZRAM.

"Line, in the annals of glory known,
 "Where have ye hidden your ancient throne?
 "Throbs no bold current in regal vein?
 "Be ye the vassals of ruffian Spain?
 "The base surmise from my soul I fling—
 "Ye are the nation; where is your king?"

Richly the clear melodious sound
 Floats through the sparry caverns round;

And ere the notes could melt away,
Abruptly rose an answering lay;
Strong voices pealed it loud and nigh,
Filling the vaults with harmony.

VOICES.

“Deep, where the heavings of life arise,
“Deep in the subject’s heart he lies;
“Deep, where the infant gem is born,
“He tramples the yellow gold in scorn:
“His tapestried hall is the crystal stone,
“The diamond his lamp, and the rock his throne.”

IZRAM.

“Once, where the isle’s blue waters swell,
“Her princes fought, and her nobles fell;
“The meanest in Aztlan’s native train
“Was peer for the proudest that forge their chain.
“Soft through its channel the pure wave runs,
“Shrouding the heroes—Where are their sons?”

VOICES.

“Deep, where the close pent air abides;
“Deep, where the flood its fountain hides;
“Deep, where the young volcano’s nursed;—
“Wo to the land when their rage shall burst!
“Soon may the volume of fate unfold
“That the sons are true, as the sires were bold.”

IZRAM.

“Where are the counsels, wise and brave,
“To guide the ship through the troublous wave?

“The skill to watch for the breaking morn,
“The league to bind and the word to warn?
“The glimmering sparks of a rising blaze,
“And the heart-cheering records of olden days?”

VOICES.

“Deep in the bosoms of patriot worth;
“Deep in the soil that gives them birth;
“Deep in the symbol of mystic lore,
“That never shall treachery’s gaze explore;
“The root is spreading below—the tree
“Shall rise in a banner of pride for thee.”

Triumphant pealed the closing strain;

The very echoes seemed to glow

With patriot ardor; oft again,

When the bold note was sinking low,

Some distant cavern caught the tone,

And made the lofty lay its own,

And gave it back again, to swell

And rise, through many a winding cell;

Careering round the giant dome,

As though some pitying forms of air

Blended the wild sweet chorus there,

To grace an exiled monarch’s home.

Albert, entranced, a while forgot

The captive’s doom, the murderer’s lot,

Yearning to bid the caves prolong,

And still renew that thundering song.

The full red torches flickered wide,

The banners waved in martial pride,

Sparkled the crystals; Izram’s eye,

To ecstasy relit, and raised

In uncurbed majesty on high,

With answering splendor keenly blazed.

The sound dissolved, the spell was broke,
Drooping his waving plumes he spoke.

“Hearts fond and true ! far other meed
Than darksome den, and venturous deed,
From Izram, might ye claim. Now speak,

Thou silent Briton ; well I trace,
In the bold blood that warms thy cheek,
The fervor of thy freeborn race.

What miracle hath struck thee dumb—
The preacher by the man o’ercome ?”

“Perchance some tinge of honest shame,
For slight respect to monarch shown ;
Thy sin I hate, the sinner blame ;
And if thy veiled rank unknown”——

“O peace, my friend ; my brother, peace :
When thy bold faith’s counsels cease,
Izram is lost indeed : I love

To hear thy fearless tongue reprove,
But deemed it well to show thy speech
To other ears than mine might reach.

These caverns teem with life ; a race
Of nobles, this dark dwelling grace.

They know the jaguar’s dauntless foe,
Thy daring deed, thy wrongs they know ;
But other themes beseem them not :

Think’st thou my single arm could bring
Thee slumbering from the woodland cot ?

That were a feat for fairy king.”

While thus in playful grace he spoke,
Sudden the startling echoes woke,
As though a wide battalion sped,
With one broad flash, the winged lead.

Izram is on his feet : his lip

Quivers ; his veins to blackness swell !

"They come ! triumphant vengeance, dip

Deep in the flames, where demons dwell,

Thy crimson torch !" With furious stride,

Swift to the central space he hied :

Then with a whistle, loud and shrill

As eaglet's scream, the signal gave ;

And figures, darkly mantled, fill

The niches of each opening cave :

On every head bright plumage played,

The rest was wrapped in folding shade.

Their chieftain waves the circling sign,

And sternly speaks—"No hand but mine."

Their lofty crests in silence bow,

And the fair plumes dance on every brow.

Again th' exulting echoes rung,

While wide a massy door was flung,

And fiercely struggled, half repressed,

The burning ire in Albert's breast,

And wildly throbbed his temperate blood,

When to his frowning glance confessed

His brother's murderer stood :

'Twas nature's fever ; mercy rolled

Her current, and the fire controlled.

Blinded beneath the burst of light,

The Spaniard veiled his aching sight ;

Then proudly, with expanding eye,

Drew his majestic form on high,

And firmly stepped, with measured pace,

The features of his foe to trace.

The youth in bitter mockery

Bent, till the plumes had kissed his knee,

Then tossed them, while with fiery gaze
His eye belied the courtly phrase,—

“Thrice welcome be th’ Iberian lord
To exiled Izram’s humble board.”

(Full well betrayed the sudden start
How shot that name through Gondolph’s heart)

“Fain would the Mexican repay,
Well as a tainted traitor may,

The rites of Gondolph’s princely dome,
That cheered his spirit many a day,

Ere yet his steps behoved to roam.”

Then burst the smothered fury high,
“Ruffian! thine hour of doom is nigh!”

Calm, in his fixed obdurate pride,

The Spaniard spoke, untouched by fear;

“While Izram in my view shall bide,

Murder, I judge, must needs be near.”

Darting his glances round, they rest

On Albert’s form, and crimson vest:

Shrunk the firm eye. “What! can ye call

The dead to your infernal hall?

And who are these? a goodly train,

Fresh reeking from the lash and chain;—

Ye native bondsmen lured to stray,

By this mad boy, from duty’s way,

Liegemen of Spain! the crime disown;

Those dainty limbs in fetters bind,

Bend to your sovereign’s outraged throne,

Forgiveness seek; his royal mind

The grace will freely grant.” A sound

Of stifled laughter murmured round.

“Before our sovereign’s outraged throne,

Duteous we bend: we’ll bind him well;

In fetters he shall joy to own,

Ev’n loyal love’s securest spell.”

With dimpling smile and glowing cheek,
Izram exclaims, "Essay once more ;
Pardon's faint breath is all too weak,—

What think'st thou, if the glittering store
Of wealthy Spain might change their song ?
Gold, gold, my lord, is wondrous strong.
If all thy bandit tribes could drain
Forth from the land's exhausted vein,

Since first they trod the vanquished isle,
And all the coffered hoards of Spain

Were rifled out to swell the pile,
That mass might almost match the place
That Gondolph's presence deigns to grace."
Then in a tone more sternly slow,
Where hate and pride commingling glow,
"Hear, thou abhorred ! this costly mine

Were but the shadow of a shade,
Measured by those our princely line
Have never to the grasp betrayed
Of impious foes. Our stores could buy
Fleets to command the subject waves,
Cities to pierce the wondering sky,
Empires for toys, and kings for slaves."

The Spaniard curled his lip in scorn—
"Methinks the yoke is lightly borne :
Why club ye not your stores, to buy
The glittering bauble, liberty ?
Why bribe ye not, with ample pence,
Some stout ally to chase us hence,
And on their ancient seat replace
Your puny and diminished race ?"

A sullen murmur muttering crept
From the dark bands ; and Izram stept,

Glaring beneath his scowling brow,
Like a chafed lion on the foe :
“ Burning ’mid everlasting fires,
In torments yell your murderous sires ;
Mated with him, who first in crime,
Brought ruin into Eden’s clime.
Diminished ! aye, beneath the yoke
How many a gallant heart hath broke !
How have the mighty bowed in death,
Blighted by pestilential breath ;
The beauteous drooped, and died away
Before oppression’s blasting ray ;
Leaving a remnant firm and true,
Noble and brave—but oh how few !
Shall we profane our sacred store,
And bribe some distant robber band,
Greedy of sordid hire to pour
Destruction on the groaning land ?
Earth from her dregs could ne’er defile
Our country with a pest so vile,
Nor vomit forth a crew so base
As dark Iberia’s felon race ;
Yet seek we not with foreign steel
The ripening crop of weeds to mow
A parricidal hand shall deal
With deeper gash the destined blow,
And o’er your pride, your towering pride,
In bold career exulting ride.
There lurks within the womb of fate,
A sorer pang, a deadlier bane,
Than eastern scorn or western hate
Could mingle in the cup of Spain :
Spawn from her own corruption bred,
Then on their putrid parent fed.

Oft hath my spirit rose in glee,
A glimpse of coming times to see,
When the unwieldy cub shall breathe
Defiance in his parent's teeth ;
To hear the angry beldame chide,
In contest with the heedless air ;
Her blood-stained talons stretching wide,
Across the Atlantic's laughing tide,
In impotent despair."

"Thou taunting fool ! though wayward fate
The augury of thy brain-sick hate
Should e'en fulfil, what higher grace
Than change of lords awaits thy race ?
Loosened awhile the servile chain,
Tools for their need, then locked again."

"Take thou no care for that : we hold
The master-key, the secret gold :

Let Liberty's resplendent eye
Once beam, then farewell jealousy !
Let freedom's lightsome banner play,
And, brethren, leagued in firm array,
We conquer, or we die !

What reck we,—so your caitiff blood
Be mingled with your cities' mud ;
What reck we,—so your leaguered town

Re-echo to the thundering guns ;
Though they who spill the crimson flood,
And rend the flaunting standard down,
And trample on the empty crown,
Should be the tyrant's sons ?

Just heaven, retributive in wrath,
Will hide that serpent in your path,
In memory of the shameful wile,

That lured the bands of Tlascala
To mingle in the impious fray,
 Against th' imperial isle.
Then shall Chiapa's sons arise,
And pour the reeking sacrifice
To names that in her mystic roll
Live to inflame the warrior's soul.
Long by your blinking race forgot,
Their eye can mark the very spot
Where the firm aim of justice sped
The bolt to Montezuma's head :
To vengeful gaze the site unfold,
Where rose Mexitli's pile of gold,
 The temple of an erring creed,
 But sanctified by noblest deed,
In history's page enrolled.
There, in his sacrilegious pride,
 Glutting his savage eye with blood,
Presiding o'er the purple tide,
 The fell hyena, Cortez, stood.
Aside their spears and quivers flung,
'Twas there the princely brothers came,
And, kneeling, to his mantle clung,
 Bold barter ! with a moment's shame
 To purchase never-dying fame,
And venge their country's cause : around
In suppliant guise, their arms they wound,
With awful pause, a breathless space,
 The homage in abhorrence given,
—Twin seraphs dwelling on the face
 Of that arch-rebel spurned from heaven—
They bent on his accursed brow,
 With upward gaze, the beaming eye,

And silently arose the vow,
Not to the tyrant, but the sky.
They pointed to the battle plain,
Where swelled and sunk, in plummy surge,
The billows of the fight; they strain
Their youthful sinews; bend, and gain,
With their dark prize, the giddy verge:
Wreathing in stern embrace their prey,
They hurl them from the height;
Wrapt like the sinking orb of day,
In a shroud of native light."

"But watchful Heaven preserved its own;
The wily traitor died alone."

"Alone! how deep the conscious flood
Blushed with the taint of Spanish blood,
And murmured, in its patriot bed
To harbor such polluting dead,
When, sickening deep with wild affright,
Beneath the favoring veil of night,
The panting robbers fled for life,
And perished in the causeway strife!
Alone! why every element

Hath leagued in freedom's sacred cause;
The earth her firm enclosure rent,
And opened her devouring jaws:
Along your veins the fire hath crept,
While pestilence, with vengeful gust,
Wide o'er your vaunting armies swept,
And breathed them into dust.
Your crimes the circling years rehearse,
Pointing the deep unuttered curse,
The glorious sun looks fiercely down,

And withers you with scorching frown ;
The sullen mists enfold you round,
And strike unseen the aguish wound :
Ye spread the banquet, rich and fair,
Intemperance drops her poison there :
While lazy monks the gains devour
Of many a long laborious hour,
And tax you with a galling price
For juggling feats and fooleries.
Homeward the shrivelled remnant wend,
Wasted by care, debauch, and toil,
As yellow as the gold they rend,
And parched like the exhausted soil ;
Their public seal the robbers show,
Murder's black signet stamps the brow ;
And grinning fiends, with greedy eyes,
Unnoticed haunt each branded prize.
Methinks I view the victims rolled
In burning seas of molten gold,
And hear the taunts, the laughter shrill,
' Now, sons of avarice, grasp your fill.' "

With ghastly smile the Spaniard sought
To veil the pang of shuddering thought.

" Albeit thy phrase is aptly set,

I weary of the prating speech ;—

A wondering congregation met

To hear one half-taught savage preach.

I ween 'twas in Anselmo's school

Thou learn'dst to rail and rant by rule." "

His mock the youth unruffled heard :—

" Thou yet shalt bide that railing word,

My private wrong will plead in vain ;

This blade a nation's vengeance wreaks,
Not Izram to Almarez speaks,
But Mexico to Spain.
Cast round thine eye and view the spoil,
Of free-born hands the willing toil,
Relics of matchless worth : behold
Those arrows in their sheaths of gold,
Studded with gems : the rusted darts,
Drawn from the robbers' quivering hearts ;
The warrior belts of jewels twined,
Yon plummy crowns with pearls combined :
Elastic plates of scaly mail,
For manly war ; too slight and frail
To bide the dint of murderous lead,
From Spain's infernal engines sped.
These plume-wrought banners, drooping now
Beneath the sheltering earth, again
To combat borne, shall float and bow,
Rejoicing, o'er the piles of slain,
While Guatimozin's battle-word
Loud through the vengeful field is heard,
And hearts of wrath intensely flame
At that imperial martyr's name ;
And mocking demons blithely spread,
In nether gulfs, such flowery bed
For your eternal rest, as lay
Glowing beneath your guiltless prey :
Though slumbering justice linger yet,
Deeply she'll pay the burning debt.—
Gondolph, now sate thy favored eye
On that mysterious treasury,
Whose warrior monarch, firm in will,
Baffled thy father's fiendish skill ;

Constant in torture, shame and death,
To us the rich bequest he gave,
And ne'er till now Iberian breath
Tainted the golden cave :
But thou hast earned the grace to fall
Within this dungeon's glittering wall."

"Aye, like the captive heroes, slain
Beneath your hideous idol-fane ;
Whose heart-pulse, bared by butcher-knife,
Bounded and throbbed with struggling life
On the foul shrine, and slaked the thirst
Of ruthless cannibals ; accursed
By earth and heaven. What did we more
Than baulk your gods of human gore ?
Dispatching with a swifter stroke

Those tens of thousands doomed to die,
Beneath Mexitli's demon yoke,
In torture, rage, and blasphemy.
Had fate restrained the righteous hand
That swept this wrath-devoted land,
Your sacrificial knives had gored
More victims than our conquering sword."

With eye reproachful, sad, and stern,
Fixed the dark youth his piercing gaze :
"And came your Christian band to turn
Those sinners from destruction's ways ?
To-burst the veil of mental night,
And spread their hoard of gospel light
Wide o'er the lovely fertile spot,
Enrobed, by Him we worshipped not,
In Eden's garb ? the fairest gem
On nature's brilliant diadem.

Ye found a clime where seraph guest
Might fold the downy wing and rest ;
Epitome of every grace
Strewed o'er creation's dwelling-place ;
As western skies had kissed the earth,
Enamored of her beauteous birth,
And stamped their tints, divinely fair,
On every tribe that nestled there,
Till bird, and flower, and insect glowed,
Bright as the vesper sun's abode ;
And deep the burning radiance rolled,
Ripening her very dust to gold ;
And kindling in her caverns drear
Such diamond sparks as glimmer here.
Spreads not the lake its crystal breast
To woo again that azure guest ?
While emulous, with crested brow,
Cedar and palm arise to bow ;
And Andes, in officious love,
Impels his giant bulk above,
To prop the glorious arch, and shroud
His head in evening's purple cloud.

“ So nature wrought : admiring man
With duteous zeal pursued the plan ;
Culling, to deck his varied store,
The charm she wove, the robe she wore :
Nurtured the infant race of flowers
In broad parterre, and perfumed bowers :
Leading the silvery founts to play
Through sculptured forms in freshening spray ;
Taught the transparent beam to roam
On marble wall, and jasper dome ;

Earth's secret treasures displayed
In pillared porch and colonnade :
Lofty and bold the turrets swell,
As mountains from the western dell ;
Innumerable and bright they blaze,
As dew-drops in the morning's gaze :
And softly smiled the star of eve,
Where gold and flowers the net enwreathes ;
While, in unfelt captivity,

 Their wildest notes the warblers sing,
And spread beneath a mimic sky

 The glancing crest, and glorious wing,
Till, rich in death, their beauties live
In prouder tints than art can give :
Dear was that native skill—how dear
The few poor wrecks that moulder here !

“ Nor lordly man unlettered trod
The glittering court and sylvan sod :
In nature's darkest thralldom pent,
Her chain his soaring spirit rent,
Rose through the wildering mist, and caught
The day-beam of inspiring thought ;
Science illumed his searching eye,
And empire crowned his policy :
Through space unmeasured, undefined,
He led the conquering march of mind ;
Firm as the targe his shoulder bore,
And pliant as the plume he wore.
Ye say, that, o'er this dazzling scene,
Spirits of ill, and powers unclean,
Usurping, rolled an impious flood
Of cruelty, pollution, blood ;

While ye, in heaven-sent mercy, came
To blanch the blushing spot of shame,
And plant upon the guilty sod
The banner of a Saviour-God.

“Piercing the soft complying moss,
Securely stands your mocking cross ;
And forward wends your pious tread,
By avarice goaded, strumpet-led.
Forward ! your church hath blessed the strife,
Your arms are primed, and gold is rife.
A monarch feeds your craving eyes
With glittering ore and gems of price :
Grasp at your will the tempting store,
Persuasive guns shall plead for more.
Forward ! the young blade never bent
Beneath a mounted armament ;
The fools combine, in erring plan,
Each noble beast with ruffian man,
And judge artillery’s thunder given
From the dark cloud that wraps their heaven.
Then, while the awe-struck tribes discern
These monster-gods in mission zeal,
Your righteous creed they quickly learn,
Baptized in blood, and shrived with steel.
Forward ! some million harmless lives
Must dew your consecrated knives :
Shout, while ye drive the weapon home,
‘The gold for Spain ! the gore for Rome !’ ”

“Blasphemer, cease !”—“Indulge the mood,
For I am born of stubborn blood :
My sires, who yon bright banner bore,
Would none of Rome’s pacific lore :

They knew not Quiabislan's league,
Nor Zempoalla's dark intrigue ;
Nor, like the Tlascalan, unbound,
With rending hand, their cuntry's wound :
Descending from a regal throne,
They made the empire's cause their own ;
They towered amid the battle swell,
And bravely fought, and freely fell.
Victims for Guatimozin's sake,

What time he spread his galley's wing,
And launched upon the fatal lake,

That murmured round her cptiave king,
Tradition tells the crimson stain
On yonder shield was drawn from Spain ;
And vengeance whispers, ' Now renew
With kindred dye its faded hue.'

" Here dwell the very gods who led

Your fathers to the western shore,
Sustaining their infuriate tread,

Through leaguered hosts and seas of gore.
Those golden gods, so safely stored
In guise of pillar, couch, and board ;
Those flagons, where the deep-set rim
Of sparkling rubies crowns the brim ;
For these they dared the battle plain,
For these ye plough the briny main ;
Such faith your pious deeds rehearse,
Your deities, your spoil, your curse."

" And meet it is your yellow ore
Should swell the Christian's sacred store ;
From unbelievers rent by Heaven,
And to its saints in guerdon given."

From Albert's lips an answer came,
In accent stern he uttered, "Shame!

The Lord will that foul charge disown;
Dishonor not the sacred name

By which the Christian band are known.

He who the mild commandment gave,

'Love ye the strangers,' loved them well;

He came not to destroy but save,

Mercy to teach and rage to quell.

He came to heal, He came to bind

The broken heart, and wounded mind.

He licensed not the ruthless sword,

He values not the glittering hoard;

Whoe'er shall base allegiance owe

To mammon is Jehovah's foe.

Peace is His word, His banner love,

His work the stony heart to move;

His mercy, boundless, endless, free,

Gondolph, may even reach to thee:

To thee His grace can yet display

The fount, the purifying flood,

And from thy spirit roll away

That fearful spot—the guilt of blood."

On Albert's shoulder Izram pressed

A gentle hand—"My brother, cease:

Beam not upon his gloomy breast

The words of tenderness and peace.

Sealed by his crimes, that eye is dim;

Preach to the rocks, but not to him."

"Dear Izram, do not bar my word"—

With proud derision Gondolph heard,

And laughed—"Dear Izram"—'brother'—see

How well may infidels agree!

The heretic, whose sturdy breed
Is famed for many a daring deed,
The English mastiff, meet to chase
A herd of Mexico's faint race,—
Let but our holy faith appear,

Scourge of the unbelieving mind,
And straight we view the dog and deer

In goodly fellowship combined.

Briton, what mak'st thou here the while ?

Some envoy from the upstart isle,
Sent to explore this wondrous show,

Balance the peril 'gainst the bribe,—
And surely ye were worthier foe

To cope with than this woman tribe.

Slaves ! 'neath the conquering bands of Spain,

When havoc's glorious day begun,
Their armies darkened hill and plain,

And millions were opposed to one :

Crouching before a warrior's frown,

The trembling dastards lay in shoals ;

Our weary chargers trod them down,

And trampled out their worthless souls.

Cortez had won a nobler fame,

Had fate provided bolder game."

By the rude taunt to madness stung,
Izram with brandished dagger sprung ;

On high the flashing weapon shone—

"To Cortez and the fiends begone "

Ere on the scowling foe he closed,

Albert his fierce career opposed.

"Izram, forbear ; as thou would'st plead

For mercy in thy dearest need,

Slay not a soul."—"Now on thy life,

Unloose thy hold, or dread the knife !"

Foaming, he writhed, in wild disdain,
Beneath that nervous grasp ; in vain.
Borne back a space by Albert's hand,
He rallied to a desperate stand :
With arm aloft, and breast to breast,
Each in the grapple firmly stood ;
One movement—Izram's snowy vest
Is dark with Albert's blood.

Forth rushed the band : tumultuous swell
Discordant tones through vault and cell ;
Relaxed was Albert's straining grasp,
Yet do his fingers faintly clasp
The falling wrist :—to distance thrown,
Rings the keen dirk upon the stone.
Round Gondolph swords and daggers shine,
But Izram bars the stern design.

“ Go, to the inner dungeon-grot
Fear him away, but harm him not :
A deeper vengeance yet shall drain
The pois'nous tide from every vein.”
Beneath his comrade's drooping weight
Oppressed, he bends the trembling knee,
And groans. “ Oh, wretch accursed by fate !

My brother, have I murdered thee ?”
Albert's faint smile consoling broke—
“ Haste, strip the arm, explore the wound !”
A channel, rived by slanting stroke,
Was swiftly closed, and smoothly bound,
And, on his lip the cordial poured,
He breathed, to life and sense restored.

“ Unhappy Izram ! hast thou wrought
All the fell purport of thy thought ?”
“ The monster lives ; I would not blend

His blood with thine : impetuous friend,
Why would'st thou urge thy headlong way
Between the tiger and his prey ?
That smile ! it spoke of yestermorn—
I marvel not : thy race were born
To rule the realms of earth, and ride
Triumphant o'er the stormy tide."

Reclined within the gloomy shade,
Albert in sweet repose is laid ;
And Izram guards his sleeping guest,
As eagles tend their rock-built nest :
The waking hour, in deep debate,
Teems with the sullen captive's fate
Wavers the chief, but who shall chain
The vengeance of his princely train ?
Or who, should Gondolph 'scape, defend

The remnant of their scattered line,
From raging avarice, prompt to rend
The treasure from the secret mine ?
"Thou heard'st me tell of many a hoard,
By foreign tyrant ne'er explored ;
Tortures would rack, and flames devour,
While lust surmised one hidden store :
Thou would'st not crush my race, to save
This felon from a well earned grave ?"

While pondering yet, they hear the throng
Of hurried footsteps wend along :
The Mexicans in wrath surround
A comrade, pale, disarmed, and bound.
Few words the angry charge explain—
"Gondolph by Nepuel's dirk is slain."
"I slew him not : let Izram hear,
From justice I have naught to fear.

Few moons have waned, since in a strife
Alvarez Gondolph saved my life
From one of his own band : he gave
Chastisement to the vaunting slave,
And pardoned me ; yet claimed a meed,
And swore me at his hour of need,
To succor him in turn : he came,
A captive, doomed to die in shame.
Pacing on guard before his cell,
He saw me, and remembered well.
He sought the boon, but had it led
To flight or treason, ne'er had sped.
Yielding, although I might not slay,
I gave my dirk, and turned away :
There lies the tyrant, grim in death,
Leaving my fate to Izram's breath."

"Nepuel, thou should'st have shunned his
sight :
Justice hath sternly claimed her right.
I censure, but the deed forgive—
Confirm it, friends, and bid him live."

Dispersed the train ; yet lingered nigh
A chief, who looked on Izram's eye.
"How likest thou Nepuel's tale ? what meed,
Save treason, could the Spanish seek
From such as he ? a fouler deed
Was pondered : it hath tongue to speak
A bond in treachery allied—
Infection may be spreading wide :
Some brows are glooming here : I would
Our step were free beyond the flood."
He parted, and to Albert's ear
Izram revealed his comrade's fear.

“What meant he by the flood?”—“The wave
That rolls around this island cave.”

“An island!”—“Aye, thou ne’er hadst thought
How far thy sleeping bulk was brought ;
But whether o’er the waters sped,
Or deep beneath their solid bed,
I may not utter ; nor betray,
No, not to thee, the secret way.
Yet must I bear thee hence. I know
These vaults enshroud some viper foe :
And Nepuel’s dead reveals a clue,
Obscurely marked on Xloti’s view,
Full clear to mine—too clear. I go,
To look upon the prostrate foe :
I’ll bid this lamp more brightly burn,
But slumber not till I return.”

Scarce on the ear his step could die,
A mantled figure, hovering nigh,
Deliberate trod, and seemed to peer

Irresolute amid the shade :

Albert—the Christian knows no fear—

Calmly the towering form surveyed,
And rising, with unruffled brow,
The challenge gave—“Say, what art thou?”

“Peace, Briton ; hear, but answer not :

I know thee ; thou art firm and brave ;
Brief be my speech—a darksome blot

Of treason taints this fatal cave.

That royal youth,—thou lov’st him well,—
Speed him away, and time shall tell

I counselled wisely : let him go,

My hand shall crush the darkling foe.

Izram, secure in fancied power,
Would fire the train ere ripe the hour.
Bold boy ! how wide that soul sublime
Had flourished in a kindlier clime !
Nurtured like fawn to lady dear,
He dreamed not of the savage chase,
Nor trembled when that note of fear
Was borne amid his cowering race,
He gambolled with the hounds that drew
His sportive step to grace their den,
Curious their reeking fangs to view,
Displayed his harmless pearls again,
And tossed his budding antlers wide,
In the free play of fearless pride.
Thou seest in him a portrait fair
Of Aztlan's hero-kings that were.
Swells in his veins the current bold
Of many a monarch, famed of old ;
Caziques, who battled, conquered, fell,
Spurning the chain : in memory's cell
He stores their deeds, with tales that dye
The page of eastern chivalry :
Thanks to the self-deluding foe,
Who taught his martial fire to glow.
Thus trained, he decks a dastard crew
In his own spirit's ardent hue ;
And loth were I to break the charm,
Till he be safe from treach'rous harm.
His fiery nature could not brook
The stigma on his ancient line ;
He bends no deep inquiring look
In hollow hearts—they sound and shine,
In seeming loyalty ; they soothe
The princely dreams of sanguine youth,

And speak him fair : but come the hour
Of trial, they are winnowed bran :—
Alas ! that tyranny hath power
To quell the gen'rous soul of man."

" Stranger, I deem thy counsel good ;
But think'st thou of the circling flood ?
Izram for me shall ne'er betray
His solemn trust, the secret way.
Wounded, I could not swim the lake"—
" Proffer the drowsy cup to take :
Dar'st thou ?"—" I will."—" He seeks the cell !
Bold, honest Briton, fare thee well !
Whate'er the victim's changeful lot,
Albert and Xlôti fail him not."

Izram approached with panting breath ;
And clasping Albert's hand,—his own
Chill as with oozing damps of death,—
Vented his thought in smothered tone.
" Now can I thank thy martyr zeal ;
I cannot hate the ghastly dead :
And gnawing shame my soul would feel
For strokes on foe defenceless sped,
In madness was Anselmo slain ;
By frenzy nerved, I rent the chain ;
It smote him, but I scarcely know
If chance or purpose dealt the blow.
How farest thou now ?"—" Alert and well,
But weary of this darksome cell ;
The beams of heaven so brightly shine,
So sweet is the unfettered air"—
" Alas how many captives pine,
Pent in a deeper, darker mine,
And wither in despair !

Compatriots ! agonizing theme
Of morning sigh and midnight dream !
They think upon the meads that lie
Smiling beneath their own blue sky ;
They think upon the light that plays
Over their native stream,
The evening breeze that softly strays,
And midnight's silver beam ;
And eyes of glancing love, that shone
Through blissful hours, for ever gone.
They look upon the sullen lamps
That glimmer through the fetid damps,
Inhale their pois'nous breath,
In feeble moan for freedom cry,
Stretch their discolored limbs, and lie
Cold in the grasp of death."

His quivering lip no more could say,
So high the sad emotion swelled ;
And Albert's tear had forced its way,
And trickled to the hand he held.
" Soon will the wrathful Judge arise,
And tyrants crouch in hopeless dread,
While earth, beneath those awful eyes
Unveiled, reveals her countless dead.
Oceans of blood shall then appear,
Appealing to Jehovah's ear
With piercing cry. Thy country's wrong,
The theme of record, tale, and song,
Hath oft, in study's silent hour,
Through my young spirit chilling crept ;
Within my own sweet native bower,
My veins have burned, mine eye hath wept,
While asked my heart in restless pain,
' Why doth the Lord so long refrain ?

Why hurl not from her sanguine throne
The impious harlot Babylon?
With strong right hand her pride control,
 Bidding the stern oppressor cease,
Breathe freedom on her captive soul,
 And on the wounded spirit peace?
The joyous dawn approaches fast,
Soon shall the night of wo be past,
And earth's awakened millions sing
Hosanna to their Saviour King.
Yet hope not thou the wrath of man
Shall work Jehovah's righteous plan.
The fellest tyrant reigns within,
The fetter of our kind is sin;
Nor mortal hand may break the chain,
 Nor earthly flash illume our night;
Powerless the carnal sword: in vain
 Pale reason sheds her dubious light.
When nations hear the call divine,
Summoned to rise, and taught to shine,
Faith is the shield, the weapon prayer,
Eternal truth the day-star fair.
I marked thee, while the kindling ire
Shot from thine eye portentous fire;
The burning phrase that clad thy thought
Of wrong by fierce invaders wrought:
But powers infernal feed the glow,
The path is sin, the issue wo.
Deceptive meteors court thy gaze,
Death lurks within the radiant blaze:—
As moth, allured by taper's beam,
 Fearless in narrowing circle moves,
And plunges in the ardent stream,
 A victim to the light he loves.

"Now say, wilt thou convey once more
Thy comrade to the distant shore,
If such it be? My lip could drain
The sweet and drowsy cup again."

"Would'st thou confide so far? confide
In one whose hand thy blood hath dyed?"

"Aye; wherefore not? I trust thee well;
Bring me the cup: the act shall tell."

Izram arose, but lingered still—

"Albert, I would thy race could reign,
Careering over every hill,

And ruling every fertile plain.

We are too weak, too frail, too few,

To plant our ancient palm anew:

To them I'd ope the secret mine,

And blythe my shadowy throne resign."

Albert in sadness smiled—"Alas!

Before thy gold's destructive gleam,

The virtues of our race would pass,

Like frost before the fervid beam:

Look to the neighboring isles, and scan

The boasted righteousness of man—

These western isles—their very name

Should burn a Briton's cheek with shame—

'Trust not in man,' the Lord hath spoke;

And there, beneath the hideous yoke,

Mid groans and blood on every side,

'Trust not in man,' is echoed wide.

Still rolls the yell of agony

Unanswered through the listening sky;

Nor yet displays requiting time

A scourge for Britain's impious crime;

Nor heaven-commissioned whirlwinds sweep

That noisome plague to ocean's deep.

But days of reckoning wrath shall come,
To hurl the bolt of vengeance home,
If mercy o'er the billowy sea,
Still vainly pour the warning plea."
Izram the cup in silence brought
His brow was stamped with solemn thought ;
And Albert said, "I needs must gain

One boon from thee : when passed the tide,
Wilt thou, like faithful nurse remain,
Nor yield thy charge to other guide ?"

"Forsake thee ? no—though limb from limb
Were rent, I would abide by him
Who saved me, doubly saved, and bled"—

"Enough, my friend—the draught was sweet :
Now let me pray, ere sense be dead ;

And when in waking hours we meet,
Methinks I shall be strong, and free
To tread the greenwood sward with thee."

CANTO III.

THERE comes a sound of waters dashing,
A voice from nature's midnight tomb ;
And fast the silvery foam is flashing,
In flakes of light athwart the gloom ;
The vampire bat his circuit wheels,
Gliding amid the thorny brake ;
And where the poisonous gum congeals,
The bloated toad from covert steals,
Rousing the torpid snake.

Nor aloe waves, nor towering palm,
No shrub distils the odorous balm ;
But slimy venoms, trickling slow
 From clasping vines, bedew the moss ;
Where aconite and hemlock grow,
And dank festoons, depending low,
 The ocotochtli's pathway cross.
No gales of heaven, but vapors damp,
 Heavily through the dark trees breathe,
And curling round the sullen swamp,
 Their noxious eddies wreathe.
Hurled from a rock's black beetling brow,
The fretful waters spin below :
Deep, deep beneath the trembling ground,
Giddily flies the whirlpool round ;
Naught but the light spray foaming high
Again beholds the cheerful sky ;
Entombed within some caverned cell,
They roar a hollow, stern farewell.

Close on the verge of that buried tide,
With cautious step two figures glide :
Low tones of shuddering horror thrill—

“ This is no haunt for living men ;
Sepulchral damps my spirit chill,
And nature faints, as powers of ill
 Presided o'er this murky glen.”

“ Yes, I have led thee where the breath
Of all that moves is fraught with death ;
Where adders thrive, and poisons wave,
And rudely gapes the frowning grave.
When tardy morn shall glimmer here,
I'll show the wilder forms of fear ;
Aye, show thee in how small a span
May cluster every curse, but man,

The master-curse : now strain thy sight,
Pierce the foul mist, and mark the sky,
A moment see the fitful light

Flashing its blood-red column high :
Volcanic fires : 'tis sweet to gaze
At midnight on their lurid blaze,
And here from sullen slumber rouse
The tribes of death's dark treasure-house.

Thou'lt chide me now"—" I'll rather weep,
Powerless to heal."—" But prompt to soothe,
Thou voice of hope, and soul of truth !
Mark those cold waves with rapid sweep,
In darkness born, to darkness leap,
Yet glimmer as they go, in light
That half illumines this dreary night.
Hurried like them in shrouding gloom,
From rayless birth to joyless doom,
If Izram's soul one moment shine
In its fell course, that gleam is thine.
Yet wherefore link thy fate to one
By Heaven disowned, by man undone ?
Upholding whom thou can'st not save,
Caught in the whirl to share his grave,"

" Twere but a dastard part to leave
My shipmate when the billows heave
In stormy swell—I cannot fear,
Though man forsake the Lord is near.
Think'st thou Iberian foes can thread
The lab'rinth of our winding tread ?"

" Unaided ? no—but who may scan
The guileful perfidy of man ?
Xloti will loose the prisoned wave,
To deluge yonder island cave,

Stifling the wasps within their nest ;
But some perchance have winged their way.”
“ And could'st thou give such foul behest,
The faithful with the false to slay ?”
“ No 'hest of mine : from age to age,
Caziques their plighted oath engage,
Ere robber hand or eye profane
Those consecrated wrecks, to drain
The circling lake, and bid the flood
With sweeping gush the caverns brim ;
Xloti is born of regal blood,
The stern achievement rests with him,
If such our need : the subject band,
Sworn vassals, bow to my command,
Summoned by me to upper air,
Treason alone durst linger there,
Unconscious of the secret doom
That steals upon her mystic tomb :
The skill to flood that vaulted stone
In Xloti's breast and mine, alone,
Is sealed. Behold yon sickly gleam,
Precursor of the ruddy beam :
Eastward it struggles : slow expires
The radiance of those earth-born fires.
Morn will relume, with callous smile,
The paths of peril, wo, and toil,
Reckless, on many an eye-ball dance,
That sickens at her flaunting glance.”

Swathed in a grey mysterious light,
Now shows the rock its frowning height ;
Precipitous, wild, rude, and bare,
No softening verdure freshens there.

Deep chasms indent the rugged side,
Each stern black fissure gaping wide ;
Projecting crags would fain delay
The cataract in its foaming way,
But fast the broken waters gush,
And to their secret dwelling rush.
As rolls the heavy mist apart,
With transient blink the sun-beams dart,
Where on the tall rock's jagged steep
The swart and yellow lichens creep ;
Stirred by the morning's breath, they fall
Like pennons on a ruined wall.
Far westward smiles the ruddy glow,
On mountain summits capped with snow,
That, melting in the distant sky,
Expand a cloudy ridge on high :
But ever glooming shades repel
The day-beam from that sombre dell.
Yet welcome was the rude repose ;
A dark retreat from darker foes.

Albert, in slumber wrapped, was borne
Forth from the cave at early morn ;
And woke in timely hour, to wrest
A dagger aimed at Izram's breast,
By treach'rous hand : the rebel, bound,
Beneath the weapon's point displayed
The wily snares encircling round

His youthful leader, long betrayed.
Then Xloti came ; his lightning thrust
Stretched the assassin mute in dust ;
He tempered with resistless plea

The fiery scorn of Izram's soul,
Winning the haughty chief to flee,
Ere the full-freighted cloud should roll

On Albert, that o'erwhelming tide
Which he had braved in dauntless pride.
In hunter's simplest weed arrayed,
Yet deeply armed with tube and blade,
They sallied, where the mock-bird sung
Her sweetest lay, and squirrels sprung
In playful leap : before them glowed

Soft plumage of a thousand dyes,
Where from their flower-enamelled road

Abrupt the floating pinions rise,
And perch amid the deepening green,
In glorious shapes of silver sheen,
Of regal purple, blushing red,
Each tint o'er nature's pallet spread.

Lizards and fangless snakes display
Their agile forms in vestment gay ;

The wild-bee, as he wends along,
Trills to the rose his sylvan song ;

Twining in lofty arches high,
Blend cedar, palm, and ebony ;

Gigantic aloes here unfold

At every joint their knots of gold ;

There, the tall tulip-tree bestuds

Her branching arms with gem-like buds ;

And not a charm to Flora given

But smiles beneath that azure heaven,

Cereus,—hesperus of flowers,—

Enamored of the softer hours,

Lies coiled within her downy cell,

In beauty's proudest blaze to swell,

When shoots the fire-fly's fairy gleam ;

The sable brow, of night to wreath

In fragrance day could never breathe,

Then die before the morning's beam.

In winding course, a crystal rill
Steals from beneath the rising hill,
Freshening a sunny bank, arrayed
In emerald moss and infant blade.

There, like a drift of stainless snow,
Basks the white stag, a noble aim ;

But Izram hath not bent his bow,
While faintly, indistinct and low,

The murmuring accents came.

“ I shorten not thy fleeting span,
Poor native fool ! thou fear'st not man,
Because thou know'st him not—'twere his
With murderous skill to mar thy bliss,
To dye thy silken vest with blood,
And speed thee plaining through the wood,
I cannot now.”—From light repose

Startled, that beauteous creature rose ;
A moment gazed with wondering eye,
Bearing his graceful antlers high,
Then gambolling, in wanton glee,
Sprung o'er the stream, and turned to flee.
Peering above his rapid path,

The monkey tribe his flight survey,
Chattering declare their idle wrath,

And shake the bough, and bend the spray ;
Hurling the juicy missile far,
In all the rage of mimic war ;

While parrots stoop, with curious pry,
The ebon beak and piercing eye,

Betraying 'mid their leafy screen,

Bedropt with gold, a livelier green :

And rainbow pinions, fluttering round,
Swell the gay strife with rustling sound.

The closing eve viewed Albert laid

Beneath a low palmetto's shade,
Whose feathery branches wooed to spread
On canes, afford a verdant shed.
Izram with leech's care unbound,
And gently dressed the healing wound.
Cheerly he spoke, his cheek the while
Half brightened to a passing smile,
"Thanks to the Christian's God are due ;
Our hasty flight thou dost not rue.
I'll bring thee cooling pulps and keep
A soldier's watch, while thou shalt sleep ;
Then stretch my limbs in turn, and try
How mates despair with misery."

Wo, Izram, is a bitter root,
Yet formed to bear immortal fruit ;
A harrow in th' Almighty hand,
To crush and turn the stubborn land.
The reeds have broke and pierced thy breast,
Oh make the Rock thy fortress now !
And thou shalt win a sweeter rest
Than broods upon the monarch's brow.
The warning to thy soul is sent,
These awful scourges cry ' Repent !'
Bend but a steadfast gaze within,
Scan the permitted reign of sin,
List to the righteous law, whose breath
Guerdons each evil thought with death,
—A conscious death that cannot die,
The gnawings of eternity,—
Then on the cross thy Saviour see,
Bearing the wrath divine for thee,
And risen with all-prevailing love
To plead thy desperate cause above ;

While gently, in thine inmost ear,
The Spirit's voice invites thee near.
The foe, to bar that winning sound
Hemmed thee with lofty bulwarks round ;
He bade thy fiery passions bring
Rebellious bands to dare thy King ;
Ambition, love, revenge, and pride,
Armed at his beck, a host supplied :
Entrenched, thy soul disdainful trod,
Gloried in shame, and scorned its God.
A Father's hand in pity burst
Through the black fence of powers accurst ;
Plucked from the sheltering battlement,
To cast thee on the stormy wild,
And there the gracious summons sent
Again salutes His wayward child ;
Tells thee, my brother-worm, by me,
That heaven hath oped before thy tread
Its golden gates, and Jesus spread
The banquet of His love for thee."

Still shading his averted face,
The youth in pensive silence stood ;
Then starting, with disordered pace,
Plunged deep within the thickest wood ;
While, faith o'ermastering cold despair,
Albert pursued the theme in prayer.
When woke the bird her matin song,
The pilgrims rose to wend along,
And wilder grew the path, and chill
The evening breeze from moor and hill ;
Till midnight vapors cold and damp,
Enwrapped them in the pois'nous swamp ;
Nor might they close the heedful eye
Beneath its humid canopy.

When to that gloomy scene the ray
Had lent its scanty share of day,
No longer could the rattlesnake
Lie veiled within the shadowy brake,
But the fierce eye-beam sternly told
Where lay involved his deadly fold,
And slinking back from human ken
The she-wolf sought her secret den,
The weary travellers softly trod
Over the moist and slimy sod,
Wary and slow, for still their feet
Verged on the viper's dank retreat.
Above, Arachne's giant brood
Spun their tough venom through the wood,
So firm, that captive birds in vain
Essayed to rive the gluey chain :
Clenched in the reptile's closing grasp,
The helpless victims writhe and gasp,
And soon beneath its gory fangs,
Flutter in death's convulsive pangs.
Where the rude cliffs projecting hung,
Forth in her pride the eagle sprung ;
And, stooping from her eyrie's height,
With sable wing obscured the light :
Loud thrilled her scream—with louder cry
Grates from beneath a harsh reply ;
And there, upon his liquid throne,
The alligator reigns alone ;
With reedy banner wide unfurled,
Dread monarch of the watery world !
Clashing his naked fangs, he rears
His scaly bulk, and spouts the wave ;
Beneath his glowing eye appears
The semblance of a sulph'rous grave ;

So smokes each fiery breath he draws
In eddies through those iron jaws ;
Basking in shoals the monster lies,
Or plough the lake with deafening cry.

The scenery of that murky vale
Might teach the firmest heart to quail ;
Yet faltered not their steps, who wound
Skirting the cloudy waters round ;
For Albert, strong in faith, recalled
The fiat which to man enthralled
All nature's various tribes, and spread
On every beast his fear and dread.
What daunts him whom the Lord defends,
Numbering his every hair, and bends
The shadow of his hand to raise
A bulwark round His servant's ways ?
And Izram's pallid features wear
The reckless smile of bold despair,
As glancing on the living tide
The fierce unwieldy forms he eyed,
And muttered, " Ye are freemen still ;
Stout were the arm, and shrewd the skill,
That dared your native reign invade,
Or touch the ivory palisade
Fencing your throats, though every fold
And every scale, were lined with gold."

Retiring from the sedgy lake,
A steeply winding path they take
Toiling to gain a narrow ledge,
Where mountain goat would pause to tread,
So giddily the broken edge
O'erhung a gulf's unbottomed bed.

But firm and fearless Izram stepped,
Guiding his comrade's course, and crept
Within a chasm, whose narrow span
Could ill admit the bulk of man ;
Meet portal to an eagle's nest,
But strange resort for human guest.
Descending now, with cautious leap,
They stood beneath an ample cave,
Whose frequent crevice, straight and deep,
Free passage to the sunbeam gave.

" Here rest we, Albert ; here abide
Till fairer chance our steps betide.
These rocky vaults may well supply
A dwelling lightsome, warm, and dry ;
Though foes our wild retreat should ken,
No hostile step can near the den ;
A single arm may guard the post,
Nor fail to daunt a threatful host.
The palm's broad leaf, profusely thrown,
Shall soften e'en a couch of stone ;
And westward, robed in cheerful green,
Thou seest an ample magazine
Of fuel, game, and wholesome root ;
Sweet bev'rage, and delicious fruit :
Peer through the narrow chink, and say,
How lik'st thou yonder fair display ?"

It was a magic scene ; the eye
Gazed from a cliff abrupt and high :
Below, a velvet plain was spread,
Where buffalo and roe-buck fed ;
Beyond, a spicy forest rose,
And calmly flowed a limpid stream,
While far remote, in deep repose,
Gigantic mountains caught the beam,

Their summits wrapt in snowy shroud,
Towering above the fleecy cloud.
With sparkling eye and bounding breast,
Albert exclaimed, "Be this our rest !
Here, in this sweet secluded cell,
The Lord may smile, and peace shall dwell."

From short repast, and light repose,
Ere stooped the western sun, they rose,
And to their lofty eyrie bore,
With patient toil, the evening store.
Again at early morn they rove
The sloping plain and shady grove,
Bear in the cocoa's ample shell
Streams that from crystal fountains well ;
Izram with nice discernment taps
The balmy tree for luscious saps ;
The magney, vegetable mine,

Yields them her sweet cassavi bread,
Pours from her veins the gen'rous wine,
Curtains the wall and strews the bed ;
'The gaze enchants, the need supplies,
Weeps nectar, breathes perfume, and dies
Where verdant scales reflect the beam,
Lurks cherrimoya's honied cream ;
And every sweet that nature gave,
Lay hoarded in that craggy cave.
Oft as the hunter's craft they plied,
Beneath their bow the quarry died ;
And memory would her cells explore,
For touching theme, and classic lore.
But lore nor sylvan sport control
The deepening gloom of Izram's soul ;

Though Albert wrought with sacred skill
The burden from his mind to win,
And oft repulsed, unwearied still,
Would probe the festering wound within.

Izram had stripped from feathered prey
Their plumes of azure, gold and jet,
And listless as at eve he lay,
Entwined a native coronet ;
Gazed for a while with musing eye,
And flung the beauteous bauble by.
Albert with silent heed beheld
The smothered pang that wildly swelled ;
Then spoke, in accent sad and low,
“ Would it were mine to soothe thy wo !
There heaves within that aching breast
A stormy sea that cannot rest ;
Nor will its wearying tempest cease,
Till thou shall list the word of peace.”

“ Never ! no word of peace can come
Within my spirit’s darkened home.
I chide thee not, for well I know
From purest love thy teachings flow ;
The heavenly theme to thee is dear,
To me ’tis bitterness and fear ;
So lost am I, the widest grace
Could never Izram’s soul embrace.”

“ Strange, that a honey-drop should fall
On thy distempered lip as gall !
Canst thou, a worm, a finite thing,
Outreach the grace of heaven’s high King ?
I know thy spirit fierce and wild,
I know thy hand by blood defiled,

By headlong passions hurried still
To work each demon's deadly will;
I know it all: and yet thine eye
Low'rs with unuttered mystery:
Deep in thy bosom's inmost fold
There lurks some secret, yet untold."

"A serpent nest: I will not show
That gorgon to thy shrinking view.
Go, search through flame, through earth's firm
core,

Through depths of ocean, heights of air,
The everlasting gulf explore,
Thou canst not with one wrath-drop more
Crown the full cup of my despair,
Nor compass with thy laboring thought
The crimes this fearless heart hath wrought."

"Thy words appal me not: I bring
The proffer of a healing spring;
Some lost as thee have blest the flood,
Cleansed from all sin by Jesus' blood.
Canst thou Jehovah's word recal,
Or pass beyond that boundless ALL?
Though lightnings pierce, and thunders roll,
And mountain billows whelm thy soul,
Though round the earth her barriers spread,
And ocean weeds enwrap thy head,
Lulled by His voice, the storm shall cease,
His gentle accents whisper, peace."

On Izram's sullen glance was borne
A dart of anguish, blent with scorn:
It curled his lip of livid hue:—
"And blooms there peace for Judas too?
To his own place he went—repair
With tidings of deliverance there:

There, in thy fond security,
Preach peace to him—but none to me :
Me, the apostate ; me, who sold
The faith, but not for earth-born gold ;
A deeper barter, paid too well
In the devouring coin of hell.
—I marvel at thy steadfast brow,—
Its sudden flush hath passed away—
I tell thee I was blest as thou,
Beneath the gospel ray :
Not clouded with the pagan rite
Of those whose fairest noon is night,
But pure and holy as the blaze,
When first, to the Redeemer's praise,
On Bethlehem's plain the song began,
While seraphs hymmed, in rapturous lays,
Glory to God, and peace to man.
The name of Jesus once could calm
Each stormy fiend that racked my breast,
Breathe o'er my soul ambrosial balm,
And bathe my brow in holiest rest.
Oh ! many a day I taught His name
To lisping childhood, faltering eld ;
And prayer arose like hallowed flame,
And lays of sweet devotion swelled,
— I spurned Him—Foolish youth, forbear ;
Thou shalt not weep, or not for me ;
It maddens more my wild despair,
Those kindly-trickling drops to see.
Still flow they ? would thou hadst not wrung
This secret from my blistering tongue !
Check, womanish, thy tears, for shame—
Or weep ; for thou hast wakened mine :

I little thought the withering flame
Could mingle thus with liquid brine—
I little thought a tear should stain
This crime-emboldened cheek again.”

He flung him on his leafy bed,
With arms enfolded o’er his head,
And Albert inly joyed to view
The softening and unwonted dew.
Whispering he spoke—“ I half had guessed
The secret of my brother’s breast,
But could not deem thy land was graced
With gospel glories undebased.
Poor prodigal ! thy spirit rouse,
Come to thy Father’s open house :
He longs for thee : behold, His care,
The ring, the robe, the feast prepare.
Izram—my friend— return, and prove,
The sweets of everlasting love.”
“ Thou hast a syren note—I long,
Yet dread to list that witching song
Of pardon and of hope. Now hear
My tale of sorrow, shame, and fear :
Afar I fling the dark disguise,
And give the monster to thine eyes.

“ Marauding o’er the boundless waves,
Wandered a band of pirate slaves ;
Spain from her dungeons poured the crew,
To fill the widening gaps anew ;
For, crushed and blighted, day by day,
Our native millions pined away ;
And Heaven the plenteous cup of wrath
Poured freely on the murderers’ path,
Bidding their wasted hosts expire,
In famine, surfeit, flood, and fire.

Long ere the western shore they gain,
 'This felon freight rebellious rose,
The galley seized, and roved the main,
 Plunder their word, the world their foes.
A vessel crossed the robbers' way,
They chased and grasped the helpless prey.

“ There sighed, amid the captive band,
 A wanderer from the clime of Tell,
Hills of the Switzer, glorious land,
 Where freedom's wildest carols swell,
While on the Alp's majestic brow
She wreathes her diadem of snow.
Spurning the chain that sought to bind
His spotless faith, his lofty mind,
The noble exile, high in birth,
Ennobled more by priceless worth,
His home forsook, and fondly smiled
Upon his only, beauteous, child,
Deeming in other climes to meet,
A calmer rest for Minna's feet.
Ere yet the work of plunder ceased,
The billows roared, the gale increased,
And, dashed upon our northern coast,
The corsair crew their galley lost ;
'Scaping with life, a naked band,
The weary remnant reached the land.

“ Near those wild waters dwelt a tribe,
Whom force nor quelled nor gift could bribe ;
Famed like their sires for bold emprise,
The stern and tameless Otomies :
Unfettered in their mountain reign,
Their battle-cry was—‘ Wo to Spain !’

And those dark pirates 'scaped the flood
To sate the vengeful soil with blood.
Amid the pile of slaughter flung,
The Switzer died ; but Minna clung,
Frantic with fear, to one who spread
His target o'er her cowering head,
And with a chief's control repressed
The rage of many a stormy breast.
Borne to his rocky home, she dwelt,
Honored and blest, that warrior's bride
And bade his rugged nature melt
To gentler sympathies allied.
Wound in the soft and silken tie
Of woman's hallowed witchery,
—The spell that sternest bosom moves—
He loved as savage rarely loves.

“ She bore a daughter ; one whose face
Bespoke the father's tawny race ;
But oh, the pearls that dwelt within
That soul of Minna's gentle kin !
The heart of love, capacious mind ;
The feelings generous, soft, refined ;
The lamp of piety, that glowed
So brightly in its sweet abode !
My mother !”—and the accents gasped,
Half stifled by the sobs that rise,
While on his burning temples clasped,
His hands conceal his streaming eyes :—
“ Oh mother, mother ! friend and guide,
Why left the parricide thy side !

“ That bud of beauty scarce was blown,
When Minna sought her Saviour's throne,

Reft of his love the widowed chief
His tribe forsook in restless grief ;
From place to place the pilgrims roam,
And reach at length Chiapa's plain ;
Where, in my father's peaceful home,
A welcome and repose they gain.
His generous soul with pain surveyed
The dying sire, and loved the maid ;
Unknown, save to himself, the race ;
A mixture had been deemed disgrace
Iberian taint perchance surmised ;—
My noble sire the doubt despised :
Eagles with eagle mates may wed,
Though in a distant mountain bred ;
And Alpine eagles soar as high
As liberty can glance her eye.
If love of freedom, patriot scorn,
Blent with the vital stream be borne
From age to age, that stern disdain
Full well might bound in Izram's vein.
My infant ear hath drank the tale
Of frozen height, and sunny vale,
Where hearts who spurned oppression's pride
In living phalanx stemmed the tide,
And fiercely dashed the surging foam
Back to the startled tyrant's home ;
Or, battling for the gospel word,
Pursued the flash of Zuing's sword.
Huitzla taught my heart to swell,
When lisped my tongue the name of Tell ;
My sire whose blood its current drew
From high Tezcucu's regal race,
Oft to my spirit's eager view,

With rival touch, a scene would trace
Of native glories, meet to flame
Beside Helvetia's proudest name.
—They fanned a blaze with playful breath
To wrap that mingled line in death.

“Hast thou ne'er marked, my lip and cheek
No Indian ancestry bespeak?
'Twas Minna stamped my brow too fair,
And softened to its curl my hair:
Oft while these locks profusely spread,
My parents stroked the urchin's head,
And cried with looks of laughing love,
Their Izram would a tell-tale prove.
O days of childhood, sweet ye shone;
Why died I not ere ye were gone!

“When ten short circling years were fled,
We saw Nopatzlin droop and fade;
Weeping we kneeled around the bed,
Where the expiring saint was laid:
Won to receive the living word,
Long had he loved and served the Lord.
Through the dim shadowy vale of death,
His God a lamp and staff supplied;
And lauding him with feeble breath,
Joyous in conquering faith he died.
His was the mild untroubled breast,
In its own cloudless sunshine blest;
Like meadow rill that calmly glides
Beyond the reign of changeful tides.
Mine was the mountain spring, that, led
Meandering through its rocky bed,
Waits but a sullen swell to sweep
With headlong fury down the steep.

“ On rainbow wings the seasons flew ;
I rose beneath a mother’s eye,
Answering his beam, with mirror true,
As the still lake reflects the sky ;
Resplendent in a borrowed light ;
As yet unruffled, pure, and bright ;
That was my day of life—the rest
Is midnight in my stormy breast.
My boyish gaze would oft explore
The symbols of our ancient lore,
And nobles marked their young Cazique,
As, bending o’er the mystic scroll,
With starting tear, and burning cheek,
The rising vengeance swelled my soul ;
And subtly worked the specious leaven,
Till earth had wiled my heart from heaven.
Huitzla saw how, many a day,
From her fond side I stole away,
Breathing my soul in secret vows,
And blazing at my country’s wrong,
Mingled with men who loved to rouse
The latent spark by tale and song ;
Even while I conned the holy word,
My spirit pined for Gideon’s sword,
Languished to rend the groaning prey,
From worse than Egypt’s tyrant sway :
Still on my lip persuasion hung,
To shame the old and fire the young ;
Deeply we quaffed the daring theme,
And revelled in a glorious dream.

“ I told thee how Anselmo sought
With serpent wile, our peaceful vale ;

But spare my soul the maddening thought,
The horrors of the tale !

When at my feet Huitzla lay,
And rising placed in dark array

The apostate's crime and doom,
Showing the awful paths that lead
Through evil wish to simple deed,
Thence to a hopeless tomb ;

She warned me of the snare, the stain,
She pointed to her widowed bower,
The scene of many a tranquil hour,

But never more to smile—in vain :

I wavered, but ambition spoke,

Drowned was the plaintive plea—I broke

Impetuous from her wild embrace ;
Flung far the Saviour's gentle yoke,
And joined the demon race.

With snares beset, by sin subdued——

My heart grows sick, I cannot tell
How, step by step, my foot pursued

The beaten path that leads to hell ;

How leisurely the tempter stole,

Unnoticed, from my heedless soul,

Her treasure of celestial joys,

And filled the chasm with airy toys.

In panoply of pride secure,

Well could I spurn the sensual lure ;

Abashed before my scornful eye,

Vice veiled her foul deformity :

'Twas in my bosom triumphed sin,

A saint without, a fiend within,

While still, in darkening thought, I sate

My wild revenge, and heath'nish hate.

And when the Lord, with warning breath,
Whispered to shun eternal death,
I turned me from the voice, to prove
That feverish dream of mortal love.

Quenched by my fierce and stubborn will,
Opposed and grieved the spirit flies,
And leaves the bartered slave of ill

To perish in his own device.

Though Satan urged a rightful claim,
Fain had I borne the Christian's name,
To soothe my soul ; but I was pent
Amid the cowed crew, who bent
A jealous gaze—I could not guile
My reason with the flimsy wile
Of fabling Rome. Anselmo's eye
Was veiled in prudent policy ;
He deemed that in the lonely hour
I bowed before some idol power,
And questioned not : his pedant store
Was swelled with tomes of guileful lore,
And these I rifled, day by day,
Forgot to fear, and ceased to pray.
While thus I fed the widening blot

Of hate and passion, scorn and pride,
Neglected in her lonely cot,

My mother wept, and pined and died.
Then earth and heaven arose to plead
For vengeance on the parricide ;
Red came the death-bolt's searching glare,
Conscience awakened roused despair,
Writhing I rather raged than mourned,
My heart in fierce resentment burned ;
And then the maddening cup I quaffed,
For Lethe lurked within the draught.

Spurning against the chastening rod,
I chose my country for a god,
Pledged the wild oath, no other name,
My zeal should move, my care should claim.
I asked but vengeance, let it come
From angel's bower or demon's home—
Who gave revenge should bear away
My spirit his affianced prey ;
Anselmo's murder sealed the vow,—
And darest thou speak of mercy now ?”

“ Mercy, that overtops the height
Of yonder vaulted azure light :
Mercy that sets the hated sin
Far from the soul as east from west,
And leads the guilty wanderer in,
A pardoned and admitted guest :
That saving power thou hast not known,
Unbroken was the heart of stone ;
Unmeet the glorious work to scan,
Thy teacher was not God but man.
Soon as arose the troublous swell
Thy sand-built shed in ruins fell.
Far from the Lord thy step hath strayed ;
Thou hast rebelled, blasphemed, denied
Thy Saviour King, but he hath prayed,
And for the foul offender died.”

“ Oh, not for me !”—“ Nay do not spurn
His grace—Who sent me o'er the main,
To bid thee live, to bid thee turn,
To save thee from a darker stain,
And armed me with a secret power
To quell thee in thy wildest hour ?”
“ 'Tis wondrous : oft, when thou hast spoke
Gleams of unearthly radiance broke

Across my spirit's gloomy night ;
Glimmers of faint and distant light,
To show th' appalling chaos there,
And fade again in black despair.
Like drowning wretch, with desperate twine,
Long have I linked my heart to thine ;
 Still brooding o'er the coming day,
When thou wilt soar to bliss divine,
 And I must sink, the demon's prey.
Twas that on thy mild spirit shone,
The light of days for ever gone ;
To me thou wert an airy voice,
A phantom shape, of buried joys,
Too holy and too pure to rest
Again in this polluted breast.
Yet stout rebellion linked with pride,
The tie disowned, the claim denied.
Deep in the iron net ensnared,
 I fain would deem our common wrong
My life preserved, and peril shared,
 Had wove a chain so bright and strong.
And while my soul, o'erawed by thine,
Faltered in every fell design,
Still writhing in th' accursed yoke,
What pangs thy faithful speech awoke !
Nor wine could drown, nor madness quell,
That foretaste of my future hell."
"Blessed be the Lord, whose watchful care,
Hath laid thy festering bosom bare !
He never made a vain appeal,
Nor searched a wound He would not heal.
The stroke is mercy ; lie thou still
Beneath His hand, and wait His will."

Pray—He will send the quickening shower;
Believe—and thou shalt know His power.”

“ I may not pray ; I would not bow
My pride, and He hath left me now.
Too long I waged the frantic strife—
What murderer holds eternal life ?”

“ As murderer none : but God can lave
To fleecy white that crimson glow,
And scarlet from the blanching wave
Emerges pure as drifted snow :
Be thou of sinners first and chief,
Thy darkest crime were unbelief.”

To nurse the budding hope, to calm
The stormy throb, and drop the balm
Of promise on the smarting wound,
Was patient Albert's daily care ;
And angel guards encamping round,
The heaven-taught labor share.
Exulting fiends, whose eager eyes
Long glared upon their passive prize,
Repulsed by that celestial band
In foaming rage expectant stand,
And firmly grasp the loosening chain :—
Speed to your dens, ye race accursed ;
The Lord hath spoke, the fetters burst.

Your victim lives again :
And o'er the shattered links of hell
Seraphic tones triumphant swell.

The youths had plied their woodland skill
In winding dell and slanting hill ;
And now, beneath the forest shade,
While brightly glowed the western sky

Izram the beauteous scene surveyed,
With placid smile and dewy eye.
“Mark how the dazzling glories rest
On Andes’ steep and frozen brow ;
Ev’n thus upon my sterner breast,
Albert, the ray is beaming now.
That word of comfort haunts me still,
‘Lord, if thou wilt thou canst’——‘I WILL.’
Though measureless the leprous taint,
Though faith be weak, and hope be faint,
He can—He will—Let rocks remove,
And yonder mountains melt in clay,
The promise of redeeming love,
Shall never, never pass away.
In vain my prostrate soul would trace
This miracle of boundless grace ;
But THOU who bid’st that soul believe,
Jesus, thy ransomed foe receive !
Here, in this heart of yielding stone,
Engrave thy law, and fix thy throne.”

A joy too full for speech or thought
In Albert’s swelling bosom wrought—
Know’st thou the joy of him, whose breath
With pleadings faith alone can give,
Hath won a soul from ways of death,
To seek the narrow path and live ?
Hapless and strange thy doubtful lot,
O Christian ! if thou know’st it not ;
While sinners throng thy daily road,
And death’s rude billow, rolling deep,
Down to perdition’s fell abode
Bears them with hourly sweep.

Hast thou ne'er led a pondering eye
To that dread word, ETERNITY?

Hath ne'er thy lip essayed to tell

The saving strength of Jesus' name,
Nor questioned if a soul could dwell

In whirlpools of devouring flame?

Go mark the stately bird, betrayed

To scoffing foes; her idiot head
Shrouded within the narrow shade,

She hears the hunters' threatening tread,
Yet deems her spreading bulk unseen,

If but a leaf her vision screen,

Nor shrinks while busy hands prepare

The piercing dart, or coiling snare.

Impressive type of fools, who close

The mental eye in false repose;

And, starting, wake to writhe in vain,

Bound in an everlasting chain.

CANTO IV.

SWEET was the morning's tint that gave

Its first blush to the rugged cave;

Sweet was the quivering beam that glowed,

'Tempered by deep, o'erarching shades,

Along the hunters' noon-day road,

Winding amid the flowery glades;

And sweet the parting ray that fell

Lengthening within their simple cell.

Where'er they rove, where'er they rest,

Hovers unseen the stainless dove,

And faith in either tranquil breast
Feeds the pure flame of hope and love.
Brightly through life's dark vista given,
Shone on their view the courts of heaven ;
While day by day the brothers share
Inspiring converse, praise, and prayer—
Balm of the weary pilgrim's wo,
Dawn of celestial bliss below,
When, darkling yet awakened, man
Ponders redemption's glorious plan,
And to a kindred heart makes known
The laboring thought that swells his own,
Of mercies countless, measureless,
Immortal as the soul they bless !
But thorns bestrew the path divine,
And sevenfold flames the gold refine ;
Sealed is the heir with scourging love,
Chastened below to reign above.

There came a note at even-tide
Of trampling hoofs that swiftly trod ;
For, herding close, the wild deer hied
Impetuous o'er the dewy sod.
Roused from their nests, the eagles go,
With scream of menace floating low,
And summon many a wing to rise
Fluttering beneath the darkened skies.
Izram hath quenched the flaming torch
And fixed within the narrow porch
A ponderous stone—through slender chink
The crescent shoots her feeble blink,
While slow her infant glories die,
Remotely in the western sky.
Sinks the harsh sound, the tumults cease,
Night's gentle brow is wrapped in peace ;

And Albert speaks—"Some beast of prey
Holds through the woods unwonted way."

"No step but man's would waken here
Such clamorous notes of rage and fear :
Ambushed perchance in yonder glen,
The foe hath marked this secret den,
And scans, beneath the glooming night,
Our fortress in the rocky height."

"What counsel then?"—"With augur's care
Observe each wing that cleaves the air ;
Note if the timid herd shall trace
Their wonted path with heedless pace ;
Till then, within our watch-tower pent,
Lurk we secure, and bide th' event.

Our ample hoard"—with whizzing sound
An arrow passed, and smote the ground.
Joyous he seized the shaft ; "How true,
Ev'n through the shade, thy greeting flew,
Brave Xloti ! O for dawning light,
To give this hieroglyphic sight !
Cheer thee, my friend : the Lord hath set
A guard above the tangling net."

"What meanest thou?"—"On this heedless dart
Xloti hath graved, with native art,
Some warning word of treacherous foe
Embosomed in the vale below :
Else had his step securely trod
The inlet of our wild abode.
The Lord, this bold device who blest,
Will guard the hours of needful rest :
Undoubting on thy couch recline ;
Peace to thy soul, and grace to mine !"

Soft rose the morning's welcome rays,
That gave the shaft to Izram's gaze.

With swelling heart the lines he eyed—
“Gone are the wrecks of Aztlan’s pride !
And many a perjured spirit gone
Unsheltered to the judgment throne.
Not mine the deed ; but oh, how well,
How long I wrought the craft of hell !
How full thy ravening flame I fed,
Unhallowed wrath ! and lured the tread
Of brother men, to wander far
Beneath ambition’s baleful star.
Rebellion ! ’twas the crime that hurled
Seraphs from bliss, and wrecked the world.
The tyrant chain, the iron rod,
Commissioned scourges, sent of God,
Proclaim, ‘Repent :’ but I have wrung
 To blasphemy that awful word,
Translating to a demon tongue
 The message of the Lord.”
In silent agony he strode,
Crossed and re-crossed the dim abode,
Smote his damp brow, and pausing stood—
“How deep the thrilling voice of blood ?
Unmarked ’mid passion’s maddening swell
How sternly rolls the ruthless knell
O’er the still spirit, pealing slow
Its fiat of eternal wo !”

“A louder plea, resounding high
Through mercy’s portals, drowns the cry :
Gushed on the cross a richer vein,
To blot the record, purge the stain :
By faith descried, received in prayer,
Confess thy costly ransom there.

He bore thy sin, and who shall roll
That burden back upon thy soul ?
Resplendent Sun of righteousness,
Omnipotent to save and bless,
Mistrustful earth a while may shroud
Her vision in her own dark cloud,
But far above our wayward skill,
Beacon of hope ! thou shinest still
That glorious orb is blazing yet,
It will not wane, it cannot set."

Izram, with calm but saddened look
Again the pictured greeting took :
It told of Spanish bands, who, taught
By Nepuel's tale, the cavern sought :
But Xloti, undiscovered, sped
The billows to its secret bed :
In torturing pangs the traitor died,
Beneath the rage of baffled pride,
That judged his fabling lip had told
A dream, to mock their thirst for gold.
But some unhappy clue he gave
Had led them to this mountain cave,
Where, as they deemed, an ample band
Was marshalled under Izram's hand.
Less would the cautious foeman dare
By open force than secret snare ;
And Xloti warned, " Whene'er I fly
A purple shaft, the storm is nigh."

Wheeling their round unbroken flight,
Glide the fair day and tranquil night ;
Far distant roamed the peaceful deer,
The jealous eagle hovered near,

Guarding her brood : within the cell
Watched the alternate sentinel,
Piled close the stony fence and, bent
The ear, in silent heed intent ;
Waiting a sovereign master's will,
In deep submission, calm and still.
A second week had scanty passed,
The evening beam, with kind farewell,
A lingering line of glory cast
Athwart the captive's leaguered cell ;
They gazed upon the mellowing glow
That deepened in the blushing sky ;
When murmuring from the plain below,
Arose a melting melody.
Slowly across the velvet sod
A form of female beauty trod ;
She shone in soft majestic grace,
Like maiden of Iberian race ;
Sparkled beneath the filmy veil
A dazzling eye ; her cheek was pale,
Till Albert's meeting glance revealed
Their secret stand ; then, blushing red
Her bending features half concealed,
Her hand upon the lute she spread.
The Briton turned an anxious eye
On Izram : flushing quick and high,
Crimsoned his very brow ; his breath
Gasped as beneath the arm of death :
Shuddering, an upward look he gave,
Then paced with faltering step the cave ;
While richly o'er the plain beneath
The notes their deep enchantment breathe,
And mock-birds from the quivering spray
With mimic cadence swelled the lay,

That called the youth's light tread to press
The flowery woodland's soft recess,—
“ While bears the vestal queen of night
Her lamp through heaven's triumphal arch,
And glittering guards, in armor bright,
Observant trace their sovereign's march,
And silence walks the shadowy groves,
And mute is every sigh but love's ;
Whose stealing footstep will not wake
A rustle o'er the hum-bird's nest,
Nor fright, amid the spangled brake,
The firefly from his leafy rest.”

'Twas nature's lullaby ; the note
Scarce o'er a murmuring whisper rose ;
Dubious a while it seemed to float,
Then faltered to a dying close :
And soft o'er Izram's melting soul
With wonted spell the witchery stole,
As, pausing on his breathless tread,
Drooped the long lash, and bending head.
But starting soon in conscious shame,
Brightly the mantling crimson came,
And flashed his eye, while glancing round
Firmly he paced the cavern's bound.
“ Hear'st thou the lay ? a goodly net
For truant wing by fowler set !
That syren tone hath bade me break
Through iron fence, and stormy lake,
Through filial love, and faith divine,
All but the idol's fatal shrine,
My country's cause—How wildly soft
The liquid poison steals aloft—

Bane of my soul ! and dare it come
Polluting thus our hallowed home ?
Again the wildering accents swell—
Speak, Albert ; burst the tempter's spell ;
I may not list—a thousand ties
Press on my heart— O Lord, arise !
Arm me with strengthening grace within,
Pierce me with every shaft but sin ?”
“ There spoke the Christian faith : and prayer
Can crush satanic links in air.
The strain has paused.” —“ No more 'twill float,
I know the last long closing note.
The songstress lingers yet—I'll try
To shame her hence.” Then firm and high
He spoke, with cool, deliberate word—
“ Leila, where lurks thy wedded lord ?
Plies he the huntsman's craft, to win
The quarry with so stale a gin ?
And thou, combined with evil men,
Darest thou explore yon fearful glen,
Dreadless of Him, whose righteous breath
Can quench th' unhallowed wile in death ?”
“ Izram, thy Leila comes”——“ Away !
Hath woman shame so light a sway ?
Pure as the wreath on Andes' brow
I thought thee once, or never vow
Had linked my soul to thee—'twas thine
To rend the chain, and be it mine
To warn thee that a gulf of wo
Flames for the faithless wife below.
Haste to thy spouse, nor longer roam,
Unseemly, from a matron home.”
“ I came to save thee, not to snare”——
“ Thanks, lady, for thy generous care,

Needless but kind"—abrupt he left
The winning voice, and dangerous cleft ;
Yet sad remembrance wrings his breast,
And troublous visions break his rest,
Till morning's opening eve revealed
His lids in heavy slumber sealed.

To veil the brightening beams, that streak
His pallid brow and sunken cheek,
Albert approached the chink ; amaze
And horror fixed his silent gaze ;
For, lifeless on the dewy turf,
Young Leila lay beneath the cave,
As lies a mound of silvery surf
Upon the green sea wave.

Their shadowy veil the tresses throw
Profusely o'er the arm of snow
That props her head ; the other pressed
Her lute beneath the folding vest,
Clasping it, as her fondest care
In death itself had centered there.
Aroused by Izram's waking sigh,
Albert withdrew his glistening eye,
Bent o'er the youth, and strove to guile
His watchful heed with wonted smile,
Pressing the hand whose feverish glow
Betrayed the recent work of wo.
"How far the stealing rays have crept,
While heavily the sluggard slept !
The night was drear—an evil guest
Was lurking in my gloomy breast,
Impatience—little known to thee ;
Comrade of crime and misery.

When Heaven its secret fire applies,
How thick the latent scum will rise !
How fiercely doth deceptive sin
Contest her ancient throne within !
Now, wearied in the bitter fray,
My spirit longs to soar away ;
Deep festering in my faithless heart,
Rankles temptation's fiery dart.
Though dimmed the gold with vilest dross,
I shun the furnace, dread the cross ;
Albert, hast thou no word of cheer ?
Thy lid hath crushed a rising tear.
That note perchance of yester-eve,
Wakened some chord"—" For thee I grieve ;
The cup with sorrow brimmed, and shed
In chastening wisdom on thy head ;
But He will arm thee yet"—in haste
Izram the rocky cavern paced,
And viewed the scene—his placid air
Wore the still calm of mute despair,
Nor query drew, nor pleadings wrung
One accent from his freezing tongue.
Lost in the very trance of wo,
No sigh could heave, no drop could flow,
Till roused by Albert's arm, who sought
To force him from the blighting spot,
He muttered low, " She came to save—
I doomed her to a cold still grave ;
Dark, dark and hopeless—thou art fled—
Leila, thy very soul is dead.
Albert, forbear ; thou canst not move—
Seest thou the lute, my gift of love ?
True, to thy latest gasp,—I know
Thy wedded life was double wo.—

Spurned from my home, the night-cloud wept
Her dews upon thy dying head ;
Across thy cheek the glow-worm crept,
The hovering bat his pinion spread,
And fanned away thy parting sigh,
While slept thy fell destroyer nigh,
In hateful ease"—A youthful deer
Spurned the light turf, and gambol'd near ;
Starting he cried, "Thou shalt not stay,
To glut the ravening bird of prey !"
Seizing his woodland garb, he tore
The barrier from their narrow door—
"Albert, forgive ! I cannot brook
The language of thy pleading look ;
Guard thou the cell"—"And let thee stray
Unaided on thy desperate road ?
While foes beset thy prayerless way,
Faith slumbers, headlong passions goad,
And this perchance some crafty gin
To close thy wild career in sin."
Reclining on the loosened stone,
The sufferer heaves a bitter groan :
"Inhuman ! wouldst thou leave her there,
For bird to peck, and beast to tear ?
"We may not—'twere a hateful deed
To spurn a dying sinner's need :
For life may linger yet, or guile
May deeply weave a subtle wile.
Bid thy tumultuous thoughts subside,
Look to the Lord, our shield and guide ;
Though sharp the flame, His tender care
Rules the refining process there."
"Thy meekness never chides—this vein
Is bursting now with frenzied pain :

All may be well ; but bide thou near,
Naught but my treacherous self I fear :
Descend we swiftly"—"Forward press,
For duty calls, and Heaven will bless."
The cataract, in its wildest chase,
Might scarce outstrip their downward pace ;
And Albert's hand hath lifted slow
The tress from Leila's cheek of snow.
In smothered tone he breathed, "Beware,
No seal of death is graven there ;
The dews impart a humid chill,
But conscious life is bounding still :
Mark how the faint suffusions creep ;—
No semblance here of trance or sleep." /
Vainly he spoke—the fatal spell
Had wrought its treacherous bidding well :
Wreathed in its toils, the youth had stood,
Though echoing thunders cleft the wood,
Reckless of all. "Now darest thou say
Life lingers in that beauteous clay ?
The eye is dim, the lip is mute,
Or Izram's plaint had Leila woke ;
All silent, as the sleeping lute,
Where love and music spoke.
Back ! bar me not—can peril's breath
Lurk on the frozen lip of death ?
Deep in the cave we'll dig her tomb,
And strew with softest flowers the bed :—
Welcome the sternly righteous doom,
The wrath-shower on my guilty head ?
So calm I'll be"—"Thou wilt not read
This cozening gear with Christian heed :
Naught moves thee, save the pleading guest
Coiled in thine own deluded breast."

“I tell thee, if the curdling blood
But crept with nature’s faintest flow,
My voice would bid the mantling flood
On that soft cheek in crimson glow.
Foul wrong thy slanderous tongue hath thrown,
Scorning the truth thou ne’er hast known.”

“Such truth were crime: a seraph’s guise
May veil the fraudulent prince of lies,
And couched beneath some specious name
Unhallowed passions darkly flame;
Sin’s poisoned chalice crowned with flowers
That bloom and breathe of Eden’s bowers:
But death is ambushed—came the song
Pure from the modest lip of truth,
To bid thy shrinking soul prolong
The visioned theme of erring youth,
Renewed in guilt?—Betrayed to roam,
O call thy wandering spirit home,
Ere Heaven some direful scourge display,
To chase thee from the devious way,
Or leave thy wilful foot to tread
The regions of the doubly dead.”
Alternate crept o’er Izram’s frame
The chill of anguish, glow of shame:
Quelled by the mild rebuke, he bent
O’er his light bow with gaze intent,
And spoke in turn subdued. “If wile,
Leila, thy conscious thought defile,
If vital ether heave suppressed,
As half I deem, within thy breast,
And from thy lip’s unfading rose
To fan the tress, that current flows,
I call thee, by the net of love
Thy maiden skill too firmly wove,

By all the wrongs thy race have shed
On Aztlan's line, and Izram's head,
By faith professed, and matron pride,
Fling the detested mask aside.—

I call thee, by the awful name
Of Him who lit the living flame,
The fiat of whose frown can turn

This pageant to reality,—
Let not thy hardened spirit spurn
A brother sinner's plea!

Albert, remove the tress again;
I venture not—now swells the vein;
The quivering lash, the tints that rise,
Bear token of a foul device.

Ingrate! for thee the crimson tide
Of human life this hand hath dyed;
For thee a mother's heart I broke,
For thee the living Lord forsook;
And comest thou now, with demon wrath,
To haunt the exile's thorny path,
Wormwood to blend with gall, and wrest
The peace-branch from a bleeding breast!"
While low he bent his throbbing head,
A dart, with aim unerring sped,
Whizzed loud and near; then Leila's shriek
Burst, as the current fanned her cheek.

Starting he rose with brightening eye—
"The purple shaft! the storm is nigh—
Speed, Albert, to the cave—for thee,
Versed in Iberian treachery"—

Clasping his neck, she strove to stay
His steps—"Dissembling tool, away!
Thou'rt woman, and I would not harm—
Another shaft! untwine thine arm,

Avert thy dauntless brow ; begone,
Or force shall sever—Albert, on.
Then thus the serpent fold I tear,
And fling thee hence, thou painted snare !
Go, seek the hope to sinners free,
Thy lures had doubly wiled from me.”
Swift to the winding ridge they sprung ;
Rebounding from its bulwark rung
Rude bullets, winged with distant aim,
That fast in deadly greeting came ;
But turned by jutting crags, they sweep
Innoxious down the shadowy steep,
While press the youths their rapid road,
And fence them in their wild abode.

“Forth from a narrow niche of stone,
Broke on their ear a sullen tone
Of stern reproof—in gloomy mood,
Xloti, before his comrade stood.
“Beseemed it well, misguided youth,
To dally with a broken snare,
While duteous zeal, and loyal truth,
Scattered their bootless vows in air ?
Still to a wanton’s shameless face
Fall hecatombs of Aztlan’s race ?
For this, in yonder pois’nous dell,
Hath Xloti coached, to guard thy cell,
While thickened on his gasping breath
The sorest venom-taints of death ?
Well may’st thou veil the brow that shone
With glory tarnished, withered, gone !
Yet mark me, Prince ; we yet may gain
A dying wreath from baffled Spain,
The band with one fierce whirlwind sweep,
And perish on the mangled heap.”

“Xloti, forbear ; no gush of gore
May sully this sad spirit more.”

“Thus is thy recreant soul subdued ?
Softened to very womanhood !

Will'st thou we blazon Izram's name
With traitor's wile, or coward's shame ?
There burst the blaze of native pride !”

“Of native sin ; I could not bide
Thy bitterness of speech, though long

My step that path of shame hath trod,
Faithful in crime, and bold in wrong,
Traitor and coward both to God.

Deeply my inmost thoughts confess
Thy steadfast love, and deeply bless ;
But urge no more ;—I may not stain
My soul with murderous deed again.”

“Then art thou false, as copper snake
That creeps within the flowery brake ;
False as delusive vapors, spread
O'er gulfs to tempt the pilgrim's tread.
The flame I nursed in boyhood's days,
Was but the birch-bark's crackling blaze ;
There lurks some foul mysterious stain
In thy fair brow, and azure vein ;
Tezcucó's blood hath never flowed
To brighten that obscure abode.”

The fire of wildest agony
Swelled Izram's lip, and shot his eye ;
The pang his shivering bosom wrung,
But firm endurance chained his tongue.
Xloti with folding arms perused
His varying look, and deeply mused :

“Thy hand hath never sped one blow
Of justice on my country’s foe ;
I’ve heard the brag of severed chain,
Of vengeful gash, and shattered brain,
Yet close beneath this well-girt hill
Anselmo bides, to greet thee still.”

“Anselmo !”—“Why, the news I tell
Hath flushed thee with a brighter joy
Than when our ruined island cell

Rang to thy praise. Perfidious boy !
Reluctant here my head I shroud,
Till spreads the night her darksome cloud :
Failing in felon guise to glide
Where strode my sires in kingly pride,
Thy shame shall doubly edge my sword
To burst through yonder bandit horde.

I barter not thy worthless life
To screen me from unequal strife,
But while my fettered race I mourn,
Far from my soul thy memory spurn.”

“Yet hear me, Xloti”—“Not a word,
Save those in days of glory heard.

Say thou art Izram still, invest
With warrior belt thy regal breast ;
Brandish the rusting dirk on high,
Raise thy bold fathers’ battle-cry ;
Fling back thy waving locks again,
As chargers toss the streaming mane,
While quivers on thy kindling brow
The flash of death—it struggles now,
Waked by my words—aye, let it blaze,
To light us through the midnight maze,
In blackening flame to blast the foe :—

Then, step for step, and blow for blow,
I'll tend thee ; with expiring gasp
Hail thee unconquered, royal, brave,
And greet thee with a hero's clasp,
In freedom's reeking grave.
—That gesture of despondence !—Leave
My sickening sight till gloomy eve :
Pour on my ear one pleading breath,
I quit thy den, and rush to death.”
Low in the farthest cavern laid,
He wrapped him in his mantle's shade ;
Till, issuing from the silent cell,
Sternly he glanced, and frowned farewell.

“ Firm as Urraca's rock, and dire
As Soconusca's lava fire !
'Twas he who brought the fatal theme
To feed my soul's ambitious dream ;
And oh how doubly poignant came
From Xloti's lip the charge of shame !
His magic call might almost raise
Some blighting shape of other days ;
But fettered now—with deep control,
A mightier hand subdues my soul :
He bends me to His sovereign will,
Breathing the mandate, ‘ Be thou still,
The conflict is the Lord's’—I wait
In faith assured, and hope elate.
Anselmo lives : the impious vow
Unsealed ; nor this my guilty brow,
Amid the wide, the frequent stain,
Scarred with the hideous brand of Cain.”

Fierce is the din, and stern the jar,
When monarchs lead a nation's war ;

When combat's swarthy thunder-cloud
In crimson wraps the rayless sun,
Where low, beneath its curling shroud,
Lie legions lost for baubles won.
More fierce the Christian's battle-day,
While heaven and hell contest the prey,
And hosts of dread immortals rise
To struggle for a deathless prize.
Let earth, in darkened vision, deem
His conflict vain, his hope a dream,
Judging her foul alloy may grace
Jehovah's awful dwelling-place :—
Polluted lies the precious ore,
Bedded within her dingy core,
And force must rend the flinty soil,
And labor ply the lengthening toil,
And care select, and flame refine,
Till pure the costly metal shine,
Exalted from its base abode,
To deck the beauteous fane of God.

O'er the sad scene of human woes
Again the radiant day-star glows ;
Meridian lustres gem his throne,
Flash on the wave, and gild the bough,
And brightly streak the vaulted stone,
Untenanted, unguarded now.
They sparkle on the distant plain,
Where scour the gallant barbs of Spain,
And bends the plumed cavalier
O'er the proud mane, in full career.
That motion, fetterless and bold,
The wanton breeze and spacious sky,
Ev'n through the captive's bosom rolled
The bounding throb of liberty.

Mantles elate the ruddy stream,
Expands the eye's unconquered beam ;
Nor darkening doom a spell could fling
On buoyant youth's elastic spring.

Their foes descried the mantled flight
Of Xloti 'neath bewildering night ;
And long that gliding form pursued,
Whose wily paths the gaze elude.
They deemed some ambushed foe had scanned
The weakness of their slender band,
And counselled, with approaching day,
To draw the net and snare the prey,
Ere, summoned to their chieftain's need
Unwelcome succors mar the deed.
The rack, with ruthless skill, had wrung
A tale of blood from Nepuel's tongue :
Half won to Gondolph's secret aim,
He wavered 'twixt the lure and shame :
But guiltless of the wile that brought
The tyrant to their caverned grot,
In mingled wrath and fear he heard
The haughty captive's threatful word
Of treason bared to Izram's view,
And goaded thus, the boaster slew ;
Devised a tale, to taint the dead
With suicidal act, and fled.
He marvelled how the gurgling wave
Forced entrance to their costly cave ;
But lips with two-fold treachery stained
Nor mercy found nor credence gained.

Long had Anselmo yearned, to sate
The cravings of vindictive hate ;

Immured he dwelt, while pompous fame
With martyr's wreath adorned his name.
Full many a subtle web he spun,
Counting his victim lightly won ;
But HE, compassionate in wrath,
Whose word is sure, whose counsels stand,
Spread round the hapless wanderer's path
The shadow of His guardian hand.

Satanic biddings men fulfil
Yet, blindly, work Jehovah's will,
Though, whet by bribes, the secret knife
Had long been aimed at Izram's life,
Nepuel alone, with traitor-word,
Revealed his country's regal hoard,
And baffled avarice dealt the meed,
Just guerdon of his impious deed.
Perplexed and shamed, with weary tread,
A kindred band Anselmo led ;
Blithely his ire would Izram doom
To public rage, and felon's tomb ;
But leagued with Albert, who shall dare
To bid that fearless lip declare.

What stain their bigot race defiles ?
Rousing from his pacific lair

The lion of the British Isles,
To press the yielding wave, and roar
Destruction on their guilty shore.

The youths were traced ; but fraud nor power
Might win that wild rock's guarded tower :
Yet Leila's feigning, ill withstood,
Had closed the victim's course in blood,
Had Xloti failed to circumvent,
With hand unseen, the dark intent,

Ere foes, in widening ring withdrawn,
Could muster on the fatal lawn.
Once more enlivening beams arrayed
In golden streak the vaulted shade,
While, wafted on the fragrant air,
Came specious words in proffer fair,
And oaths of deep assurance given,
Pledged in the awful name of Heaven,
That naught essayed that legal band,
Save guidance to the peaceful strand,
To bid them unmolested sweep,
In British bark, the rolling deep.
Cleared from the charge of murderous deed,
Rebellion claimed a lighter meed ;
And lenient justice willed no more
Than exile from th' offended shore—
So Izram plighted faith, to stay
Each hostile band that barred their way.
Incredulous, with pensive smile,

The captives glanced their mutual thought ;
Surveyed their store's diminished pile—

Till whispering hope her phantoms brought:
Then swift, in shadowy form, succeed
The chalky cliff and dappled mead,
While murmur through a distant sky
Carols of peace and liberty.

“Be life or death the tissue spun,”

Albert exclaimed, “a rest is won :
Demons and men conspire in vain ;
We can but die, and death is gain.

Or, rescued from this tiger's grasp,

To plough the ocean's sparkling foam,
Oh, many a joyous hand shall clasp

Thy welcome, in my own fond home !

And Christian love shall softly steep
In soothing balm thy patriot wound ;
And sacred sympathy will weep,
While faith's strong pleadings rise around.
Come, and be thou in Ulric's stead,
To prop my father's drooping head ;
And, twin of Albert's soul, to share
Each pious toil, each sylvan care."
A smile, a tear, on Izram's cheek,
His bosom's grateful swell bespeak.
" Sweet is thy dream—if such His will,
May Heaven the gentle thought fulfil!
Drained is our limpid store, and spent
The cocoa's oily nutriment ;
Yield we to God, and humbly pray
His blessing on our foe-girt way."

Swiftly across the trembling sod,
From morn to eve the coursers trod :
For yet the Spaniards' conscious fear
Portrayed avengers lurking near.
Veiled in persuasive courtesy,
Keenly they bent the falcon eye ;
The band in wary guard arrayed
Around their prey, and grasped the blade.
As fades the second day, they sweep,
With weary hoof, a pine-crowned steep,
And pause to breathe : the western glow
Plays o'er a beauteous scene below :
Varied, with undulating swell,
Aspires the hill, and sinks the dell ;
Spreads the broad plain, and o'er the glades
Cluster and bow gigantic shades :
Here, rolling tides the surface break ;
There slumbers the majestic lake :

And herds of snow-white deer recline
Where meads in flowery splendor shine.
Skirting the lovely spot, they wend
Far to the right, and still ascend ;
But fondly Izram's glistening eye
Lingers on that soft scenery.

"How richly teems this sighing gale
With sweets from Anahuac's vale !
Land of my fathers ! who shall wrest
Thine impress from my yearning breast !—
Thine Izram holds thee dearer far,

Than when in wrathful crime he stood,
Pledging th' unhallowed vow of war,

To bathe thy verdant robe in blood.
Hope, faith, and love, would fain inspire
My parting word with prophet-fire—
Yes, thou shalt surely rise again,
And shake thee from the sullen chain ;
Shining in uncreated rays,
Beneath the gospel's mellowing blaze ;
Pealing in form and spirit free,
Exulting hymns of liberty !"

His eye with sacred rapture shone,
And boldly swelled the solemn tone :
No longer on that beauteous brow

Reigned fiery hate, or gloomy care ;
Seraphic peace was beaming now,

The signet of the Lord was there.
Wondering his foes beheld, and heard,
The placid gaze, the temperate word,
And inly thought, "Where lurks the fire
Of parching scorn, and flaming ire ?

What hand hath burst the chord that spoke
In thunder, by that theme awoke ?”
Jeering they asked, in bitter vein,
“Hast thou no augury for Spain ?
Iberia blends, in ancient tale,
Her name with Anahuac’s vale”—
A passing flash from Izram’s eye
Gave comment on his calm reply.
“Though freedom rive, with generous hand,
The fetter from your parent land,
Your practised grasp will seize the chain,
And close the severed links again.
The burrowing mole, espoused to night,
Brooks not the smile of ruddy light ;
Basking beneath a genial ray,
The river tribes will shrink away ;
Each struggling form intent to hide
In the deep earth, or caverned tide.
Custom your hapless race hath pent
In tyranny’s dark element :
The yoke on other nations thrown
Trammels, with power reflex, your own :
O’erspread with superstition’s pall,
The brazen bonds your land enthrall :
Beneath a blinding curse ye roam,
Tyrants abroad, and slaves at home.
Seek ye for freedom ? con the word
Of freedom’s law, and freedom’s Lord ;
Loosen the captive’s irons ; rend
The bands of cruelty and strife ;
Idols abjure, and meekly bend
To Christ alone for light and life.”

Another noon, and, still remote,
Murmured the ocean’s lofty note :

Then Albert, in his stirrup raised,
Eastward with kindling ardor gazed.
“Hear’st thou the mighty hymn that pours
Its descant round Britannia’s shores?
Hark! how the rolling cadence swells—
Oh, many a tale that billow tells,
Calling my inmost soul to bear
Symphonious part in praise and prayer.”
A short descent, and ocean gave
Full on their view his heaving wave;
And while the rocky shore they near,
Izram remarked, “No port is here:
No swelling sail salutes the view,
No banner streaks th’ unbroken blue;
But moulders many a riven wreck,
On the dark coast, in frequent speck.
Our earthly pilgrimage is o’er—
Albert, thine eager thought no more
To thy parental roof may roam;
We haste to an eternal home.”
“Then welcome be the summons given:
Jesus hath ope’d the gate of heaven.”
Rudely upon their rugged path
Now pressed the guides, in rising wrath,
Half quelled by mockery—“See the tide
Heaving its crests in royal pride:
A Briton rules the wave, and brings
The last bold son of Aztlan’s kings
To press the surge—this duteous air
Waits on your will in breezes fair;
And currents set, with sturdy force,
Right to the east their favoring course.”
Culled from the wrecks, a shallow boat
Their ruthless hands prepare to float;

Still jibing—"Did thy conscious thought,
Thou kingly prophet! augur naught,
While on our secret record stood,
Anselmo's wrong, and Gondolph's blood?
And thou, whose impious rage could scorn
Salvation's God in triumph borne,
Hop'dst thou we had not might, to bow
Thy stubborn neck and brazen brow?
Our thousands with applauding breath
Had drowned your yells of lingering death,
But policy prevailed—How tame
Stands the bright heir of Aztlan's fame!
Mute as his mighty sires, who fled,
Dumb with amaze, and wild with dread,
When thundered forth our warrior host
Stern greeting, on their vassal coast.
Can fear the braggart's tongue enchain?
Hast thou no parting curse for Spain?"
"No; may a Saviour's pleading win
Remission of this crowning sin!
On your polluted souls be shown
Such mercy as redeems our own:
Circle a few short years,—we meet,
Confronted, at the judgment seat;
And, grace despised, Almighty ire
Must overwhelm you in eternal fire.
Albert, proceed: this bounding wave,
Like a triumphal car, shall bear
Our souls to bliss, and yield a grave,
Till dust revive that bliss to share."
"Brother, I come, o'erjoyed to twine,
In life or death, my fate with thine.
For ye, whose erring scorn would shame
Your patient prey with coward's name,

And on the very verge of heaven
His spirit taint with passion's leaven,—
Nor man nor demon quelled the soul
That cowed ye once with proud control :
The Lord alone that conquest won,
A rebel crushed, and claimed a son.
Mark, doth his blooming cheek appear
By vengeance scorched, or blanched by fear ?
Mysterious Heaven the deed allows,
While for the youth's immortal brows,
Unwittingly, your hands prepare
A brighter crown than monarchs wear.”
Poising the shallop's rocking side,
With foot advanced, his comrade stood,
Calm as the brooding dove, and eyed
The tumult of that swelling flood :
A smile of joyous meaning broke
O'er his glad lip as Albert spoke ;
Then lightly, through the slender spray,
They gained the bark, and launched away.

Fleetly the rolling waters bore
Their burden from the fatal shore.
There rose no billow's crested head,
The deep a sheeny surface spread,
Beneath a storm-portending sky,
Heaving unbroken, huge, and high ;
Though oft the roughening breeze impressed
Rude circlets on its glossy breast ;
And wide and low the purple cloud,
With thunder fraught, in menace bowed,
While on its dark verge melt away
Dim relics of the evening ray.

In air and ocean closely pent,
Struggled the storm : the waters vent,
Unbroken yet, a moaning sound,
While falling shadows thicken round.

Curtained beneath that timeless night,
The towering rocks no more appear :
They fade from Izram's yearning sight,
While trembles on his lash a tear ;
And sad his pensive accents swell—
' My own devoted land, farewell !
Though wrapped in black oblivious skies,
Thy dawn shall break, thy splendor rise ;
But darksome deeds may long prevail,
Ere rent thy spirit's ebon veil.
Not mine to hail thee, blest and free,
Yet teems my latest sigh with thee ;
And mine, perchance, from yonder skies,
To watch thy ripening destinies.
List, Albert, to the thunder's voice—
Now could my inmost soul rejoice,
In prospect of the tranquil shore,
Where sin and sorrow war no more,
But thou my victim,"——"Canst thou deem
A spirit of celestial birth
So wedded to a grovelling dream,
So tangled in the mire of earth,
To change, were yet the choice mine own,
This billow for a kingly throne ?
No :—for my raptured eye hath caught
Visions of glory, passing thought :
Terrestrial pageants shrink and die
In beams of immortality.

I mount the sapphire heights ; I see
Jesus, the Lamb who died for me :
I press amid th' adoring throng,
And wave the palm, and learn the song.
Even now, angelic squadrons sweep,
With viewless step this awe-struck deep,
Circle our joyous course, and mark
The progress of our gliding bark.
How richly o'er the waters steal
The echoes of that distant peal !
How swift the trembling flash ! a light
Of quenchless noon is ours to-night.
Commotion rudely rocks the tide,
See how these crazy planks divide ;
The surges press in foaming chase,
And tidings of deliverance tell ;
Welcome the note—this last embrace,
Dear Izram, speaks a long farewell.”
“ Recall the word ; we sever not,
Nor such the spirit's chilling lot :
Death triumphs o'er the withering clay,—
Immortal souls deride his sway,
And perfect in the ethereal birth,
Th' embryo bud that swelled on earth.
Oh, thine hath been an angel's care,
And thine the love that seraphs bear ;
And hast thou toiled so sore below,
Through peril, darkness, blood, and wo,
To win me from th' infernal strife,
And draw me to the fount of life,
And here, to glory's threshold, led
My fainting heart, and faltering tread,
To lose me now—when fetter-free,
Th' exulting spirit springs on high,

And sin's detested progeny
Low in unfathomed waters lie ?
Can love, unearthly, pure, as thine,
Dissolve beneath material brine,
A sparkle of celestial fire
As elemental dross expire ?
No, Albert : no disunion this ;
Co-heritors of endless bliss,
Down, down to ocean's deepest cell,
Be plunged that gloomy word, farewell !
And be the rivets doubly driven
That clasp our souls in bonds of heaven !”

Impetuous gales, careering, urge
To fiercer speed the writhing surge ;
Rushed the tumultuous tides, to rock
Their giddy prey with wilder shock :
Buoyed on the mounting foam they go,
And totter in the gulf below :
Then burst the straining bark, and gave
Its burden to the greedy wave.
Instinctive nature struggled still,
While youthful courage, nerve, and skill,
Held the terrific king at bay,
And triumphed o'er the angry spray.
But short the toil—unsevered yet,
Their souls the awful summons met—
“ He calls ! forbear this idle strife—
Why linger at the gate of life ?
The crown is won, the conflict o'er ;
Together let us sink, and soar.
Receive us, Lord !”——The arm they closed,
And, bowing, on the wave reposed :
Soft, from that pall of sable cloud,
A farewell flash in brightness came,

And broad upon their liquid shroud
 Quivered awhile the lingering flame ;
And sadly o'er the moaning tide
 Low thunders pealed the funeral dirge—
In death embracing, side by side,
 They sank beneath the eddying surge.

NOTES.

Page 14, l. 17.—“ *Know'st thou Chiapa's soil,*” &c.

“The inhabitants of the province of Chiapa are distinguished above all others. They owe their superiority to the advantage of having had for their teacher Las Casas, who originally prevented them from being oppressed. They surpass their countrymen in size, genius, and strength: their language has a peculiar softness and elegance: they are painters, musicians, and dexterous in all arts. Their principal town is called Chiapa dos Indos. It is only inhabited by natives of the country, who form a community, consisting of about 4000 families, amongst which are found many of the Indian nobility. They form naval armies with their boats: they engage, attack, and defend themselves with surprising agility: they excel no less in the chase of bulls, cudgelling, dancing, and all bodily exercises. They build towns and castles of wood, which they cover with oil-cloth, and besiege in form.—From these particulars we see what the Mexicans were capable of, had they passed under the dominion of a conqueror, possessing moderation and good sense enough to relax the chains of their servitude, instead of riveting them.”—RAYNAL.

Page 15, l. 9.—“ *Sons of those illustrious dead,*” &c.

The Caziques were sovereign princes, each in his own territory: they displayed the state, and exercised the privileges of independent monarchs, but followed the imperial standard in battle, and are said to have brought each from 50,000 to 100,000 warriors into the field. Their title was hereditary, and to a select number of them was committed the task of electing the Emperor. The Caziques of Tezcucó and Tacuba were always included among these: they appear to have been the most powerful and influential of the native princes, and their territories were hardly inferior in extent to those of the Mexican monarch.

Page 24, l. 9.—“ *New treasures to the gaze unfold.*”

The author has availed herself of poetic licence (however disputable her pretensions to a poet's name) in following the more romantic and less probable accounts given by Spanish writers of the costly treasures and exquisite workmanship displayed in Mexico's imperial palaces. Dr. Robertson, while protesting against these exaggerated descriptions, has doubtless erred in the opposite extreme; depreciating the genius, wealth, civilisation, arts, and policy of the Mexicans, as palpably as other chroniclers have overrated them. The fanatical barbarism of an ignorant Franciscan, John of Zummaraga, who committed to the flames all he could collect of the national hieroglyphic records, under the absurd pretence of their being monuments of idolatry, has deprived Europeans of valuable documents tending to illustrate such attainments in science as few are disposed to admit this extraordinary people had made, though very competent judges have asserted it. Astronomy, music, medicine, and political economy, were certainly understood among them: and if the uncontradicted testimony of eye-witnesses may be credited, they were accomplished architects, horticulturists, sculptors, goldsmiths, jewellers, and excelled in all the imitative arts.

Page 30, l. 15.—“ *Aztlan's native train.*”

Aztlan was the country from whence migrated the tribes of Aztecas, who founded the Mexican empire.

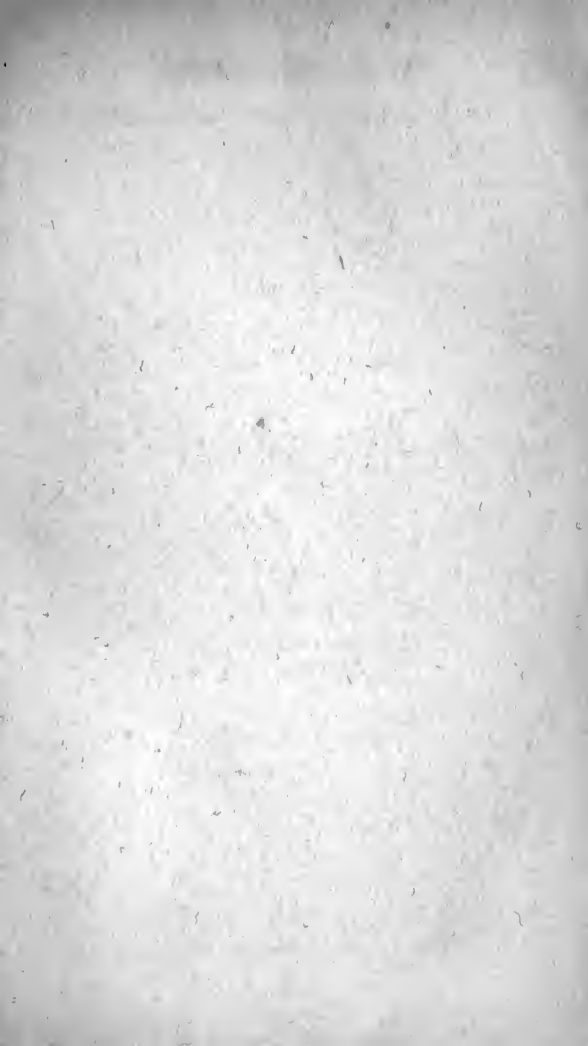
Page 41, l. 32.—“ *That mysterious treasury.*”

It is well known that the heroic Emperor Guatimozin was most barbarously, but ineffectually, tortured by the unprincipled Cortez, who caused him to be stretched on burning coals, to extort the discovery of treasures which he was suspected of having concealed from the merciless depredators. His prime minister expired beside him, after indicating a disposition to disclose the secret, which was checked by the memorable reproof of Guatimozin, who exclaimed, “Am I now on a bed of roses?” This royal sufferer, whose only crime was a gallant defence of his throne and people, was hanged three years afterwards, on an improbable

charge of conspiring against the usurpers of his crown, whose captive he yet remained! Do not our days exhibit an awful visitation of the sins of the fathers upon their impenitent children, in the accumulated miseries under which Spain is yet groaning? The atrocities of Cortez, his companions, and their successors, would have disgraced a horde of savages who never had heard of a righteous God, or a judgment to come: but when it was considered how the name of Christ was blasphemed through them, while His pure word was prostituted to their iniquitous purposes, and His symbolic cross made the standard under which to perpetrate their enormities, against an unoffending, confiding people, we cannot but shudder in contemplating the now irrevocable doom of the aggressors, and long to address to their descendants the warning voice, "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish."

It is futile and contemptible to argue that the idolatrous Mexicans were more superstitious, inhuman, and bloodthirsty, than their invaders. "The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty." THEY were pagans: the Spaniards, on the contrary, assumed the Christian name: and the only message that the Christian is commissioned to bear among heathen nations is, GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST: ON EARTH PEACE; GOOD-WILL TOWARDS MEN. BELIEVE IN THE LORD JESUS CHRIST, AND YE SHALL BE SAVED.





31. 5. 8. 11

OSRIC,

A Missionary Tale;

WITH

THE GARDEN AND OTHER POEMS.

BY

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

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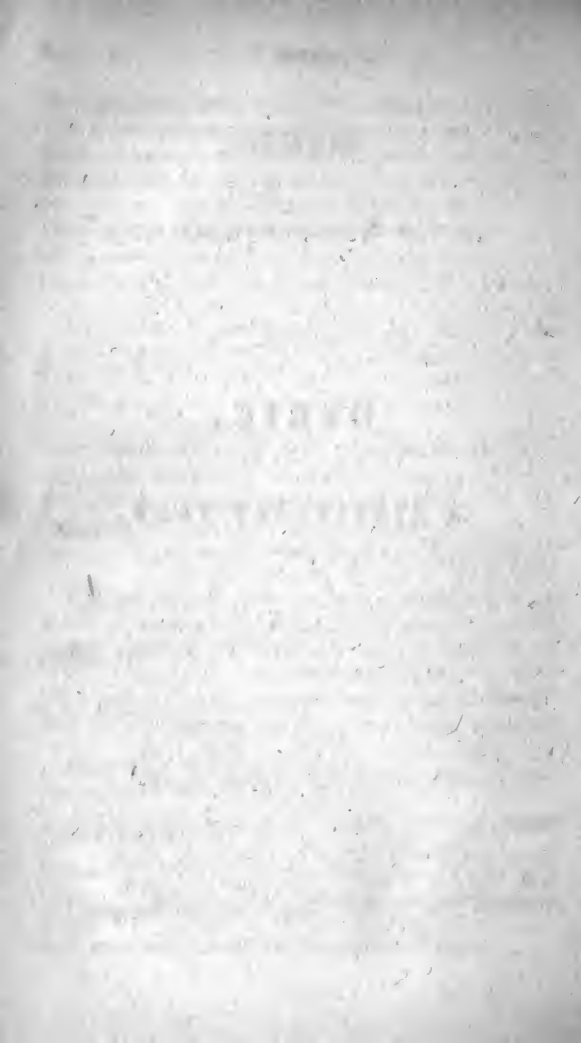
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OSRIC,

A MISSIONARY TALE.



OSRIC,

A MISSIONARY TALE

CANTO I.

'Tis eve :—ascending high the ocean storm
Spreads in dark volumes his portentous form ;
His hollow breezes, bursting from the clouds,
Distent the sail and whistle through the shrouds.
Roused by the note of elemental strife,
The swelling waters tremble into life ;
Lo ! through the tumult of the dashing spray,
The storm-beat vessel labors on her way.
With bending mast, rent sail, and straining sides,
High on the foaming precipice she rides,
Then reeling onward with descending prow,
In giddy sweep, glides to the gulf below :
Her fragile form conflicting billows rock,
Her timbers echo to the frequent shock,

While bursting o'er the deck, each roaring wave
Bears some new victim to a hideous grave.
The voice of thunder rides upon the blast,
And the blue death-fire plays around the mast :

Beneath the pennon of a riven sail,
The vessel drives, abandoned to the gale.
Above, more darkly frowns the brow of night,
Beneath, the waters glow more fiercely bright ;
Ploughing a track of mingled foam and fire,
Fast flies the ship before the tempest's ire,
While reeling to and fro the hapless crew
Gaze on the wild abyss, and shudder at the view.

Dread was the night : but oh ! how doubly dread
That scene, displayed through morning's dusky red.
There, where her headlong course the vessel bends,
One rugged line of frowning rocks ascend,
In giant height, magnificently steep,
They rear their towering forms above the deep ;
Wild and fantastic, bleak and black they rise,
And pile their mighty masses to the skies :
No friendly port that awful wall divides,
But one impervious bulwark spurns the tides.

To heap new horrors on the yawning grave,
A bounding iceberg glitters on the wave :
In wild dismay the mimic town they near,
Where lofty spires and pinnacles appear ;
High and majestic gleams its snow-capped head,
And wide beneath the main its fatal base is spread.

Retiring at the glance of cheerful day,
Far to the west the tempest rolls away,
Yet, with faint hands and sinking hearts, the crew
Resume their posts, and trim the ship anew,
For still the frozen isle, with threatening sweep,
Hangs on their path and thunders through the deep,
Pursues with giant speed its rolling way,
And seems to nod upon the destined prey.

Her doom is past—heaved on the icy rock,
She strikes, and staggers from the thrilling shock :
The glassy base no kind support affords,
While waves rush fiercely through the severed
boards ;

Foundering apace, with tottering hull she floats
A moment—they have loosed the ready boats :—
In mute despair they gaze upon the wreck,
As playful billows gambol o'er the deck ;
One cry of desolation echoes loud,
While sinks the stately mast, wrapped in a liquid
shroud.

They strain the oars, and spread their puny sails,
To catch the breathing of the softened gales :
Coasting all day along the rocky shore,
Some opening creek for shelter to explore,
Deeming that wild and rugged steep must own
An inlet to Columbia's mountain throne.
As fades the day, the angry breakers rise,
And many an echo to their roar replies ;
Drear is the sound, and wild the rustling breeze,
They furl the sail, the diving oar they seize—
In vain—for, hurled upon the ruthless stone,
One boat, with all her little band, is gone !
Through the unclouded azure of the sky,
Resplendent and full-orbed the moon rides high ;
But bitter is the wind, and in the wave
The toil-worn seamen view their destined grave ;
Behind the summit of a towering height,
Pale Cynthia veils her from the piteous sight ;
While a curled billow rears his crest of pride,
And whelms the last frail bark beneath the tide.

“Mysterious Fate ! O wherefore dost thou
give

A wretch, so thankless for thy grace to live ?
O'er the fond sire, the spouse of faithful soul,
The duteous son, those spreading waters roll .
Why check thy proud repast, insatiate sea ?
Why waste this idle clemency on me ?”

So spake the sole survivor of the train
Whose breathless forms were tossed upon the
main ;

From the tall rock the wide expanse he viewed,
And thus his melancholy theme pursued :—
“There rode our gallant ship, while flattering gales
The painted streamers kissed, and fanned the sails ;
There, round her path, the wanton waves would
play,

The ready vassals of her prosperous way.
Ocean, thou art the world's epitome,
Its friendship and its faith reside in thee ;
When Fortune's favoring breezes cease to blow,
Dark grew thy face, and stern thy ruffled brow,
Those very tides that bent beneath her tread,
Roll in exulting malice o'er her head.”

A passing smile of bitter irony
Gleamed as his front was lifted to the sky—
“And thou, O fickle Moon, that roll'st above,
Thy wandering splendor is the light of love ;
How sweetly on our peaceful track, erewhile,
Shone the soft ray of that endearing smile !
But where, kind Goddess, was thy silver beam
When the rock frowned, and death was in the
stream ?”

And who was he, in dark and thankless mood,
Who lone above the frothy surges stood ?
His soul had early writhed beneath the smart
Of base ingratitude, and treacherous art ;
But late surrounded by a listening throng,
Theme of the sage's pen, the poet's song ;
Best of the good, and boldest of the brave,
Then, a forgotten exile on the wave ;
And now, to name, to home, to country lost,
A cast-away upon a desert coast !
'Tis on the fairest bud, the tenderest flower,
The canker-worm displays its venom'd power ;
'Tis on the mighty oak, the spreading ash,
The thunder-bolt is hurled, and bent the flash.
No longer smiles the flower in beauteous bloom,
Yet its torn fragments breathe a rich perfume :—
Lopped are the boughs, and gone the robe of green,
But still the towering trunk speaks what the tree
has been.

OSRIC had felt the arrow in his heart,
And proudly rose, superior to the smart ;
Still, in the glance of his eagle eye,
Shone inward peace, and calm philosophy ;
By temperance nurtured, on his native soil,
His hardy frame defied disease and toil :—
Oft when luxurious viands steamed around,
The hermits fare his simple meal had crowned ;
He knew the wants of nature to supply,
Those wants unsatisfied, to smile and die.

What lacked he yet ?—he lacked the heaven-
taught lore,
Prospering to bend, and chastened to adore.

His pliant mind, in philosophic schools,
Was warped to systems formed by specious rules ;
With reason's dim, unaided eye, he saw
Creation swayed by one unchanging law ;
Evil and good promiscuously he found ;
Rapture and wo trod their alternate round—
Man seemed the sport of Fortune, made in vain,
His life, a bark launched on the treacherous main ;
Reason his pilot, fickle chance the breeze,
Death the sole port on those uncertain seas ;
Thence, landing on an undiscovered shore,
The disembodied spirit might explore
Regions, in more than earthly splendor bright,
Or scenes of darkness, and eternal night ;
But all was wrapped in one mysterious shroud,
Nor reason's keenest gaze could pierce the cloud.

Yet deemed he not but some Eternal Cause
Formed the high scheme, and fixed the wond'rous
laws ;
Wheeled the round earth, upon her viewless pole,
And gave the planetary spheres to roll ;
Called Nature blooming from her annual grave,
Swelled the dark tide, and curbed the rising wave ;
Gave man the soul that sparkles in his eye,
And formed that soul for immortality :
Creator infinite, and Judge alone,
This God should summon them before his throne,
And speak a doom of bliss or wo on all,
Equal and just, and fixed beyond recal.
Yet more, he knew that, pitying mortal wo,
God's Son, incarnate, had sojourned below ;
Had lived in poverty, and guiltless died,
For wretched man some blessing to provide.

But darkly were these living truths impressed,
With dubious outline, upon Osric's breast.

What marvel, then, God's work so faintly known,
Osric should rest his hope upon his own,
And build a towering castle on the sand,
And glory in the labors of his hand ?
But clouds unlooked-for veil his summer skies,
The rain descends, the stormy winds arise,
And wave succeeding wave must yet assail,
Ere the strong fabric of his hope shall fail,
Show him the vengeance of a righteous God,
And leave him shelterless beneath the rod ;
While the stern voice of Justice, from the sky,
Proclaim, " The soul that sinneth, it shall die."

Ask not the long dark story of his woes,
But view the sufferer, wrapped in sweet repose.
Beneath a crag, with dripping sea-weed hung,
His weary frame the cast-away hath flung ;
Ev'n ruthless Memory slumbers o'er the tale,
And Fancy's unsubstantial mockeries fail ;
No longer summoned by her idle wand,
Unreal phantoms live at her command—
Shadows of joy for ever passed away,
Mistrustful bodings of the coming day,
Or visionary bliss that Reason spurns,
Though the fond heart to such illusion turns
As deadly like the sun's untempered ray,
Strike to the brain, and while they dazzle slay :
Quaffing unseen the moisture that supplies
Life's fragile stem, they dance, while the poor
victim dies.

But all were banished now, and slumber spread
Her darkest. dreamless mantle. o'er his head,

Till morning's ray gleamed o'er the gilded wave,
And cheered the rude apartment of his cave.
The sunbeam resting on the sleeper's eye,
Bade him arise to life and memory :
He felt that strange, mysterious, waking pain
That thrills the heart, and presses on the brain,
When some deep anguish of the former night,
But half remembered, floats before the sight ;
The sickening soul turns inward from the view
Of deprivations terrible and new—
A loved-one whose expiring sigh is o'er,
Or living, parted—to return no more.

Osric arose, and gazed upon the scene ;
No vestige told where death had lately been ;
No corpse was cast upon the stony steep ;
No wreck appeared upon the azure deep ;
The wind was hushed, and leisurely the wave
Rolled, with soft dirges, o'er the seaman's grave :
And lo ! he sees the fatal iceberg ride,
With languid motion stealing o'er the tide.
Wonder and grief with admiration swell,
While his moist eyes upon its movements dwell ;
It seems as broken rocks and ruined towers,
Together met, were clad by snowy showers,
While here and there, a lovely palace shone
In crystal, gemmed with many a brilliant stone ;
Prismatic hues, lent by the morning's ray,
In living lustre o'er its surface play ;
So beauteous and so terrible, it glows
With summer tints, and frowns with winter snows.
Its frozen bulk seemed destined to retain
A giant strength, coeval with the main ;

Vain thought ! arrested in its proud career,
The bright destroyer paused, as smote with fear,
Trembled a space, then heaved with mighty swell,
And in ten thousand glittering fragments fell,
Self-rent, and bursting with tremendous roar,
Redoubled thunders echoed from the shore ;
A whirlwind swept upon the troubled tide,
Ploughed by its wing, the sullen waves divide ;
Engulfed in ocean's bed those fragments lie,
And all is tranquil sea, and cloudless sky.

One gleam of rapture broke on Osric's gloom,
" Relentless murderer ! thou hast met thy doom."
Accents low-breathed now fell upon his ear,
The voice was foreign, and the speaker near.
The sudden sound his quick attention drew,
A band of swarthy Indians met his view ;
Half menacing they stood, with silent vaunt,
But what the courage of despair shall daunt ?
Hunger and toil had faded Osric's eye,
Yet could not quell his inborn majesty :
Equal to him the doom, or life, or death—
His native speech he deemed were idle breath :
With brow unruffled, lips sedately closed,
On their dark visages his look reposed,
Admiring while they held their low debate,
In harsh deep accents, on the captive's fate.

Equipped for chase, yet well prepared for strife,
Each holds the hunter's spear, the warrior's knife ;
A bear-skin mantle from the neck depends,
The shoulder veils, and to the knee descends ;
A slighter vest, with gay embroidery graced,
In plenteous folds is gathered round the waist ;

A belt was furnished by the slaughtered deer,
Where the broad axe and tomakawk appear ;
While a young otter's undivided skin
Contains the hunter's simple stores within :
The garment's lower edge strong buskins meet,
And well-constructed sandals grace the feet.
Nor Europe's pale, nor Afric's sable stain,
O'er the strong features of the Indian reign ;
Small, dark, and exquisitely formed, the eye
Darts forth an eagle glance of scrutiny ;
The long straight hair, and thin o'er-arching brow,
Are ebon black ; the teeth as driven snow.
In each bold visage might our Osric trace
A semblance to the wild Egyptian race,
Or those who groaning under Egypt's rod,
Were succored by the arm of Jacob's God.

While yet the strange and warlike group he
scanned,
The seeming chief approached him from the band,
And soon, in pleased astonishment he hung
On the loved accents of his native tongue :
With speech imperfect, but in friendly tone,
The Indian bade him make his purpose known—
Unfruitful was the scene ; why wander there ?
What was his country ? and his comrades where ?
Short was the tale, and barely was it said,
Ere with rude haste the barren ground they spread.
Sweet as the manna, and the rock-born wave,
That God's free bounty in the desert gave
To famished Israel, was that simple feast
His mercy furnished for a thankless guest :
Thankless to Him whose all-sufficient care
Feeds the unthinking wanderers of the air ;

Thankless to Him who snatched him from the tide,
Preserved his being, and his wants supplied.
—Their master's crib the very oxen know,
But man considers not from whom his blessings flow.

Osric in early youth had loved to store
His mind with poesy and classic lore ;
With glowing hope, and ardor unsubdued,
The opening vista of the world he viewed ;
From academic shades and rural bowers,
That prospect seemed a wilderness of flowers ;
He tried the path that bloomed so falsely fair,
The noxious reptile and the thorn were there ;
Some foul deception, or some piercing grief,
In ambush lurked behind each fragrant leaf,
And all that shone with such alluring glow,
Three words comprised—vice, vanity, and wo.
Where was the view sublime, the mighty plan,
That almost deified the soul of man ?
The flame that lightened o'er the lofty page
Of Grecian poet, philosophic sage ?
Was Virtue from the world for ever flown,
Or only banished to some clime unknown ?
Interest could wear her semblance for a while,
And Falsehood, robed like Truth, could stab and
smile.
But he had seen each vizor rent away,
And their dark forms unveiled in open day,
Till heart-sick and ashamed, he half believed
The poet senseless, and the sage deceived.
Yet would the pride of his unhumbléd mind
Reject a view so mean of human kind :
He hoped the arts of luxury and gain
Alone had fixed the deep unwonted stain,

And nought of foul corruption had defiled
The poor untutored offspring of the wild.
Oft had he mused on such beguiling theme,
Beside the windings of his native stream ;
And exiled now from his paternal land,
Disowned by those who grew beneath his hand,
Houseless and friendless, on a foreign shore,
When the rude Indian gave his little store,
And strove, with untaught hospitable wile,
His hopes to nourish, and his woes beguile,
It seemed as Fate had spread before his view
A living proof that stamped his system true ;
And while new joys his ardent soul expand,
He links his fortune to the roving band,
With them to traverse mountain, wood, and swamp,
And seek a welcome in their distant camp
To rest they dedicate the passing day,
To-morrow speeds them on their inland way.

In Osric's heart what strong emotions swell,
When wafting to the main his last farewell,
And when, receding from the rocky shore,
In distance he has lost the solemn roar,
And entered on a scene so wildly strange,
It seemed as magic art produced the change.

Since earliest break of morn they had pursued
A narrow pathway through the tangled wood ;
In one unbroken mass above their head,
The canopy of woven boughs was spread,
So closely blended, that the noon-tide ray
Died as the glance of faint departing day.
Crossed and recrossing still, on every side,
A thousand ways the endless paths divide,

That he who dared the vent'rous maze, nor knew
The secret symbols and myrterious clue,
Should in a cheerless labyrinth wander on,
Till strength and courage, hope and life were gone,
But, bold and confident, the Indian guide
Pressed on his way, and plucked the boughs aside ;
Oft where he passed, his knife, with tempered
blade,

In the strong bark the quick incision made ;
With keen, cool eye, unhesitating tread,
Through the long day th' unvarying march he led,
And now, at evening's golden hour, they stood
Upon the farther confines of the wood.

O ! never had fair Albion's bright domains,
Her fertile meadows and enamelled plains,
Her graceful hills, rich groves, and shining streams,
And harvests, ripening in autumnal beams,
Thrilled Osric's bosom with such full delight,
As the wild scene now bursting on his sight.

The farewell tints of day, retiring slow,
Reflected on a crystal surface, glow ;
The sportive windings of that lake display
The pigmy harbor, and the mimic bay ;
A thousand wave-born flowers, in naval pride,
Spread their broad leaves, and rest upon the tide :
Dappling the bank, in rival grace, are seen
The many colored offspring of the green ;
There the huge granite rocks abruptly rise,
And sparkle bright, in variegated dyes.
Above, dark groves their leafy honors bow,
Like nodding plumage on a warrior's brow :
The lofty cedar, and majestic pine,
And fragrant spruce, their towering shade combine :

O giant growth, the maple spreads around,
Distilling honey from the casual wound ;
The changeful beechen tree, and mellow larch,
And silver birch, that broken crag o'erarch ;
The endless garland of the woodland vine,
Round each tall trunk aspires, with graceful twine,
Then flings the light festoon from spray to spray,
And bends, with playful sweep, her downward way,
Falls on the frowning precipice beneath,
And decks its rugged brow with verdant wreath.
From frequent fissure, trickling soft and slow,
The loitering streamlets whisper as they go ;
A broad cascade foams down the mountain side,
Springs from the rock, and plunges in the tide.
Soft melancholy stole o'er Osric's breast,
As the fond thought arose—" here could I rest !"
And when at night the trembling moon-beam played
On the far bosom of the white cascade,
Whose mighty murmurs, half in distance drowned,
Scarce called an echo from the rocks around,
Where leafy shades, expanding deep and wide,
Waved in rich contrast to the shining tide :
Oh, then he felt, as they can feel alone
Who bear some sorrow, to the world unknown,
And shun, with sickly jealousy refined,
The cold, half sympathy of human kind,
Yet fancy every idle breeze that blows,
Sighs in compassion, and partakes their woes.
Dreaming of unsubstantial solace here,
They cannot rise beyond their native sphere.
Though heaven-born mercy gives the mild command
To rest each weight upon Jehovah's hand,
Although Omnipotence would stoop to bear
Our puny burdens, and to soothe our care,

The lofty littleness of wayward man
Cleaves to his own, and scorns his Maker's plan ;
Endures, with stubborn hardihood, the rod,
But hears not the appointing voice of God,
Nor listens to that long-enduring cry,
" Turn, thoughtless one—Oh wherefore wilt thou
die ?"

Still had the musing wanderer held his way
Beneath the spangled sky, and soothing ray,
But now, with sudden burst of splendor, blazed
The crackling pile his Indian friends had raised
To scare the prowling wolf—the crimson glow
Flashed on the lake, and dyed the mountain's brow.
Where is the beam that robed erewhile the hill
In silvery beauty ? It is shining still,
But seen no more. From man's dark bosom driven,
How oft will earth-born flames chase the pure light
of heaven !

The morn arose, and many a morning sun
Must rise, ere yet their changeful task be done ;
To wind through woody solitudes their way,
Or bide on shadeless plains the sultry ray :
To pause, with some expansive lake in view,
And fell the tree, and form the slight canoe,
Launch that frail bark upon the level tide,
And fleetier than the circling swallow glide ;
Then draw their vessel to the farther strand,
Poise its light form, and bear it o'er the land.
With panting breath and weary foot, to climb
Where more than Alpine summits tower sublime ;
Or, with deliberate, cautious step, to pass
The verdant treachery of the deep morass,

Where flowers in wild uncultured beauty blow,
To shade the watery death that yawns below ;
Fed by the liquid store, they shoot on high,
To court the gaze of an unclouded sky,
And tints so glowing, forms so passing fair,
Had never crowned the florist's choice parterre ;
So frail the sod that bears those living gems,
It trembles underneath their waving stems,
Where snakes, in vest of painted armor gay,
Amid the glossy foliage glide away :
The humming-bird steals to the flower's embrace,
Loveliest and least of all the feathered race,
Reclined in silken bells, concealed from view,
Feasts on perfume, and sips the honied dew,
Then spreads the azure wing and tiny crest,
And seems a blossom severed from the rest,
And stolen by the breeze, who came to bear
Some velvet trophy from a scene so fair.
Such was the morn, and when the closing night
Called from repose the winged bands of light,
The sparkling fire-fly tribes, and bade them rise
A brilliant transcript of the starry skies,
Spangling the leaf, and sporting round the flower,
Cheering, with mimic ray, the moonless hour,
While here the ruby, there the topaz glowed,
And emerald tints a glassy lustre showed ;
Where, darting through the gloom, they rose on high,
As bearing some mysterious embassy
To distant shrubs, and o'er the glittering plain
Returned, in busy idleness again ;
A scene so wild, so beautiful, so new,
And so intangible—to Osric's view
It seemed the very book of fate displayed,
Destruction's self in witchery arrayed ;

And all the sullen joy the cynic knows
Shone in his eye, as rapid thoughts arose
Of flowery snares, that lure mankind to pass
O'er the deep hollows of the world's morass,
Where noiseless ruin unsuspected lies
To watch her victim, and secure the prize.

The Indian guide, Ayuta, long had sate
In solemn councils, skilled in deep debate ;
For wily prudence famed, by close intrigue
To form with stronger tribes the favoring league ;—
Oft when some angry nation came from far,
To lift the ruthless tomahawk of war,
Ayuta's policy would calm the breast,
And smoothly lull the rising storm to rest,
Above the dreadful hatchet close the ground,
And hand the calumet of peace around.
His fluent tongue could echo every tone
And call each various dialect its own ;
Nor could the eye of keen observance trace
One changeful passion in his studious face.
Late had he travelled through the eastern lands,
Long colonized by European bands,
And when in woods of game their journey lay,
And wide dispersed, the hunters sought their prey,
Ayuta would recline by Osric's side,
Where the dark spruce a fragrant shade supplied
And tell how first to that unconquered shore
A floating house the white invaders bore,
Who craved a shelter from the piercing gale,
Till Spring's young breath should waft their home-
ward sail.

Preserved by Indian pity, they surveyed
The goodly land, and their kind hosts betrayed.

Departing with the Spring, ere Autumn fell,
Once more upon the coast their streamers swell,
A various crew ; by numbers bolder grown,
They claimed a tract of country for their own,
And when repulsed, from tubes with sulphurous
breath

Their bursting thunder roared and scattered death.
Back to his woods the fear-struck native fled,
Whose labyrinths long defied the stranger's tread ;
While these, increasing to a countless band,
Spread deep and wide, and triumphed o'er the land.
To ampler bounds their growing hosts aspire,
While far, and farther still, the hapless tribes retire.
Remote from ocean, toward the rosy west,
A mighty space the Indian yet possessed,
And leagued in amity the nations stood,
To guard the spreading lake, the sheltering wood ;
Should rival chiefs, in their sequestered dell,
Bid the wild war-whoop for a moment swell ;
The evil impulse of the white man came
To rive the wound, recal the dying flame :
His cruel wile by sad observance known,
First to divide, then conquer each alone.
But the Great Spirit, foe to wrong and ill,
Loved his red children, and preserved them still.

So told the chief.—Through Osric's every vein,
Resentful pity thrilled, and stern disdain :
“ These are thy trophies, proud, enlightened man ;
This is thy high design, thy generous plan ;
This grateful meed the artless Indian won,
By Christian piety these deeds are done !
Far nobler light illumed the savage breast,
That unsuspecting warmed a viperous guest,

Than spread religion's pageant o'er the sod,
Where ruffians ravaged in the name of God !”

Thus vaunts Philosophy ; but deems she right ?
Can deeds of darkness robe the sons of light ?
Religion owns not them who bear the brand
Of Mammon on their front, and in their hand ;
Go, view the record—he may run who reads—
What says it ? ‘ Ye shall ken them by their
deeds.’

O who can tell the horrors of their lot,
When the stern Judge exclaims, “ I know ye not !”
Wo, double wo, be to the souls that lay
A stumbling-stone across a brother's way !
Wo, treble wo, to those who give a theme
That bids the vaunting enemy blaspheme,
While deeds of rage, and avarice, and shame,
Mar the sweet savor of the Christian name !

A mountain's brow the travellers had won,
And lo ! their weary pilgrimage was done.
Borne from the deep recesses of the glen,
Ascending sounds told the abode of men ;
And there, o'ercanopied with living green,
Low and uncouth, the Indian huts were seen,
Where lofty pine, and oak with ample breast,
Enclosed in guardian care each feebler guest.
Of conic form the lowly dwellings stood,
Detached, and scattered through the sheltering
wood,
Built of rude stems, with beechen bark o'erlaid,
And boughs yet mantled in their leafy shade.
A broad, deep river, bending to the right,
Swelled in a lake, and rounded on the sight

Beyond the spacious stream blue mountains rose,
Stretched in the majesty of calm repose.

The scene was nature's own, and wild, as man
Had feared to trespass on creation's plan :
No patient hand had smoothed the rugged soil,
No harvest crowned the laborer's early toil ;
Though female industry perchance might raise
On vacant spot, some patch of yellow maize,
Slight care to these the untaught farmer gave :
Canoes unnumbered dancing on the wave,
And nets of curious work, spread forth to dry,
Told where the Indian gained his best supply ;
While hunting-spears, and trophies of the chase,
The rude interior of each dwelling grace.

When day's last beam was fading from the west,
Ayuta's hut received his willing guest ;
With native fare the rugged board was spread,
And fragrant leaves composed the stranger's bed.
Visions of peace on Osric's fancy stole ;
A current of unruffled years to roll,
Calm as the stream that softly murmured near,
And soothed, with plaintive note, his dreaming ear.
Free as the zephyr of the wood, that swept
The open hut, and fanned him while he slept.
And let him sleep—such visionary theme
May best befit the fabric of a dream.

CANTO II.

WHERE'ER thine eye can turn, or foot can tread,
Behold, O man ! the books of knowledge spread.
Thy reason cons the lesson they impart,
But God alone can grave it on thy heart.
Thou seest the blossom open to the day,
Bloom for a little space, and fade away ;
Thou seest the verdant leaf, like silken vest,
Clothe the dark tree, and shade the songster's nest,
Then pine and perish.—Not a breeze can blow
But tells thee all is vanity below,
While, rending some poor insect's web away,
It mars the labor of a summer day.
That breeze, if tainted by infected breath,
May to thy bosom waft the seeds of death ;
Or, swelled by angry storms, the ocean sweep,
And whelm thy trusted treasures in the deep.

In vain the page of wisdom courts thine eyes—
Though always learning, thou art never wise.
While all is changing, waning, dying round,
Thou dream'st some favorite spot may yet be
found,
Where cloudless suns on flowers unfading shine,
To form a perfect lot, and that be thine.

Welcome each vision folly can pourtray,
So it beguile thee of the passing day,
Hide from thy guilty sight the threatening rod,
And drown that awful cry, "Prepare to meet thy
God!"

How sped our Osric, in his ardent chase
Of virtuous bliss among the savage race?
The fleeting hours of summer-bloom are past,
And winter's dreariest night approaches fast;
The camp is black with wreaths of eddying smoke,
And tempests whistle through the leafless oak,
Rocking the hut where Osric courts repose,
A death-doomed captive, guarded by his foes.

Long had he basked beneath the specious smile
Of Indian faith, nor deemed such friendship guile.
He wore their garb, and bent his towering thought
To each rude task his wild instructors taught.
Farewell the polished lore of Rome and Greece?
The dance of war, the calumet of peace,
The rapid chase, the archer's deadly aim,
Divide his moments and his efforts claim.
On each traditionary tale that tells
Of Indian deeds, his pleased attention dwells,
While his eventful years of sorrow seem
A passing thought, a half forgotten dream.

Yet one there was, who, with prophetic fear,
Would breathe the frequent caution in his ear;
And Osric marvelled when young Zaila spoke
Of reeds that bowed beneath the hand, and broke;
Of icy plains formed on the level wave,
That tempt the step, then yield a liquid grave;
While the keen glance of her expressive eye
Would in mute eloquence the tale apply.

An aged chief had mourned a valiant son,
And now in Zaila blessed his only one ;
The brightest plumage he would cull, to deck
The raven hair that flowed upon her neck ;
The costly bead and precious metal graced
Her well-turned arm, and bound her slender
waist ;
But Nature's hand, more bounteous than his own,
The spell of beauty round the maid had thrown.
Upon her brow, in simple majesty,
Peace reigned, and meekness in her downcast eye ;
A pensive contemplation marked her mien,
As though she communed with a world unseen.
And Osric heard the sigh, and saw the tear,
When vice or folly urged their wild career ;
And oft her firm rebuke their madness quelled,
If not convinced, yet humbled and repelled.

Months rolled away ; and still Ayuta's guest
Abode in peace, confiding and caressed,
At length an embassy from far appears,
Or chiefs in war renowned, and sage with years,
The leaders of the camp in council meet,
With solemn words of amity to greet
The martial tribe, whose measured steps are led
Where mats and skins, in circling order spread,
Receive their wearied frames. With looks profound,
Silent and motionless, they sat around :
The vapor of the peaceful pipe arose,
And Osric, fearless of impending woes,
Pleased with the novel scene, attentive viewed
The savage pomp displayed by men so rude.

The elder chieftain of the stranger band
Rose, with a belt of wampum in his hand,
Of doubtful hue, as though his nation's mind
To peace or war was equally inclined.
Grave was his gesture, and his accent slow,
Calm wisdom reigned upon his furrowed brow,
Though half-quelled flashes from his eagle eye
Bespoke a spirit martial, stern, and high.
The steady curb of politic control
Restrained the swell of an impatient soul.

“Tribe of the valley ! hearken and behold—
This wampum-belt fraternal hands unfold,
In token that your brethren of the hill
With ancient amity would greet ye still.
When yonder sun rose from the briny deep,
He saw our steps descend our native steep,
And when he sank beneath the mount again,
He left us journeying o’er the dreary plain :
Rising and falling, still from day to day,
He marked us pacing on our lengthened way.
Our feet have bent the grass, impressed the sand,
Been laved by streams, bruised by the stony strand—
And wherefore this ? Brethren, a voice was born
On the strong breezes of the opening morn ;
It told of leagues, and calumets of peace
With white invaders ; of your camp’s increase
By foreign bands. We credit not the tale :
We love our younger brethren of the vale,
But fear them not. Behold ! your choice is free
To raise the tomahawk, or plant the tree.”

He said, and waving his uplifted hand,
With dauntless eye surveyed the circling band,

Resumed his matted seat, and calmly spread
His wampum strings, of sable, white and red.
Short was the silence, for Ayuta stood,
With looks of peace, and their attention wooed :
Breathing, in terms of long accustomed art,
The guileful purpose of his faithless heart.

“Fathers, attend—your ancient brethren view—
Your hills have echoed to a voice untrue :
Not ours the deed to give a treacherous hand,
And greet the foreign spoilers of the land,
Who pluck the rose that decks our Indian ground,
And with the naked thorns its master wound ;
A morning mist hath led your mind astray,
The sun shall rise, and darkness fade away.
Behold a stranger of that evil race
Who hunt our nation like a beast of chase :
We lured him to the snare, we soothed his soul,
We made him joyous with the juicy bowl,
Nourished with care, and trained with Indian skill—
Lo ! Fathers bear him to your distant hill ;
And while his lingering death-pangs feed your
view,
Confess your brethren of the vale are true.
The calumet receive, and aid our toil
To hide the hatchet in our native soil ;
The peaceful tree, raised by united hands,
And fed with white man's blood, shall shade our
mingled bands !”

While yet he spoke, the dark and wary foes
In double files their hapless prey enclose,
With spears and arrows pointed at his breast,
He deemed it all a vision or a jest—

Throughout his frame one chill of horror ran,
Then bitterly he smiled, "Aye, such is man!—
Strangers, ye bear the aspect and the name
Of fathers, statesmen, chiefs of conquering fame :
Can perfidy uphold, and fraud defend
A nation's glory ? Will ye thus extend
The sanction of your age, your high applause,
To the foul breach of hospitable laws ?
Is such dishonest triumph meet to crown
The brightness of your martial tribes's renown ?
I came—no foe, in warlike garb arrayed,
Armed with the fiery tube, or burnished blade,
But a defenceless stranger, wooed to share
The social board, not deeming it a snare."

The Chief rejoined, "Let prudence be confessed,
Rapacious wolves our peaceful camp molest ;
We capture one—say, must the fact be proved,
That he, the prize, with ravening purpose, roved ?
No—he's a wolf ; in that his crime we trace,
He dies for crimes committed by the race.
'Tis self-defence, the same instinctive plan
That guards the reptile's nest, the home of man :
It teaches thee to spend thy fleeting breath,
Pleading for life, and us to will thy death."

Midnight arrives ;—no careful hand supplies
The lingering flame, that all unnoticed dies ;
Yet falling fragments yield a transient blaze,
While on the rugged hearth the fire decays,
Too feeble now to pierce the distant shade
Where the poor captive's care-worn limbs are laid.
His savage guards had watched from twilight's
hour,
In all the stern security of power,

Yet wakeful and alert ; each grasped the spear,
The quiver and the well-strung bow were near,
And oft a lowering glance, with keen survey,
Explored the couch of skins where Osric lay.
A sullen calm had hushed the stormy swells
Of his indignant thought, and memory dwells
On many a strange vicissitude of wo,
That marked the windings of his path below.
The sceptic doubt, the glowing hope, in turn
Would cloud his soul, or bid his spirit burn.
No guiding Providence could he survey
Through the wild lab'rinth of his chequered way ;
Then wherefore deem that aught of love divine
Should on his last dark hour of anguish shine,
Or bid the disembodied spirit rest
In the unclouded mansions of the blest ?
Again, his conscience, unawakened, saw
No flagrant breach of his Creator's law,
In his short life ; yet, with unsparing hand,
The scourge had followed him by sea and land,
And justice would require a blissful doom
Of peace and rapture in the world to come.
But all was speculation wild and vain
Within, and all without was feverish pain,
Rest, thou afflicted one ! a Saviour's love
Hath willed thy glory in the realms above .
He girded thee, although thou hast not known
His saving strength, and He will seal thee yet His
own.

Three warriors from the stranger tribe combined,
An ample guard, with false Ayuta joined
No thought of rescue or escape had cheered
The captive's mind, no human hope appeared,

He knew their Indian watchfulness could keep
At wondrous bay the leaden wand of sleep ;
But now, each fitful flash of light that played
On the dark group, their slumbering state betrayed :
With sudden start, the swarthy hand would clasp
The spear, and then relax its eager grasp ;
At length Ayuta to the entrance crept,
Stretched his tall form across the door, and slept ;
While, in a deep, unwonted torpor, near,
Each warrior bent upon his trusty spear,
Reclined, then sunk unconscious to the ground,
And dark oblivion spread her mantle round.
Osric beheld, and kindling, half arose
From his low couch, and gazed upon his foes ;
He longed from false Ayuta's side to wrest
The knife he bore, and plunge it in his breast—
To brave the hazard of uncertain strife,
And dearly part with a devoted life.

While yet he pondered on the daring thought,
A rustling sound his quick attention caught,
From the low ragged roof—again it came,
Frequent and near—Oh for one glancing flame
To gleam upon the spot ! His head he raised,
And vainly through the deepening darkness gazed ;
Few moments passed, soft on his wondering eye
Shone the pure azure of a moonlight sky,
While through the breach he saw a figure bend,
And heard the words, “ be silent and ascend.”
A cord of solid strength is flung below,
The bending figure beckons him to go,
And could he pause ? The cooling air of heaven
That kissed his brow, had new existence given—

He springs to freedom, from the gloomy cell,
And bids his sleeping guards a glad farewell.

The lonely hut, that formed his prison, stood
Midway between the camp and neighboring wood ;
Two silent guides appear, his steps to lead,
And swiftly from the haunts of man they speed :
No voice or sound the cautious stillness broke,
Till on the wood's dark confines Osric spoke—
“ Ere yet we pierce the shades, your purpose say,
And whither ye conduct my dubious way ?”
“ To safety and to peace thou goest,” replied
In gentle accent, his more youthful guide.
He started—’twas a well-remembered tone—
Yet urged again, “ Nay make your object known.”
“ Osric ! we censure not thy doubting mind,
By sad experience taught, thou know'st mankind,
And Indian faith hast proved ; yet fear not now,
For treachery never lurked on Zaila's brow ;
This heart abhors the wile. I set thee free—
My life upon thy safety. Follow me.”

With grateful wonder, with confiding love,
He followed through the mazes of the grove,
Wrapped in a rayless gloom, so deep and dread,
Some angel seemed to guide the Maiden's tread
In the wild path, and to her timid heart
A more than mortal energy impart ;
While through the dreary wilderness around ;
The savage howls of hungry wolves resound ;
The fox barks fiercely through the trembling break,
And at their feet uncoils the hissing snake ;
But onward they pursue their steadfast way,
Till, pale and feeble, gleams a distant ray ;

Brighter it smiles, and soon their gladdened view
Rests on an open stream and slight canoe.
They pause, and Zaila motions with her hand
To launch the fragile bark, and leave the land : —
“ Osric, farewell ! thou freely may'st confide
In the firm faith of this thy future guide ;
His care will lead thee to a safe retreat,
Where Christian love shall bathe thy weary feet ;
And when thou offerest up thy grateful prayer,
Oh let the Indian Maid thy benediction share ! ”

A tear is bursting from the Wanderer's eye,
While his soothed bosom prompts the fond reply :—
“ Zaila ! a poor unfriended Exile gives
The only gift his wayward fortune leaves,
A heart long steeled by strong adversity,
Now won, and softened into love by thee.
O let thy unprotected steps no more
The blood-stained haunt, the faithless camp, explore,
Lest the deep thunderbolt of vengeance dread
Fall on thy gentle and defenceless head !
Share thou my lot ; the Christian race will give
The means for patient industry to live ;
Be mine—and sweet will seem the daily toil
That tills for Zaila the penurious soil,
Pursues the flying deer through tangled woods,
Or snares the gliding tenant of the floods.
In boyhood's days, in wild impetuous youth,
And riper years, I sought the phantom Truth ;

My fancy robed a form in rainbow dyes,
And fondly chased the visionary prize,
Till, weary of delusion, vice, and wo,
I deemed she never could reside below.

When Hope had spread her pinions to depart,
I find the treasure lodged in Zaila's heart.
Thou gav'st the caution, when my heedless ear,
Held it the language of ungenerous fear ;
Thy pity came to succor and to save
The dupe who scorned thee, from a well-earned
grave ;—
Reject me not ; my grateful soul shall rest
On the pure truth of thy unspotted breast :
Let summer friends, like summer blossoms, fly—
Thy faith, an evergreen, can brave the winter sky.”

The maid, unmoved, his glowing cheek surveys,
Reproach and pity mingled in her gaze ;
Then from her lip the solemn accents part—
“ Can such deliverance move thy stubborn heart ?
Light was the risk, to drug thy treacherous foes
With drowsy herbs, and the low roof unclose ;
Poor is the boon—a few uncertain years
Of lengthened progress in a vail of tears.
Thy love devote, thy praises breathe to Him
Who took the cup, kissed the o'erflowing brim,
And drained the very dregs of woe and wrath,
To save thy soul from everlasting death.
I see thou marvell'st how these wilds have heard
The joyful tidings of salvation's word—
Nay, rather blush they were not heard from thee ;
Thy mind was fearless, and thy speech was free.
But no compassion in thy heart was found
For souls unnumbered perishing around,
Thy fellow-men, who drew their natal breath
In lands of darkness, and the shades of death,
Bound in the chain of ignorance and sin,
No help without, and not a hope within.

Thine had it been to see the day-star rise,
On the deep gloom of these benighted skies,
To lift on high the banner of the Word,
And wield with dauntless hand the spirit's sword,
Champion of heaven ;—O hadst thou thus been
found,

A thousand seraphs had encamped around
Thy shining path ; the everlasting arms
Supported, led, and guarded thee from harms :
Yea, He who bade through every nation preach
The Gospel, and his free salvation teach,
Had been thy shield, thy counsellor, and friend,
'Lo I am with you, even to the end !' "

" Zaila, that sacred privilege is given
To holy men, the ministers of heaven ;
The solemn truths of such mysterious theme
Would ill my uncommissioned lips beseem."

" Nay, rather say those truths could never rest
In the dark cell of an unholy breast.
If in thy path a bleeding wretch be found,
Wilt thou deny to staunch the flowing wound,
Nor dare with pitying hand to soothe the smart,
Because unlicensed in the healing art ?
But fare thee well ! may God direct thy feet
In peace and safety to a far retreat,
A sandy vale, where life's glad river flows,
A wilderness that blossoms as the rose ;
'Twas there the heaven-born ray of light divine
Burst upon Zaila's soul—O may it gladden thine !"

Wondering, ashamed, and half-displeased, he
stood,
Till that light form was lost within the wood,

Then slowly turned him to the stream, whose wave
To the pale ray a faint reflection gave ;
The shallow boat was rocking on the tide,
And there the Indian stood, his future guide,
Whose folded hands and eye upraised, declare
The deep devotion of a mental prayer.
Unusual was the sight, and Osric saw,
With peevish scorn, half-quelled by solemn awe ;
His conscience told that simple prayer was said
For him, a thankless wretch, who never prayed ;
And Zaila's keen reproof had lodged a dart
Of strange disquiet in his swelling heart :
To meet the humbling guest high thoughts arose,
What, ! should the soul that scorned a thousand foes,
That through the world, defying and defied,
Bore high the banner of unvanquished pride,
Before such puny arms that banner furl ?
A praying savage, and a preaching girl !
In haughty silence to the bank he drew.
A rough warm bear-skin lined the light canoe ;
Gladly he stretched him on the narrow bed,
Another hide the careful Indian spread,
His little bark then hastened to unmoor,
And, nicely poising, paddled from the shore.

How sweet and soothing is the moonlight beam
That breaks the cloud, and smiles upon the stream !
How soft the calm that stills a throbbing breast,
When toil and anguish yield to tranquil rest !
And oh, how pleasant is the breeze that blows
Across the cheek where new-born freedom glows !
Osric confessed the charm, and soon subside
The angry waves of discontent and pride ;

Beneath the still solemnity of night,
The shifting scene, robed in a silvery light,
Presents more varied beauties to his view
Than fancy's airy pencil ever drew.
Now, swiftly gliding on their liquid way,
Through the entangling wood their progress lay,
Whose bending stems inclined from either side,
And bowed to commune o'er the darkened tide.
And now they pass, where to the struggling wave
Unwilling rocks a scanty passage gave,
And, sternly frowning, overhung the bed,
Their giant sides with rugged heather spread ;
While birds of night with heavy pinion, soar,
And, screaming, ask who dares their haunt explore.
And now, retiring to a wider bound,
The rocks in ample crescent sweep around,
A grassy lawn slopes to the river's brink,
Where graceful willows bend the head, and drink,
While fading stalks of many a flower declare
How bright the garb by summer woven there.
Enriched by frequent streams the current grows
To more majestic width, and freely flows.
But now the moon steals down the shaded sky,
And gentle sleep hath sealed the wanderer's eye.

A lovelier morning beam had never smiled,
To gild a spot so beauteous and so wild,
Than that soft ray which through the foliage broke,
And cheered the lonely scene where Osric woke.
A bank, adorned with all the forest's pride,
Rose in a gradual slope on either side ;
Mixed with the fir, and cedar, ever green,
Some leafless stems of oak and birch were seen,
And all the rich variety of hue
That cultivated woodlands never knew ;

While dew-drops, small as clustered diamonds,
gleam

Beneath the splendor of the rising beam.

With soothing sound the gurgling waters roll,

But sweeter notes along their surface stole,

When from the Indian's lip, in artless lays,

Rose to the Lord his morning hymn of praise.

Soft was the tone, not meant for mortal ear,

Too faint for earth to mark, but not for heaven to
hear.

Yet Osric in such fixed attention hung,

He caught the meaning of the words he sung:—

“O Thou! who, through the perils of the night,

Hast safely brought us to the morning light,

While thousands have resigned their vital breath,

And all unsuccored, slept the sleep of death,

Lord, what are we, that thou should'st thus display

Thy wondrous love, and guard us on our way,

Bidding the tempest of the winter cease,

And saying to the troubled waters, ‘Peace!’

Touched with a feeling of our wants and woes,

Why ever thus thy pitying love disclose,

If not to lead us to a gracious throne,

To make our deeper need and sorrow known,

To mourn the curse of sin's polluting stain,

Pardon, and peace, and strengthening help to gain?

Thy covenant, O Lord, with night and day

Unbroken stands, while ages roll away;

The brighter covenant thy love hath given,

Survives this fleeting world, and reigns in heaven.

O seal that promise on our inmost soul,

There write thy law, there fix thy firm control,

And since thy word the sweet assurance gave

That 'twas thy chosen work to seek and save,

Lord, let the Sun of righteousness arise,
With healing on his wings, to glad those darkened
eyes."

He turned with gentle look, and, gazing wept
O'er the poor wanderer, who in semblance slept.
Then the light oar with double speed he plied,
And urged his bark along the glittering tide.

Now to the stream a crisper curl was given,
And clouds were drifted o'er the face of heaven ;
Deep folds of grey, tinged with a dusky red,
Above the eastern hills ascending spread ;
Each following gust more piercing cold became,
Striking a painful chill through Osric's frame.
His pilot marked, with ever-watchful eye,
The quick transitions of the wave and sky,
Then spoke—"How close those gathering vapors
crowd !

A tempest rides upon yon eastern cloud :
To-morrow's dawn may see an icy chain
Check this bold tide, now speeding to the main.
Now seek we some propitious spot and form
A timely shelter 'gainst the coming storm ;
Sure tokens of the falling snow appear,
A wintry visit, sudden and severe."
The first fair landing place the travellers seize,
And hide their little boat among the trees ;
Fo Jacob (such the Indian's chosen name,
When to the sacred font erewhile he came,)
Feared lest the baffled foe might yet pursue,
And trace their cautious route by that canoe.
His careful hand his comrade then supplied
With hatchet, musket, and a bear's black hide.

A light repast they took, and onward went
To cross the wood, and climb the near ascent.
The summit gained, they find the rugged ground
With mountain-pines, and towering birch-trees
crowned.

No fit retreat their anxious eyes survey,
While through the tangling shrubs they rend their
way :

But downward slopes bespeak a neighboring vale,
Whence rough and broken sounds the ear assail ;
Those welcome notes rejoice the Indian guide,
“ Hear’st thou the roaring of that mountain tide ?
Urge we the quick descent, secure to breathe
From our long labor in the vale beneath.”

Now mingled with the stately pines, they view
The lowlier fir, and beach of changeful hue,
While in a smoother course, they lightly pass
O’er many-colored moss, and velvet grass
Till, issuing from the grove, in liquid light
The torrent bursts upon their dazzled sight.
Steep was the path, and wide the rocky bed
Where on their eager chase the billows sped :
Huge broken fragments in the channel lay,
To fret, but not impede its forceful way,
Above their heads the sparkling waters bound,
Then in a dark deep eddy whirl around,
Now for a tranquil space forget to rave,
Now leap another rock, and curl the foaming
wave.

The countless, undiscovered springs, that rise
Among the hills, combine their large supplies,
And here, engaged in never-ending race,
The dancing currents hold their noisy chase,

And seem among their native wilds to raise
Proud songs of liberty, and joyous hymns of praise ;
While bowing woods, robed in eternal green,
Echo the sound, and smile upon the scene.
The rocks that scarce that headlong stream confine,
Dripping with spray, like polished marble shine ;
The trees, luxuriant, wear a brighter hue,
For ever freshened by the scattered dew :
Abruptly rising from the further side,
A lofty mountain waves its leafy pride ;
Th' opposing bank presents a softer shade,
A swelling hill more sparingly arrayed ;
And here, in silent joy, the pilgrims stood,
Tracing the progress of the mighty flood,
Which, bounding on its way with ceaseless roar,
Passed a rude angle, and was seen no more.
Still on the breeze tumultuous murmurs rose,
Till died the cadence in a distant close.

Behind a little plain, on sloping ground,
A clump of trees the travellers' search had found,
Whose taper stems, in native order placed,
A small rude circle sheltered and embraced.
Within the narrow bound they first proceed
To clear the brushwood and intrusive weed,
Then mounting high on two inclining trees,
With straining arm each bushy top they seize,
These firmly bound present a crested dome ;
And next by several paths the builders roam,
From birchen trunks the pliant rind they tear,
And spreading branches to their dwelling bear ;
Wove with the circling stems, and overlaid
With moss and twisted bands, the fence was made,
While solid bark, warm, light, and water-proof,
Patched the rude fabric, and secured the roof.

Smote by the axe, the neighboring branches shed
For fuel, wood, and leaves to form a bed.

Osric with glowing smile the dwelling eyed—
‘ Thus, and so soon, are nature’s wants supplied !
Yet senseless man inhales the tainted breath
In crowded dens of folly, shame, and death,
And scorns the richest boons his God has given,
The simple fruits of earth, the beam of heaven,
The stately canopies of waving woods,
The solemn music of the rolling floods,
The note of feathered harmony, the rest
So dear and sacred to the reasoning breast.
Free as the air by birth, by choice a slave,
He spurns a native throne to clasp a painted grave.
Throughout creation’s wide and wondrous plan,
The speck, the blemish of the work, is man.”

“ And is there then,” the thoughtful Indian cried,
“ No balm in Gilead for the wounds of pride ?
Pride is the deep-struck malady within,
The root of sorrow, and the gate of sin :
God’s word was this, ‘ Transgress, and ye shall die ;’
‘ Transgress, and be as gods,’ the tempter’s cry ;
Pride heard, nor paused Jehovah’s wrath to prove,
And pride rejects the message of His love.
Pride brought the ills thy hasty words condemn,
And pride hath wrought on thee to censure them.
Plain is my speech, and slight the lore I know,
Yet can my lips the latent evil show,
For long I bowed beneath the yoke of sin,
And served that tyrant lord, enthroned within ,
The voice of conscience and of God defied,
In all the daring impotence of pride.

Chief of a num'rous tribe, in war renowned
My name was echoed through the lands around ;
Placed on a giddy eminence I stood,
By nature bold, by men accounted good,
For from this lofty station glancing down,
My heart condemned all vices but its own,
And deemed itself a pure and hallowed spot,
A bright exception from the general blot.
But God in mercy drew me to the cross,
And showed my richest gain to be but loss
He bade me pray, heard the imperfect prayer,
Raised my sad soul from darkness and despair ;
His hand the quickening stream of life hath given,
And fed me with the living bread from heaven
Though round my course conflicting billows roar,
He guards and guides me to the happy shore,
And give an anchor that can never fail,
Moored to the mighty Rock, and fixed within the
vail."

A glow of hope, a gleam of holy joy,
Tinged his dark cheek, and sparkled in his eye.
But now the dreary night comes on apace,
And blacker clouds the scowling sky deface,
The torrent rages with a louder swell,
And sweeping blasts th' approaching storm foretell.
Their fire the wanderers rouse, but slowly came
From the damp wood a pale reluctant flame :
Sparely they diet on their slender store,
And form with pointed stakes a nightly door,
On either side the central fire they spread,
A bear-skin mantle on each leafy bed,
Nor can the raving of the tempest keep
From lids so wearied the repose of sleep.

CANTO III.

THE morning comes, but clouds of falling snow
Obscure the beam, and veil the wonted glow,
While not a feature nor a tint remains
Of all that marked the hills, the woods, the plains,
Save where between the banks of dazzling white
The rapid torrent bounds from height to height ;
But dark and dingy dyes the waters bear,
The sparkling spray appears no longer fair,
For all is black, contrasted with the hue
Of glaring white that palls the sickening view.
Beneath that snowy mass the groves have sunk,
It loads the boughs, and drifts upon the trunk,
Hems round the strangers in their narrow home,
And crowns the pigmy hut with alabaster dome.
While Osric viewed the scene with pensive eye,
The Indian came, a comment to supply.
“ Praise be to Him, the prayer of faith who heard,
For wind and storm fulfil his awful word,
And He alone the burdened cloud restrained,
Till thou, poor captive, hadst deliverance gained.
How had thine own, or Zaila's gentle tread,
O'er yielding snow all undiscovered sped ?

How could my frail canoe the blast abide,
Or stem the fury of the storm-lashed tide?
Smooth thy bent brow, and breathe the voice of
 praise
To Him whose mercy crowns thy thankless days;
And spares thee yet, to learn the joyful song
Of ransomed souls that in his temple throng."

Osric rejoined, with mingled pride and shame,
"Know'st thou not, Chief, I bear the Christian
 name?"

My earliest steps that sacred temple trod,
My lisping tongue confessed the living God,
The cross was signed upon my infant brow,
And riper judgment ratified the vow,
To Him whose will my thread of being twined,
And Him, the bleeding Saviour of mankind.
No other hope, no other faith I own,
But seek eternal life through him alone,
For He, my righteous Judge and pitying Lord,
The sin will pardon, and the good reward.
Such is the creed my native land receives,
Each tongue proclaims it, and each heart believes.
But why thine own and Zaila's faith agree
With God's pure word, I yet must learn from thee."

Now to their cold but needful task they go
To clear a pathway through the drifted snow,
And seek the cowering game in covert near,
In wildness yet, unknown to man and fear.
With interest keenly wakened, Osric eyed,
Faithful in both, his monitor and guide;
And rarely had the deep scanned book of men
Displayed a theme so worthy of his ken.

The outline of his story, slight and brief,
Showed Jacob what he seemed, a warrior chief,
Though mantled in the simplest garb of those
Who rouse the woodland quarry from repose.
While deed and word a mellowed judgment speak,
The bloom of youth still glowed upon his cheek ;
And much was there to tell of lineage high,
The bold expansive brow, the piercing eye,
The mind's deep fervor beaming from his face
His port was majesty, his movement grace.
Sedate of look, yet o'er his smile there stole
A joyousness—the sunshine of the soul.
If glance of pride, or flash of rising ire,
Burst from the embers of a martial fire,
A moment, and 'twas gone—the harsh and rude,
By Christian love were softened and subdued :
Vanished the passing cloud of native pride,
Ere he could shake the parted locks aside,
And raise the placid brow, the beaming eye,
Stamped with the gentlest zeal of meek humility.

Closed the short day, the shades of evening came,
Again they rest them by the cheerful flame,
And Osric, pleased, a deep regard bestows,
While from his comrade's lip the story flows,
How the good Shepherd in compassion sought,
And to the fold his straying Indians brought.

“ My former state 'twere needless to describe ;
I reigned sole chieftain of a warlike tribe,
And when I saw my nation's foes increase,
I fought, and purchased a victorious peace.
Youthful in years, but deemed in counsel sage,
Renown and power my every thought engage ;

Still seeking, still of all I sought possess'd,
An aching void was yawning in my breast,
The craving of a soul that never dies
And cannot live on earthly vanities.
While, goaded by disquiet, I pursued
With feverish haste what seemed the public good,
My restless purpose, changeful as the wind,
Wore the fair garb of love to human kind.
Half deified, and ruling with his nod,
The worm Azmourai seemed a nation's god ;
Applauding throngs would press upon my tread,
To war or council when the way I led,
Or bowed in impious rites my reason scorned—
Within all vile, and all without adorned.

“ Such was my state, when first the man of God,
Alone, unarmed, our martial valley trod.
Round his sweet home the eastern billow rolls,
But love impelled him here, the love of souls.
Not his to praise a God obscurely known,
Or with a Saviour's merits blend his own ;
Not his of virtue and reward to dream,
Far other thoughts inspired his lofty theme.
He spoke of man, rebellious, ruined, lost,
His pardon purchased at a countless cost,
So dearly purchased, yet so freely given
By Him who vanquished hell and opened heaven.
He told, that as the branch, the leaf, the fruit,
All draw their being from their living root,
And severed from that root are worthless, spurned,
Bound in a bundle for the flames, and burned,
So nourished, so supported, and allied,
In Christ, their root, His branches must abide ;

He, the true vine, the mystic sap conveys ;
Unfed by Him the drooping bough decays ;
And man's best work, in his Creator's eye,
Is but a shrivelled leaf, a dead deformity.

“ ‘ Go,’ he would say, ‘ and in the forest near
Plant the dry polished shaft of yonder spear,
There bid the rootless stem to life expand,
And wave luxuriant branches o’er the land :
The hope were vain—closed is each pliant pore,
The circling juice revisits them no more.
By guilt dissevered from the living tree,
Through Adam’s fault, so dead and dry are we ;
Nor profitless alone, for tainting sin
Pollutes our lives, defiles our hearts within ;
Jehovah’s purity our race disclaims,
His justice dooms us to eternal flames :
But mercy hath revealed an open path,
A covert from the tempest of His wrath.’
And day by day the oft-repeated strain
We heard, ‘ Repent, believe, be born again.’
With inward joy I listened to the sound,
And deemed it well applied to all around ;
My conscience loathed the crimes I daily saw,
My mind did homage to the moral law :
Pleased with the code that heav’n-sent preacher
taught,
Oft by his side the lowly hut I sought,
Approving, while he urged his message home,
‘ Forsake your sins—flee from the wrath to come.’
The law and reason to my view had shown
Their deep corruptions—Satan veiled my own.

“ Ardent in all my schemes, I purposed now
To plight in public my baptismal vow.

I knew a thousand voices would combine
To echo promptly back the tones of mine,
For I was loved :—my heart will not forget,
I loved them well—and well I love them yet.”

While to his brow his dark-brown hands he
press'd,
A stealing tear relieved the chieftain's breast,
And all the tides of troubled memory roll
In melting sadness over Osric's soul ;
Short was the pause, returning peace illumed
The Indian's mind, and calmly he resumed.

“ Soon to the preacher's dwelling I repaired,
Revealed my purpose, and my hope declared,
With boastful smile ; I paused for his reply.
No answering hope beamed in his downcast eye ;
Deep solemn thought was teeming in his look,
And strong emotion struggled while he spoke :
His form he raised, his open brow displayed,
In truth's unbending majesty arrayed,
Awful, as one commissioned from above,
Tender, as yearning with a brother's love,
Calm, as unheeding aught that man could do,
But kindling while his theme to deeper import
grew.

“ I grieve, O chief, thy infant plan to blight,
Thy wish is laudable, thy purpose right,
To banish idols, and to build a shrine,
For purer worship formed, and rites divine,
And thus thy nation by example draw
To own Jehovah's name and keep his law
And if indeed the strict command he gave
To sinful man, could justify and save ;

If outward washing could remove the stain,
And blanch to pristine purity again,
My willing hand the cleansing stream should give,
My joyful lips proclaim, obey, and live ;
But vain such empty rite, and vainer still,
Who deem that strict commandment they fulfil,
For though the mind assent, and call it good,
Alas ! we cannot do the things we would ;
For we are carnal, vile, self-sold to sin,
Offences multiply, lust wars within,
While for one tarnish of corruption's breath
The righteous law condemns, and thunders death.
O think not the baptismal stream is given,
That man by pious works may merit heaven !
I cannot cause iniquity to cease,
I will not soothe you in a treacherous peace,
Nor dare I seek my master's fold to fill
With flocks that do not heed his voice and will.
To heal a healthy soul he was not sent,
Nor call the just and righteous to repent,
Nor o'er the rags of pride to which we cling,
A veil of specious holiness to fling :
He heals the sick ; He bids the outcast come
To find a welcome in his Father's home ;
He clothes the naked in a spotless dress,
The garment of imputed righteousness,
And those who madly would exalt their own,
Despise the word that makes his mercy known.
Hast thou, Azmourai, through his teaching seen
That thou art sick, and naked, and unclean ?
And wouldst thou come, and lead thy kindred race,
Poor helpless suppliants, to the throne of grace,
And casting all self-confidence away,
Live on that unbought grace from day to day,

And seek through faith alone the blessings given,
A heart renewed, and purged from ancient leaven,
Direction for the mazy road of life,
Strength for the race and courage for the strife?
The race, the strife, when fierce malignant foes,
Unseen, shall cross thy path, thy way oppose.
If this be thy desire, my hand shall shed
Th' appointed stream upon thy favored head,
And may the Lord before thy spirit place
The laver of regenerating grace!
May new creation to thy soul be given,
Born of the Holy Ghost, and sealed an heir of
heaven!

But if thou com'st to act the trifler's part,
Content to change thy creed, but not thy heart,
If policy would make the rite her own,
Ordained for penitence and faith alone,
Oh what am I, that I should dare degrade
Jehovah's mission to a sordid trade,
And with a hollow vain illusion snare
Th' immortal souls of men, that claim my deepest
care!

“ Offended and amazed, I turned away,
Though with mild tone he wooed my longer stay,
Withdrawn beneath the forest's twilight shade,
His words I pondered, and myself surveyed.
I asked, could such deception dwell within?
Condemning sinners, could I cherish sin?
Dishonor and disgrace the name I loved,
And violate the law my mind approved?
The barb had struck; I felt the stern controul,
And deep conviction labored in my soul.

My spotless fame and boasted virtues seem
The mocking shadows of a feverish dream,
My outward deed, my secret thought, I saw
Weighed in the balance of a perfect law,
While conscience, bursting through the riven veil,
Viewed TEKEL written on the mounting scale.
When meted by the sinful race around,
Righteous and pure my every act was found,
But to the spirit of the law applied,
I called for rocks my guilty head to hide.
Who can declare the agonizing smart,
The keen disquiet of a sin-sick heart,
When God, the way of mercy to prepare,
Reveals the hidden nest of vipers there !
The embryo crimes that hourly spring to life,
Malice, and lust, and blasphemy, and strife,
Crush one with vig'rous hand ; ere that be dead,
Another and another rears the head,
And to the tortured soul, with poisoned breath,
Each whispers judgment and eternal death.

“ Slowly but surely, thus the Lord withdrew
The mist of nature that obscured my view,
And many a day reluctant pride confined
From mortal eye the anguish of my mind ;
Till, racked and wearied with accusing thought,
Once more the slighted man of God I sought
In his far hunt, whose little lonely light
Guided my footsteps through the gloom of night.

“ Methought that narrow spot of sacred ground
Diffused a halo of repose around,
For when I gained the meek abode of peace,
I felt the tumult in my bosom cease.

Wishing unmarked the dwelling to explore,
With noiseless step I reached th' unfastened door,
The teacher sate—upon his knee there lay
The chart that guided his mysterious way,
The word inspired :—a glimmering taper shed
Its downward ray upon the page he read,
But purer light upon his spirit beamed,
A holy joy in every feature gleamed ;
And as the starry diadem of night
In ebon darkness glows more clearly bright,
That Christian's soul, illumed with peace divine,
By contrast deepened all the gloom of mine.
Anon his lifted hand he slowly spread,
And raised with sudden smile his bending head,
Full on his broad fair brow the taper shone—
I gazed and listened to the low-breathed tone ;
First indistinct, then swelled in triumph high,
While expectation sparkled in his eye.

“ ‘ Lord of all lords, of kings the mighty King !
Saviour, to thee the lands shall incense bring—
Yes, from the rising to the setting flame
The Gentiles shall adore, and magnify thy name !’

“ He ceased ; with throbbing breast I nearer
drew,
And still reluctant met his wondering view,
My humble guise his glad attention won,
Ere my o'erburdened heart the tale begun,
But oh the rapture of the smile that played
Across his furrowed cheek when all was said !
Awhile he probed the wound with needful care,
Lest aught of dark deceit might fester there :
But when he saw the self-aborring shame
That rent my conscience and my soul o'ercame,

While to myself my stubborn nature seemed
Too hard to melt, too vile to be redeemed ;
With every winning call his mind had stored
From God's own Book, he drew me to the Lord.
'Behold the Lamb ! the spotless sacrifice,
For thee he suffers, and for thee He dies !
Lo, the rich stream that murderous malice drains,
In the last drop from those exhausted veins,
Shall in a tide of mercy o'er thee roll,
And wash and purify thy guilty soul.
His dying agony thy pardon wins,
He bore thy sorrows and sustained thy sins.
His stripes have healed thee, He was bruised to save,
For thee the Lord of life hath slumbered in the grave.
With glory fraught, behold the Conqueror rise,
While shouting seraphs throng the bending skies,
Captivity is bound in captive chains,
Vanquished are death and hell, and Jesus reigns !
For rebel man receiving gifts divine,
Hark ! he invites thee : sinner, they are thine.
He makes repentance, faith, and hope thy own,
Thy pardon seals, removes the heart of stone,
And gives, while confidence and love increase,
The spirit of adoption, grace, and peace :
With God's whole armor girds thee for the fight,
And bids thee more than conquer in His might ;
Stedfast through Him, thy everlasting friend,
Pledged to uphold, and keep thee to the end.
With tenderest accent thy regard he wins—
'Come, ye who groan beneath a weight of sins,
My hand shall ease ye from your laboring care,
My yoke is mild, my burden light to bear.'
Ye homeless crew, to want and wo resigned,
Naked, and poor, and hungry, maimed and blind,

No longer through the lanes and hedges tread,
Slain is the victim, and the feast is spread :
The King invites you to His royal home,
The Spirit and the Bride re-echo, come ;
Let him who hears repeat the joyous sound,
Bear it, ye gales, the circling globe around !
The stream of life is flowing broad and free,
Poor parching soul, it flows to nourish thee !

“ Soothed and assured by God’s unchanging word,
My fainting heart found refuge in the Lord.
And soon surrounded by the gazing crowd,
With contrite tears before the font I bowed,
Nor from the frowning throng disguised I aught
Of what Jehovah’s pardoning love had wrought.
The many heard me with a stern disdain,
A few, more favored, listened not in vain ;
A little flock was gathered to the fold ;
But rumor’s voice of rising faction told.
Had I, whom conquest to my tribe endeared,
With warrior boldness at the font appeared
In regal pride, they had been lightly freed
From the frail trammels of their careless creed.
But when I bent a mourning sinner there,
My guilt and God’s compassion to declare,
Fiercely against the Gospel’s humbling plan
Rose all the in-born enmity of man.
Awhile in stifled murmurs they complained,
As though disgrace the Indian name had stained ;
And long with every soothing word I strove
To win their souls, and to regain their love ;
But now revolt grew loud—the council sate,
And discord triumphed in the hot debate :

Intestine war was nigh : the choice was mine
To yield the sceptre, or the cross resign ;
The Lord forsook me not ; I bade farewell
To the blue mountains and the verdant dell,
The flowery chains that bind the heart to home—
What were they, balanced with the joys to come ?
We wandered forth, a little exiled band,
And found a dwelling in a distant land.
Pilgrims and strangers on this rolling sphere,
Why seeks frail man a habitation here ?
Enough—too much—if we possess a shed,
Where Jesus had no shelter for His head.
Let it, O Lord, our portion ever be,
Cheerly to take the cross and follow thee ;
Content, if through the wilds of wo and pain
The power of thine arm our feebleness sustain !”

The midnight tempest raged, but all was rest.
Within the patient Indian's peaceful breast ;
Sleeps he not well, who knows the Lord has spread
A guard of angels round his lowly bed ?
Nor smile in scorn—that thought is not allied
To erring folly or presuming pride :
Such wondrous love the Word of Truth declares,
And seraphs tend upon salvation's heirs.
Seest thou a Christian, outcast and forlorn,
Exposed to hatred, calumny, and scorn ?
Know, though embattled worlds conspire to wound,
The angel of the Lord encamps around
That child of wo ; and brings deliverance near,
In the dread moment of distressful fear.
Why doubt ye this ? because the carnal mind
By nature dark, incredulous, and blind,
Shrinks from the Gospel light that would expose

The cowering ambush of infernal foes,
And, reckless of their number, craft, and rage,
Would in its own good strength the battle wage,
And dreams it yet unaided shall prevail—
A feather warring with a driving gale !

E'en such our Osric was, and long he braved
With courage undismayed, each storm that raved,
Man was his study, nature all his book,
Whence his dark view of human kind he took,
And haughtily maintained his towering place,
The self-appointed censor of the race.
But warily his comrade had supplied,
With skilful hand, a caustic to his pride ;
He, an unlettered Indian of the wood,
On the same fancied eminence had stood,
And in the sketch that simple tale had shown
Of Jacob's mind, the wanderer viewed his own,
He strove to trace him through his blissful change,
But all was dark, and intricate, and strange.
Amid conflicting feelings, undefined,
One clear impression dwelt upon his mind ;
The deed, the purport of his Indian friend
Sprung from a motive—pointed to an end—
His motive was untarnished, pure, sublime,
His object fixed beyond the grasp of time,
And all the tenor of his upright plan
To God was glory, and good-will to man—
To his own soul contentment and repose,
A life of usefulness, a tranquil close,
While more than hope seemed to his spirit given,
A calm assurance of the joys of heaven.
What was his own design ? through certain wo
To chace imaginary bliss below :

His life a vision, and impervious gloom
Shrouding the wide domain beyond the tomb.

Restless he pondered through the stormy night,
And gladly hailed the welcome blush of light.
The tumult of the elements was lost
In the still, deep intensity of frost ;
No swarthy clouds repelled the heavenward view,
The pleasant vault above was clear and blue,
And half transparent shone the dancing tide,
While sparkling crystal fringed each stony side.
Now the keen frost that bound the truant spray,
Arrests the little streams that steal away,
Transfixed on rocky fragments ere they pass,
They rise in slender pinnacles of glass,
In feathery plumage seem to nod above,
In wreath depend, spread in a mimic grove,
Or fling the pigmy arch of triumph wide.
Brittle as fame, and vain as human pride.

The sharp rude air more vigorous life supplies,
Bidding the nerves contract, the spirits rise ;
Emboldened now, the various game around
From covert move and try the frozen ground ;
The bear unwieldy, and gigantic deer,
With cautious step, at their invaders peer,
Then fleetly speed away, and, as they go,
Dash from the trembling woods a storm of snow.
The startled birds from forth the branches spring,
And for new shelter spread the shivering wing ;
Braced by the air, enlivened by the beam,
Gaily they float and flutter near the stream,
And yield, their little pains and pleasures o'er,
Victims to swell our travellers' needful store.

These, while pursuing their uncertain prey,
With cheerful converse sped the short-lived day,
And Osric found they journeyed to behold
The British Pastor and his Indian fold,
Who far from warring tribes a spot possess,
That piety and peace combine to bless,
A plain whose soil a rich abundance yields,
Where patient labor tills the fertile fields,
While circling hills a native bulwark raise,
And every cave resounds Jehovah's praise.

“ Here Zaila, with her wounded sire had fled,
While raging foes pursued their doubtful tread ;
A hunter, beating through the woods around
The fainting fugitives exhausted found,
Supplied their craving wants with glad relief,
And to the Pastor led the bleeding chief.
And as beside its captive dam, the fawn
Unshackled trips, by filial fondness drawn,
So fraught with young simplicity and grace,
His Zaila tends upon her father's pace.
The wounds were rude, and tedious was the cure,
But native courage armed him to endure,
And native stubbornness, alas ! could blind,
To the clear Gospel ray that chieftain's mind.
Like the deaf adder, from the charmer's tongue,
Frowning he turned away : but Zaila hung
On every tone that sought her heart to move
With the sweet theme of her Redeemer's love ;
Yet secretly believing, she repress'd
Before her sire, the zeal that warmed her breast,
'Twas so the preacher counselled, for a while,
Until the Lord with pitying grace should smile

On prayer unceasing, that besought His might,
To turn that sinner's darkness into light.
Homeward at length he wills his way to wend,
And Zaila on his step will still attend.
His stern displeasure into silence awed
The timid voice that wooed him to his God.
With lamb-like meekness bending to his frown,
She took the cross, sure prelude to the crown.
Her heart was sad, yet all resigned her mien—
But wherefore thus describe what thou hast seen,
What thou hast loved?—She dwelt for many a day,
A harmless dove among the birds of prey,
And on th' unhallowed spot where Satan reigned,
A secret worshipper of Christ remained.
Thou cam'st an honored guest, and Zaila deemed
The light revealed from heaven would then have
beamed

On her dark country : for she simply thought
The white man's lip must of his God have taught.
The hope was vain—yet pity was awake
O'er thy misfortunes, for her teacher's sake ;
His countryman thou wert, and well she knew
Her tribe was hollow, and their heart untrue ;
Their selfish policy, unjustly wise,
Beheld in thee some future sacrifice,
And prized thee well. A secret envoy sought
Our peaceful plain, and Zaila's greeting brought ;
Told of thy state, and her foreboding fear
Of treachery within, and danger near.
I came, and while our doubtful schemes we
planned,
From distant hills arrived that warlike band.
'Twas Zaila freed thee. To the Lord alone
Be praise, for all the mercies He hath shown."

While side by side our hunters ranged the wood,
Bounding o'er broken rock and rolling flood,
Osric his guide with growing friendship viewed,
His mind with native dignity endued,
Affection beaming in his guileless look,
And noble candor breathing when he spoke :
'The manly soul, in peril undismayed,
And manners gentle as the noontide shade ;
Strange to his breast was that self-righteous pride,
Unseemly boast conveying, " Stand aside,
For I am holier far." Ye favored race,
Of faith partakers, and renewed by grace,
Take heed, lest oft ye lay a stumbling-stone
Between the sinner and a Saviour's throne ;
Thankful that ye are not as others are,
The Pharisee remember, and beware.
Where should the leaven, where the light be found,
But leavening the lump, shining on darkness
round ?

Each blending with its contrast, each with good
Quelling the evil mind, the sullen mood ;
The chilling aspect of rebuke austere
May blight the budding promise of the year.
Commend with joy, reluctantly reprove,
By sufferance win, and overcome by love.
O for the gentleness of Paul, who press'd
His wayward nurslings to a fostering breast !
Whose heart, to yearning tenderness awake,
A curse could welcome for his brethren's sake,
Excusing others, while himself he paints
'The chief of sinners, and the least of saints.

Now Jacob deems, that, from obstruction freed,
The frost-bound earth invites them to proceed :

Equipments meet they hasten to prepare,
The smoke-tanned covering of the slaughtered
bear,
To form a double guard from piercing cold,—
Hard pointed staves their footsteps to uphold,
Wide spreading shoes to cross the yielding snow,
Where dangerous hollows might be veiled below,
A store of flints, and pouches well supplied
With game, or newly dressed, or firmly dried.
A few short days, and they forsake the spot,
Yet turn to gaze upon their snow-capped cot,
And list once more to the enlivening sound
Of the rude waters that unheeding bound ;
For tyrant winter in his sternest mood
Could never quite enchain that sportive flood.
Whence come the pangs that Osric's heart assail ?
What linked him to the narrow frozen vale ?
Who taught their rugged dwelling-place to wear
Aspect so sweet ? The son of peace was there ;
And such the charm of heaven-descended peace,
Her breathing bids the war of passion cease
In rebel hearts that pass her quiet cell,
While half they sigh, " Here it were good to
dwell !"

Now sterner tasks the travellers' strength demand,
With slippery step they mount the frozen land,
Or through the mazy forest laboring go,
Surrounded, bedded, canopied with snow.
Unequal paths deceive their sinking tread,
And crystal showers descend upon their head,
For when they pluck th' opposing branches by,
Ten thousand spars fall glittering from on high.

While from each pore the toil-drawn moisture
steals,
It turns to frost : their very breath congeals ;
No respite must relieve that panting breath,
They may not pause, for here repose were death ;
Yet nought from Osric's lip one murmur drew,
To him 'twas welcome all, for all was new.

As evening fell, a warmer spot they found,
Where firs of fadeless green stood clustering round.
Each loaded bough its feathery freight resigns,
Bends to their will, and in a fence entwines ;
They clear the narrow ground, extend the skin,
And slowly raise the lingering flame within,
Then take a short repose, and speed their way,
Long ere the mellowing east proclaims the day.
A mighty plain before their sight is spread,
Heaven's spangled arch is stretched above their
head,

The moon is hovering on the distant west,
And more than half-extinguished glides to rest,
Revealing where a ridge of mountains high,
In dark, dim outline, breaks upon the sky.
Through frosty ether viewed, the stars appear
Intensely brilliant, beautiful, and near ;
It seemed as that resplendent vault would show
Her new-born myriads to the world below,
The blazing orbs their shifting rays combine,
In throngs so vast, and lustre so divine.
Yet no increase was there of native light,
Ether more pure unveiled them to the sight.
So, in Jehovah's great accounting day,
When each delusive mist is purged away,

And truth, unclouded, bursts on mortal eyes,
How many to eternal joy shall rise,
And sparkle like the stars, who now pursue
Their willing task, obscured from public view,
And, like the stream that glides beneath the ground,
Bid the rich fruits of righteousness abound,
Themselves unseen—unnoticed they depart,
And no man lays their destiny to heart ;
Yet in the Lord they rest, for they are His,
Their works shall follow to the world of bliss,
And though the earth be wrapped in endless night,
Their splendor shall abide in everlasting light.

How wistfully the mourner's tearful eye
Rests on the softness of the starry sky !
Those gentle fires, so kindly, brightly glow,
Contrasted with this cold, dark world of wo,
The pensive soul such sacred music hears
In the majestic movement of the spheres,
The wounded heart so opes to drink the balm
Distilling in this little hour of calm,
I would not bid a human voice intrude
At such mute season, with reflection rude,
But seek the Lord, in deep and silent prayer,
To meet the heavenward gaze, and fix it there,
And lead it on, by paths to man unknown,
Through the bright barrier to the brighter throne.

While countless fires above our pilgrims glow,
Unsullied whiteness veils the plain below,
A mimic sea, whose every hillock gave
The semblance of an undulating wave,
And tracks where rapid deer had ploughed their
way,
Rose like a curling ridge of foamy spray.

The western hills supplied a rocky coast,
The rest was in the dim horizon lost.
It seemed a desert, where no vital breath
Could long abide ; the very realm of death.
Day came and went, and night returning found
Our patient travellers near the utmost bound
Of that wide plain ; Aurora's northern beam
Breaks on their path, with light and changeful
gleam,
A tall and radiant column first it stood,
Whose base was resting on the darksome wood,
Then quickly spreading on the dazzled sight.
O'er the broad heaven expands the sheet of light ;
Now in a thousand forms evolving parts,
In glittering spear and blazing arrow darts,
Now in a yellow lambent flame decays,
Then emulates the sun, and sets in vivid rays.

For ever lovely and for ever new,
Oh how can nature pall upon the view !
How at her charms can sickly fashion sneer,
The worldly slight them, or the pious fear ?
Though some there be, by rigid scruples taught,
To deem e'en flowers and stars with peril fraught,
Go thou, and learn of David to descry
The glories of the firmament on high,
God's works and wonders in the mighty deep,
In earth, and all that on her surface creep ;
Yea, wisely ponder in thy frequent thought,
How fearfully he hath thy body wrought ;
And learn of David's Son the lesson given,
In lilies of the fields, and fowls of heaven :
Creation typifies redemption's plan,
God gave his marvels to be marked by man ;

He who beholds them with regardless eyes,
Contemns the hand that formed them as unwise.

So thought the Indian Chief, and aptly drew
Some sweet instruction from each passing view.
Philosophy and native taste combined,
Enriched with all their treasures Osric's mind,
But Jacob's spirit, taught by God alone,
With light so pure, and joy so holy shone,
Such glowing thoughts his simple faith inspired,
His wondering comrade listened and admired,
And bore unconscious witness to the word
Of holy writ, "who teacheth like the Lord?"

Succeeding suns in watery splendor rose,
Ere their long task was tending to a close.
Then smilingly the Indian spoke—"At length,
One trial more of courage and of strength
Will place us on a safe and pleasant road,
Whose windings open on our sweet abode.
To-morrow's dawn upon our sight will beam
In bright reflection from a mighty stream,
Whose frost-bound surface shall our steps uphold;
That past, three sleeps will bring us to the fold."
Short seemed the fleeting day that cheerly led
Through a thin forest their enlivened tread,
But Jacob inly trembled, when he saw
Unwelcome tokens of the humid thaw;
The crystal rind that wrapped the branches round
Bursting untouched, was strewed upon the ground,
Unwonted dew stood on the fingery leaf
Of each green spruce, as in prophetic grief,
And, for the biting breeze that sharply came,
Uneasy langour steals upon the frame.
"Haste, with redoubled speed," the Indian cried,
"This moisture will unchain th' impatient tide.

A short delay, all art and strength are vain,
Our only prospect now the stream to gain,
Ere from this brittle bound the waves find vent—
No game is here—our slender stores are spent :
Onward with speed ;”—they urged their rapid way,
Nor paused for respite at the close of day ;
And while the night in gloomy blackness reigned,
Wearied and sad, the rivers brink they gained ;
To the dark east they turned their steadfast gaze,
And, sleepless, watched to greet its lingering rays.

CANTO IV.

ABODE of sin and wo, polluted earth !
Thy palaces resound with guilty mirth ;
The cities echo to the mingled cries
Of lamentable want, and shameless vice ;
Crime, disappointment, fear, and sorrow, stain
The rural cottage and the sylvan plain ;
Unbridled cruelty, and lust and blood,
Fix the deep dye upon the savage wood ;
Sin tethers all who draw the vital breath,
And flings the captive to his follower, Death,
Who gnaws the fondest ties with ruthless fang,
Bursts the divided heart, and triumphs in the pang.

And can it be, that, to so dark a scene,
So hateful, so rebellious, and unclean,
The kind regards of pitying love are given
By the unsullied, blissful hosts of heaven ?
Yes, angels hover o'er this dying world,
Where floats redemption's banner wide unfurled ;
And when some guilty mortal turns to look
In faith on Him the sinner's form who took,
Strains of new joy through God's high dwelling
 sound
An angel's hymn, " A long-lost child is found ?"

And when that ransomed one, with failing breath,
Bends to the stingless darts of conquered Death,
The seraph guards their dying charge enclose,
A fiery bulwark from assaulting foes,
Catch the low whisper of his parting moan,
And bear the spirit to Jehovah's throne.

That shining host in bright array were drawn,
Where Jacob waited for the early morn.
While many a brow encircled by a crown
Was racked by furies on a couch of down
The radiance of celestial peace o'erspread
The snow that pillowed that poor Indian's head ;
And sweet communion with the Lord he loved
Assured his soul, and every fear removed.
Cheerly he rose, at morning's feeble beam,
And hastened to explore the treacherous stream.

In summer-tide, when light-winged zephyrs blow,
Those waters rolled majestically slow ;
And, lashed by autumn's gales, with prouder force,
Yet all unruffled, held their silent course ;
But when rough winter would their speed restrain,
Indignantly they spurned his frosty chain,
Rising in wrath, and swelling to oppose
The hand that seized the billows where they rose,
And fettered them in ice : the waters breathe
Their angry murmurs in the depths beneath,
And raging to resume their wonted sway,
With ceaseless friction wear the links away ;
And if the humid air awhile befriend,
In fierce revolt their prison bars they rend,
Scatter the broken wrecks, and gushing rise,
With loud acclaim, to greet the favoring skies,

In triumph premature ; the despot reign
Of iron frost awards a firmer chain ;
But long the fissure and the gap will show
That lurking peril still abides below,
Warning the vent'rous pilgrim to forbear,
Nor rashly plant a step unguarded there.

With folded arms, the pensive Indian eyed
The yet unbroken surface of the tide,
With heedful ear he caught the hollow sound,
Gazed on the heavy mist that floated round,
Then, while submission marked his placid look,
To Osric turned, and, sadly smiling, spoke :—
“ Still on the water-floods Jehovah reigns,
The hollow of his hand their bulk contains ;
At his command they spring from depths below,
Stand when he speaks, and at his breathing flow ;
'Tis He alone the pliant stream employs,
When life it nurtures, or that life destroys ;
And as He wills to bind or loose the wave,
This river yields a passage or a grave.
'Tis ours with care the prudent path to choose,
His to direct, and bless the means we use :
Deliverance may attend our onward way,
Destruction surely triumphs in delay.”
Now struggling in the east, the rising beam
Athwart the vapor shoots a dusky gleam,
The mist ascends, yet long the landscape shrouds
Beneath a canopy of curling clouds.
The steadfast gaze might dimly trace below
A dubious line, a broken ridge of snow ;
Unequal, indistinct, that outline gave
The utmost boundary of the frozen wave :
No farther view would the dull morn unfold,
'Twas vapor all, in swelling volumes rolled.

Towers not a mountain there, in lofty grace,
While vassal clouds are floating round its base ?
The mountain disappears, the clouds unite,
And new illusions mock the wearied sight,
While Jacob seeks a landmark, meet to guide
Their dark and vent'rous way across the tide.

As warily along the bank they go,
The Indian Spoke—"Such is man's path bellow
Before his reckless foot a gulf is spread,
And mists impervious roll around his head.
No guide, no guard, through the dim maze is given,
Save the unclouded beam revealed from heaven,
And He who bade the light from darkness shine,
Has promised, 'seek it, and it shall be thine.'
That word unknown, neglected, or forgot,
Man will not seek it, for he loves it not.
Yet on he fares, self-confident and proud,
Embodies and adorns some fleeting cloud
With fancied good, gives it a sounding name,
And calls it honor, pleasure, virtue, fame,
Keeps the deceptive shadow in his eyes,
And, hopeless, in the fond illusion dies,
Dies in his sin :—as fails his struggling breath,
The armed law drives home the sting of death,
And shows the phantom he had served so well
A painted mask upon the mouth of hell.
The mighty, and the noble, and the wise,
Truth's lowly garb and simple speech despise,
And soon, dread retribution ! such shall hear,
From mocking fiends, the everlasting jeer,
While tempting forms of glory and delight,
In gay succession, dance before their sight,
And the loud cry by withering anguish wrung,
'One liquid drop to cool this flaming tongue !'

Is answered by the fierce tormentors' jest,
And distant hallelujahs of the blest."

With sudden pause his listening friend he eyed,
"Lo, here we venture on the brittle tide !
Perchance ere yet the sun yon mist o'erpowers,
Death, judgment, and eternity are ours."
Osric undaunted smiled ; "Then farewell life,
Farewell to disappointment, pain, and strife !
Clad in a thousand forms, from day to day,
Hath the grim tyrant scowled upon my way,
And still unmoved I gazed upon his brow ;
I feared him not, nor do I fear him now.
Wedged in the ice above, or whelmed beneath,
A few short gaspings, and we cease to breathe,
Nature, our mother, yields a peaceful grave,
And cradles us within the rocking wave ;
Our lofty funeral vault, the spacious sky,
The whispering breeze our endless lullaby.
Let thundering tempests rave in upper air,
They cannot break our quiet slumbers there,
While the slow-moving finger of decay,
Defacing, steals each lineament away.
Well may the wearied frame, the care-worn breast,
Hail such serene repose, and deep unbroken rest !"

"Can dreams so wild thy parting spirit cheer !
Can wisdom's earliest lesson, learn to fear.
Is death a silent sleep, a closing night ?
No, 'tis the flashing of eternal light
On the astonished soul, when rent away
From its dark tenement of breathing clay,
It launches forth on space without a bound,
Ten thousand legions of immortals round

To gaze upon the guest : a thronging band
Of stern accusers, who their prey demand,
Here spreading in our path the wily snare,
Proclaiming each forgotten trespass there.
Poor naked soul ! canst thou Jehovah meet,
In flaming fire upon the judgment seat,
When earth and ocean all their dead resign,
And trembling flee away before that face divine ?
Can thy stout heart endure, when forth is brought
The long full roll of each unhallowed thought,
Each deed of darkness, all thy words of pride,
Thy squandered time, and talent misapplied ?
Know'st thou for whom expands the gulf of hell ?
For whom yon waiting bands of demons yell ?
That place, by angels and by men abhorred,
Burns for the people who forget the Lord.
Of God's presumptuous foes the common spot
Is, their Creator they remember not.
And if a fiercer flame, a keener fang,
Be yet reserved, theirs is the trebled pang
Whose unbelief a Saviour's name withstood,
Despised his cross, and trampled on His blood.
Less wretched they of Sodom's sulph'rous fire,
Of impious Sidon, and of purple Tyre,
Than those who turn away their heedless gaze,
When Christ the banner of his love displays,
Resist the grace His striving Spirit brings,
And grovel in the mire of earthly things.
No more with dauntless front thy Maker brave,
But know thyself, a sinner and a slave.
Cast down thy rebel arms, and bow the knee
To Him, whose blood alone can cleanse and set
thee free.

“O that the conqu’ror, with resistless hand,
Would bend that stubborn neck to His command ;
Flash on thy spirit with conviction bright,
And on thy darkness pour the fount of light !
He hath not met thee in the stormy blast,
Nor in the fire, nor rocking earthquake passed :
Perchance the whisper of the still small tone
May reach thee yet, and there the Lord be shown ;
And if thy quailing heart no more desire
To brave almighty wrath, untempered fire,
Kneel, ere the path of peril yet be trod,
And cast thy soul upon the Son of God,
Jesus, the sinner’s hope.” Then bending low
In the deep hollows of the softening snow,
While Osric, in despite of swelling pride,
Abashed, with head declining, knelt beside,
He prayed—“O Thou, the Everlasting One,
Thy name be hallowed, and thy will be done.
From men below, and shining hosts above,
Eternal praise be to redeeming love !
’Tis to that love alone we make appeal,
O be it thine to pardon and to heal !
And may the spirit, with unuttered groan,
Waft our weak cry to thy celestial throne,
And bid the sweet response our bosom fill,
‘Fear not, thou worm, for I will help thee still.’
Be with us while we cross the treacherous stream,
And if it be thy will, our lives redeem ;
But if entombed beneath the gushing wave,
Stay from the pit, and rescue from the grave,
The forfeit souls, that know no hope, no plea
But the high ransom paid, thou bleeding Lamb,
by thee.”

Now with the quick despatch of anxious care
The stake they sharpen, and the thong prepare ;
Broad even slips, cleft from the stoutest hide,
Selected warily, and firmly tied,
They coil, and fix upon the lengthy pole,
And soon beneath their tread the sullen waters roll.
The Indian leads the way, his piercing eye
And cautious foot the rugged surface try,
On tiptoe raised, he drives with forceful blow
His trusty staff deep through the drifted snow ;
And still the stubborn ice repels the shock,
Unmoved, unbroken as the solid rock.
Slow but secure, they gain the central way,
And the long line of distant shore survey,
That banks the mighty stream ; the stone is bare,
And trickling waters find a channel there.
The Indian strikes, and marks with boding pain
A murmuring echo rise—he strikes again,
More loud and hollow comes th' unwelcome sound,
The ice in faint vibration trembles round,
In that still pause which ventures not to breathe
He hears the struggling current chafe beneath,
And notes that in the distance gurgling swell
A tale of deeper fear, and wilder peril tell.
Then Osric spoke, " Delay is idle here,
Speed with swift pace the sheltering shore to near ;
Brittle, but yet uncleft, the frozen plain
May the light form and rapid step sustain."
" It cannot be," the Indian cried, " for lo,
Beneath yon bank the stealing waters flow,
And infancy itself, with playful bound,
Would pierce the surface of the deep profound—
Hark to that sudden swell !" and while he spoke,
With echoing crash the frail enclosure broke,

As smote by giant arm ; it bends, divides,
And high upon the heaving waters rides.
The rugged fragments, whelmed and crushed, and
 riven,
In wild confusion by the torrent driven,
Form many a scattered heap, and fresh between,
Bending their circling course, the victor waves are
 seen.
The giddy wrecks opposing currents hurl,
Tossed on the tide, and swallowed in the whirl.

Now elemental war is raging loud,
A storm of hail breaks from the sweeping cloud,
That blinding deluge hides the friendly shore,
Beats on the rattling ice, and swells the roar.
Still had our pilgrims' firmer wedge withstood
The fierce assault of each succeeding flood,
Though angry waters, raving as they pass,
Tear the thin edge from the diminished mass,
But hark ! a louder crash—and gliding slow,
Borne on the rolling cataract they go,
Poising their frozen raft, which, deep and wide,
Unwilling floats upon the conquering tide.
No word they spoke ; for who shall utterance dare
When God's tremendous outstretched arm is bare ?
When He in thunder speaks his sovereign will,
Man, lordly man, must tremble, and be still.
And still are they : in awful pause they stand
Beneath the shadow of Jehovah's hand,
Which girds them round, and holds at fearful bay
The spirits of the deep, that clamor for their prey.
On goes the crystal bark, with gratings hoarse,
An unseen pilot guides its reeling course ;

In vain the roaring waters chafe around,
In vain the frequent wreck, with thund'ring sound,
Is dashed and rent upon its plunging sides ;
The wave it masters, and the shock derides,
The adamant keel, with changeless form,
Still cuts a broad dark furrow through the storm.

The clouds, disburthened of their liquid store,
Receding now, unveil the welcome shore,
And brighter beams to the glad sight display
The firm enclosure of an icy bay,
Where all subdued a limpid current glides,
To lave with silent stream the massive sides.
Across their way the friendly crescent bends,
And an arresting arm so wide extends,
They cannot fail, when slowly drifting nigh,
By one bold feat to gain the land and liberty.

Each sparkling glance the glowing thought be-
speaks,
And Hope's young smile half dimples on their
cheeks ;
But far that spreading bay and shore appear,
And succor is remote, and danger near ;
For still the fretful eddies wheel around,
The waters gush, the whirling fragments bound,
And the choked stream still threatens to delay
Their laboring course, and bar their onward way.
And now the raft is turned with wavering sweep,
And now it rests, among a shapeless heap
Of frozen wrecks, in thick disorder piled,
Rising like mountain-crags, abrupt and wild,
And forming as by sight unpractised scanned,
A rude but solid pathway to the land.

Then first the voice of man unfettered broke
Through the loud wat'ry tumult, Osric spoke—
“Amid the choice of perils how decide?
To scale this rocky bridge, or here abide?
Yon tumbling spars, that crowd with clashing din,
Ere long shall wedge our brittle bulwark in,
And lingering death ensues ;—what brave we more
Than speedier death, if hasting to the shore?”

“Tempt not that faithless bridge !—the shattered
mass

Will part, and plunge thee headlong ere thou pass.
Fresh eddies shall engulf, and currents strew
Those lesser blocks of ice, and thus renew
Our slow but certain progress : here abide
With patient mind ; the Lord will yet provide.”

“Then rest thou here, and mark while I explore
Yon path, inviting to the rocky shore ;
If haply thou behold'st me rescued there,
Then follow me, and if I fall forbear.
Oppose me not :—bold enterprise may gain
The meed that timid caution seeks in vain ;
Or failing, this unfruitful life of mine
Shall be a willing forfeiture for thine,
Blest to preserve thy being's useful span :
Azmourai, Jacob, true to God and man,
Farewell !”—and bounding o'er the narrow deep,
With venturous step he mounts the frozen heap.

The Indian marks the deed with flushing brow,
“And shall I pause, and see thee perish now ?
In darkest peril Zaila's charge forsake ?
Gen'rous and rash ! thy doom I must partake.”

His heavy mantle at his feet he flings,
Poising his staff aloft, and lightly springs.
Fleet as the mountain goat he bounds along,
And hurls with nervous arm the whizzing thong
In Osric's path : he turns his wond'ring view
Where the bold Indian's steps his course pursue,
Who passing, smiles, " Subdue thy roving pride,
And deign to follow :—I am still thy guide."

Through the wide maze their winding path they
wreathe,
The loose, unsteady fragments quake beneath ;
And from their base the growling murmurs creep,
As roused, unwilling, from a short-lived sleep.
And now they glide afar, and parting show
The wild and gloomy gulfs that gape below,
Unlike the frozen raft, a glassy field,
Those rolling blocks no equal surface yield,
Awhile they shine above, then dive away,
Like ocean-monsters sinking mid the spray ;
And barely can the rapid step speed on,
Ere the last moment's frail support is gone.
Lo ! where the panting travellers, side by side,
Press one weak block :—it breaks and they divide !
And where is Jacob ? In an eddy strong,
Borne on a whirling wreck, he spins along,
And disappears. Osric with desperate leap,
Of life regardless, springs from heap to heap,
Stung by remorse, and goaded by despair,
His only wish the Indian's fate to share :—
Reckless where lies his path, each nerve he strains,
And the firm ground, unmoved and thankless,
gains,
Mounting a rock, whose rising peak displays
The wildest range to his impatient gaze.

Abruptly darting through his cloudy screen,
The sun now breaks upon the dazzling scene,
Strews rainbow tints upon the crystal wrecks,
And with a silvery foil the water decks.
Nor tint nor beam was fair to Osric's view,
One lone dark speck his fixed attention drew :
And is it life ? or doth fond fancy give
Creative power, to bid that object live ?
It moves—it heaves ;—down from the rock's moist
side

Once more he launches on the imprisoned tide,
That bears him well, and still the cheering ray
Illumes, and guides him on his eager way,
To where with pallid brow and gasping breath,
The Indian meekly waits the barb of death.
Rent in the mighty crash, that spot reveals
Where through a narrow cleft the water steals,
And here a transient rest the Chieftian found
From his wild conflict with the waves around ;
For long with dauntless mind and daring hand,
He bore them down, and struggled for the land ;
By wary skill oft shunned th' impending blow,
Bent the wide circuit round, or dived below ;
And oft to board that frozen plain essayed,
But still the brittle verge his grasp betrayed,
And mocked his hope ; till, wounded and o'er-spent,
He gained the sheltering creek that fissure lent.
Firm in his teeth retained, the stubborn thong
Had drawn a remnant of his staff along,
And now across the narrow streamlet spread,
That rod sustains his arm and drooping head,
Propped on the solid ice ; and, thus upraised,
While with calm eye on heaven's clear vault he
gazed,

Yet half engulfed beneath the greedy wave,
He seemed a living tenant of the grave.

With what triumphant joy our Osric bore
His faint and wondering comrade to the shore,
Whose soul, already winged, and blithe to go,
Seemed loath to turn, and tarry yet below,
Till with reviving sense, the Wanderer's need
Within his gen'rous bosom rose to plead,
With strong appeal, while through the scattered
grove

In hot impatience he beheld him rove,
And dash away the snow, and rudely seize
The quivering branches of the bending trees,
To form a bower—the silvery birch-bark peel,
And shower the hasty sparks from flashing steel,
Before the rising flame his mantle spread,
Chafe the cold limb, and smooth the rugged bed,
Disguising many a throe of boding fear
Beneath the smile of hope, the tone of cheer,
And breathless, bending with inquiring eye,
To catch the whisper of the faint reply.

So sped the day ; and now the wintry King
Comes, borne by Night upon her ebon wing,
Resumes his sway despotic, and again
O'er earth and water flings the crystal chain ;
And all is sleep, save in that slender bower
Where the lone pilgrims pass the wakeful hour ;
Yet rest was there, and hope, and glowing joy,
And holy triumph, bliss without alloy ;
The peace of him who feels his course is done,
His faith established, and the battle won,
And lightly flings the spotted garment down,
To take th' unsullied robe, the destined crown.

His dewy brow and pallid lip betray
How soon that battered frame shall melt away ;
But the bright tenant lingered yet to raise
The prayer of patient faith, the note of praise,
And Osric deemed that, through the darksome
 night,
Heaven's shining gates stood open to his sight,
And bending seraphs listened to the tone
That breathed celestial fire, and echoed back their
 own.
Deep and majestic as a mighty stream,
His language bore the impress of his theme,
A lofty prelude to that thundering swell,
Where golden harps and ransomed tongues shall
 tell
Th' eternal praises of the great I AM,
And learn the mingled song of Moses and the
 Lamb.

As morning lent her pale and feeble glance,
Calm slumber sealed him in a death-like trance,
While Osric gazed upon the leaden eye,
And deemed each heavy breath the parting sigh.
But sweetly he reposed ; and when the sun
Had half his short diurnal circuit run,
Once more the eye-beam shone with native fires,
That latest flash which brightens and expires.
He smiled upon his friend, and bowed to sip
The welcome draught that cooled his parching
 lip :—
“Thanks for thy care, albeit thou canst not save
This mouldering body from a frozen grave ;
But grieve not thou—the spirit pants to go—
Enshrine my relics in the drifted snow ;

Then to the Christian tribe with speed repair,
My fate record, my last fond blessing bear,
And there abide. O be it thine to own
The Lord hath led thee by a way unknown,
Straightened thy crooked paths, and deigned to
shine

Upon thy darkened eye with rays divine !
Thine may it be, through rolling years, to grace
With brighter gifts, my vacant dwelling-place,
With shepherd care my little flock to keep,
And where I sowed, do thou the harvest reap.
Then follow me. Methinks I can survey
The dawn that ushers in salvation's day ;
That beam is rising in thy troubled breast—
The Lord hath blessed thee, and thou shalt be
blessed.

Snatched from an idol world, preserved to prove
Redeeming mercy and chastising love,
The dewy showers of grace shall melt thy soul,
Made willing in the day of His supreme control."

Again the silent earth is wrapped in night,
And heaven is spangled with her lamps of light.
Their twinkling beams have glanced on Jacob's
bed,

And, half revived, he rears his dying head.
"Now bear me forth ; these lonesome shores have
rung

To many a wild disdainful death-song, sung
By warrior captives : 'neath this scanty wood
The dwellings of a warlike nation stood,
And here the fiends who joy in mortals' wo,
Have bade the lip blaspheme, the life-blood flow ;

The victor and the vanquished here supplied
With racking cruelty, and hell-born pride :—
Oh let one Indian Chief his death-song raise
In these bleak regions, to Jehovah's praise !”

Borne from the narrow hut, he lies reclined,
His dark hair streaming on the midnight wind,
Earth, sky, and water, spread before his view,
While thus he greets them with a calm adieu :—
“ Ye rolling tides, that heave the crystal wave,
Ye rocks that glitter, and ye woods that wave,
Farewell :—your little day will soon be o’er,
And liquid flame your crackling wrecks devour.
And ye, resplendent orbs, who still proclaim
Throughout this heedless ball th’ eternal name,
And, eloquently mute, to all below,
Declare His glory, and His wonders show,
Ev’n ye shall fade—these heavens shall pass away,
And nature one terrific blank display,
Reft of her gorgeous majesty and pride,
And, like a tattered garment, cast aside.
Nought shall survive of this stupendous plan,
Nought but the naked soul of trembling man :
And where shall I, a helpless sinner, flee ?
O let me find my hiding-place in Thee !
On Thee, O Lord, my burthened spirit cast,
My Alpha and Omega, first and last.
Before this earth emerged from pristine shade,
Ere the foundations of the hills were laid,
Then, Lord, wert Thou : the Father’s best delight,
Dwelling in rays insufferably bright,
Each bending angel, as thy praise he sings,
Conceals his dazzled eye beneath his wings.

Ye seraphs turn, unveil the wondering gaze,
Suspend the song, and pause in deep amaze,
For He, erewhile in heavenly power arrayed,
Is now a mortal babe, in a rude manger laid,
There, for the hallelujahs of the sky,
The pale, fair Virgin chaunts her lullaby,
And strives with feeble arm to ward away
The rough intruders from his couch of hay;
For rudely pressing nigh, the hungry beast
Claims from that narrow crib his wonted feast.
No more from cherub lips, the hymns resound,
But oxen low, and camels snort around;—
And wherefore thus?—why on thy creature earth,
A wand'ring outcast from thy mystic birth,
Lord of unnumber'd worlds!—why hast thou borne
The barb of calumny, the jeer of scorn,
The fierce temptation, and the pang of wo,
The shudd'ring dread, the agonizing throe,
The wile of treachery, the felon's doom,
The buffet and the scourge, the cross and tomb?
Had not thy slightest beck, thy glancing eye,
Summoned a thousand legions from the sky,
And thè stern fiat of thy bidding hurled,
Down to the deep-most hell this rebel world—
If such they will?—but thou hast bowed the head
And drain'd the cup, and slumbered with the dead,
And ris'n.—Ye seraphs shout the joyful strain,
Echo thou earth, the Lord is risen again!
Behold the mighty victor homeward ride—
Unbar th' eternal gates and fling them wide,
And who shall close them now? I come, I come,
Through that broad entrance, to my Father's home.
Heir of immortal life through faith revealed,
Bought by thy blood, and with thy Spirit sealed,

My Lord, I come.—O let my failing breath
Resound thy name e'en in the gasp of death,
Jesus—Redeemer !"—and the soul had flown,
To meet the Lord of life, in that triumphant tone

The glazing eye was closed, and Osric lay
Immoveable as that unconscious clay :
A deep and fearful awe, a sullen grief,
Spurned far the aid of slumber's soft relief.
The flame expired, the hours unnoticed rolled,
A loneliness so drear a chill so cold,
Pressed on his aching heart, that nought beside
Might claim a feeling, or a glance divide,
Till dawn appeared with mournful pace, to shed
Her blue sepulchral light upon the dead.

If thou wouldst blunt the edge, and calm the smart,
Of disappointment's fang and sorrow's dart,
Quell mortal fear, disgrace and want abide,
Shame thy rude lusts, control thy daring pride,
And still the war of passion's angry breath,
Go gaze upon the leaden brow of death.
It is a book of wisdom, written plain
By Him who never traced a line in vain.
Deck as thou wilt that stern and ghastly hue,
Disguise with laurels, or with roses strew ;
In silken gear the rigid limbs unfold,
O'ertop with waving plumes, and crisp with gold—
'Tis yet the face of death, and yet must thrill
Through thy cowed spirit with a boding chill.
The sweetest tongue that ever knew to pour
The flood of eloquence from learning's store,
In all the flow of breath, could never speak
So well, so wisely, as a clay-cold cheek ;—

And when the glance of morning, chill and pale,
Pourtrayed in livid lines that awful tale
On the fixed traits of death, and feebly shone
To light the earthly house whose guest was gone ;
That scene so deeply stamped, in Osric's thought,
The seal of life on every truth he taught,
It seemed as though his heaven-appointed guide,
Who lived to teach, had to enforce them died.

With heavy step the silent wanderer goes,
A grave to hollow in the firmest snows,
Beneath a bank : then from the lifeless breast
Strips the broad girdle and th' embroidered vest ;
His rugged mantle wraps around the dead,
And gently sinks him in his lonely bed.
One last, long, farewell look :—and must he part ?
Resistless grief is heaving in his heart ;
And yet, amid the struggles of despair,
A new triumphant joy is rising there.
Half-oped within his soul, Faith's infant eye
Kens the bright mansions of eternity ;
Can they be Osric's ? Yestereve he heard
Incredulous his friend's prophetic word,
Aug'ring the good he willed ; but now desire
Kindles to prayer, and hope augments the fire.
Behold, he prays ! beside the lowly grave
He calls on One omnipotent to save.
O louder far than echoing thunders, roll
The feeblest wailings of a new-born soul
On the great Father's ear : that cry can quell
Satanic rage, and daunt the hosts of hell.
The contrite sinner's prayer a tone hath given
Of melody more full to all the songs of heaven.

CANTO V.

SWEET is the Sabbath eve, to those who tread
The Temples of the Lord, and love to spread
Their wants and woes before his footstool there,
Confess his bounty and his praise declare.
A little flock, led by their Shepherd's hand,
Who know his voice, and bow to his command ;
And such a fold of simple sheep was found
On the wide plain, by hills encompassed round ;
And such a Pastor as the Lord approved,
Raised holy hands amid the flock he loved,
And scatter'd on the calm unruffled air
Th' accepted incense of his evening prayer,
Within a homely fane.—The moon's young light
Was softly stealing round the brow of night—
But stronger rays the oily tapers shed,
Where the rich stores of wisdom lay outspread,
And one of darker hue and Indian speech,
The truths of that pure record rose to teach.
Beside, with cheek reclined upon his hand,
Sate the white father of the swarthy band,
Who travailed for their souls : his eye of blue,
And shining front, and locks of silver hue,
Bespoke the ancient Missionary guest,
The Indian's friend, Apostle of the West

With pensive smile, and meek declining head,
He listened while his dark-haired pupil read,
And seemed to say, as those glad accents cease,
‘ Lord, now thy servant can depart in peace,
Since to the Gentile lands thy light is shown,
Thy truth proclaimed, and thy salvation known.”
Slowly he rose, the portion to divide ;
To every case and every soul applied
The sustenance of life—and mildly grave,
The warning uttered, and the counsel gave.
No breath was audible ; no motion broke
The deepening stillness while the Teacher spoke ;
The balmy softness of his theme distils
Like Hermon’s dew on Zion’s circling hills ;
Awhile he dwelt upon th’ eternal word,
Then humbly kneeled, “ now let us seek the Lord.”

He prayed for all, but chief for one beloved,
Who far amid the wintry desert roved,
To find a wandering sheep—to Him he prayed
Who came to seek and save the flock that strayed,
That he would guard the pilgrims through the wood,
Safe from the foe, the tempest, and the flood,
Unharm’d conduct them to that sacred dome,
And gather them in a celestial home.
Whence came that stifled sob ? down many a cheek
The rolling tears a brother’s love bespeak ;
But one there is, low in a shaded place,
Who deeply in his mantle veils his face—
A stranger he—his hand and chesnut hair
An alien to the Indian race declare ;
Yet from his breast the struggling sorrow breaks,
And all his frame with keen emotion shakes.
And now, the patriarchal blessing given,

Slowly the aged minister of heaven
Moves through the filial throng, a broader light
Shows the advancing wanderer to his sight,
And they have met—the gazing crowd divide,
And now enclose them in a circle wide,
Boding some ill unknown: but not a note
Can yet find vent from Osric's swelling throat.
He hastes upon the simple bench to lay
The girdle and the vest, and turns away.
Near and more near each awe-struck Indian draws,
But yet no voice hath broke the solemn pause—
Though Osric's trembling lip and panting breath
Too well and truly tell the tale of death.
The Pastor's cheek hath turned to ashy white,
Those well-known objects swim upon his sight;
Now his thin hands are raised in silent wo,
And now they clasp upon his silvery brow,
While the unfetter'd sigh is bursting loud,
And low lamentings echo from the crowd.
The pastor turns, their rising griefs to quell,
And bids a hymn of holy triumph swell
To him who rent away th' envenomed sting,
And crushed the conquests of the gloomy king.

Now Osric welcomes each inquiring eye,
To each fond querist gives the full reply;
And all have parted, in their huts to dwell
On the sad tale of him they loved so well.
The wanderer in the Pastor's tranquil home
Recounts the fate that led his steps to roam—
The shipwreck and the coast his lips describe,
His long sojourn among the savage tribe;
Ayuta's falsehood, Zaila's vent'rous deed,
And Jacob's faith, in rapid sketch succeed.

And last, and half reluctant, came behind
The new convictions of his wakening mind.
With tearful smile, the good old Pastor hung
On sounds so long unheard ; his native tongue
By native taste refined, and wondering viewed
The mighty vanquished, and the proud subdued,
While each event, his laboring thoughts retrace,
And yield new glory to the God of grace.

A band of Christian brothers have withdrawn
Tow'rd the wide river with the earliest dawn ;
Marshall'd in willing pilgrimage they go
To bear their chieftain from his grave of snow,
And give, in his lamenting people's sight,
The last sad honors of the fun'ral rite.
The spot they know ; and Osric stays to rest
His worn and weary frame, the Pastor's guest,
Whose converse time redeems with sacred skill,
While love and wisdom from his lips distil.

Joyous he tells, how, led by patient toil,
Hath teeming plenty crowned that snow-clad soil.
Where dinted rocks the long defiance rung
Ere from the softened earth a harvest sprung.
These from their sandy beds reluctant torn,
In sculpture rude the sylvan town adorn,
To the light hut a firm foundation yield,
Restrain the tide, or bound the narrow field.
“ Down yonder slope, with smiling cots arrayed,
A tangled forest frowned in twilight shade ;
Where gardens bloom in cultured beauty fair,
The serpent bred, and foxes formed the lair
On noisome weeds : the she-wolf growling trod
Where that light dome o'ertops the fane of God.

“ But sweeter yet, the rose of love adorns
A soil where sprung contentions briery thorns :
Subdued by potent grace, no more abide
The glooms of hate, the stubborn rocks of pride.
No longer thrive the noxious weeds of sin,
The desert smiles, and all is calm within.
Infernal tyrants quelled, and peace restored,
Man’s heart can yield a temple to the Lord,
The heart that still, in nature’s hand, had been
A den of vipers and of beasts unclean.”

“ Say, wherefore doth resistless sin control
The high aspirings of a deathless soul,
And evil in her serpent folds embrace
With wide polluting stain our lordly race ?
Tells not the form erect, the musing eye,
Of loftier birth, and prouder destiny,
Than the dark fortunes of each earth-born slave ;
A captive in the womb—a victim in the grave !”

“ A little lower than the angels found,
Yet with superior glory man was crowned ;
Pure in his nature, royal in his birth,
He rose, sole monarch of the new-made earth.
The brightest seraph in Jehovah’s train
Was formed a servant—man was born to reign.
Stamped with the image of th’ eternal mind,
When first the parent of the human kind
In native majesty unsullied stood,
The Lord beheld him, and pronounced him *good*.
‘ Me as thy God and Father still obey,
And rule the earth with undisputed sway.’
’Twas in such terms the high commission ran
From heaven’s great King to his vicegerent man.

Turn to the sacred page—let that unfold
How wretched Adam his possession sold ;
Sold,—for such bribe as man may blush to tell,—
His reign to Satan, and his soul to hell,
Dooming sad myriads with his tainted breath
To inborn guilt and everlasting death :
For all our race in Adam was contained,
And fell in him, with one transgression stained.
The light of holiness was quenched by sin,
The foe admitted, fixed his throne within ;
The sire a bond-slave, could the sons be free ?
Grow wholesome fruits upon a pois'nous tree ?
That foul rebellion into ruin hurled
Creation's work, and wrecked a beauteous world :
Bade dark corruption like a deluge roll
On nature's form, and man's immortal soul,
The impress of the God it dared efface,
While evil, only evil, filled His place."

" If helpless thus, from every good estranged,
Divorced from God, and to a demon changed,
Ere yet the mind can list to reason's voice,
Ponder the end, and fix the awful choice,
Why chides the Lord ? his creatures can fulfil
Nought but the dictates of his sovereign will."

" Hush to thy proud retort ! O man beware,
The tempter lures thee to a deadly snare :
Would'st thou explore, with dim and blinking eye,
God's fathomless decrees ! to Him reply :
Thine erring reason's flimsy web forego :
The Lord hath said it and it must be so.

" Yet mark, how dawning sense, throughout our
 race
The bondage seals, confirms the deep disgrace.

See wayward infancy its monarch choose,
Prefer the evil and the good refuse.
Ere from its lip the lispng phrase can flow,
See malice, envy, flush the polished brow,
See baby lust extend its eager grasp,
The one forbidden toy intent to clasp,
Impatience, rage, and dark rebellion shroud
The cherub features in a sullen cloud.
Go, Disputant, and in the cradle scan
Each embryo wickedness of fallen man.

“ Or leave thy fellow’s heart, and view thine own,
Canst thou the tyrant’s willing chain disown ?
Who first on thine enamored sight unfurled
The gorgeous banner of this painted world,
And bid the worthless toys of sense and time,
Outweigh the treasures of a heavenly clime !
Was it not he who turned thy youthful gaze
From the bright beams of truth’s meridian blaze,
And bade thee choose the false and meteor glare
Of human wisdom, fancy, folly, care ?
Was it not he who drugg’d the sickening draught
Of mortal tenderness thy lip hath quaffed,
And wrung the poison in that honied bowl,
Sweet to the lip, but anguish in the soul ?
And when thy Eden of delight was lost,
Who sent thee idling to a foreign coast,
To seek a shade ? and when Jehovah’s hand
Snatched from the wreck and bore thee to the
land ;
Who closed the lip, strung the unbending limb,
That could not move in gratitude to Him,
Thy Lord, thy Saviour—shame on human pride !
Who fill’d with perfidy thine Indian guide,

Mocked thy proud hopes, procured that shameful
doom,
And thought to close thee in a sudden tomb,
And bear thy spirit to the dark domain,
Where victims like thyself gnaw the eternal chain?
The Lord hath saved thee from the fowler's snare,
The Lord hath led thee with a father's care,
He reined the storm, dispersed the tainted breath
Of pestilence, and marred the aim of death.
And yet how long thou wrought'st thy stubborn
will,
Preserved by miracle to brave him still!
And oh, how long the slighted voice of love
Thrilled on thy ear, and sought thy soul to move,
Ere thou wouldst turn, forsake the beaten road,
And view the gate that led thee to thy God!
Yes, man is vile, a self-devoted tool
In Satan's hand; his purchase and his fool—
But man may rise from ruin: thou has viewed
One in the image of his God renewed,
And seen, in that believer's parting breath,
How faith can triumph over sin and death.

“In martial might, in human virtue proud,
Azmourai tower'd above the savage crowd:
Each kindlier feeling dwelt within his breast,
A native produce or a welcome guest;
Adoring throngs his every deed approve,
Light of their eyes, and centre of their love.
He fought, and conquest sate upon his spear;
He counselled, and prosperity was near.
Ambition ruled his soul; he joyed to reign
The prince, the father of his native plain,
And rather had he heard the knell of death,
Than the low hum of disaffection's breath.

“ O ne’er can the remembrance fade away,
Of the stern gaze, the menacing array,
The bristling spears, the nicely balanced dart,
Winged for the flight and all prepared to part,
The narrowing ring that round the chieftain press’d,
When the baptismal stream was trickling on his
breast.

The self-abasing portraiture he drew
Had roused their rage ; they could not brook to
view

In him, the good, the noble, and the brave,
A pardoned sinner and a ransomed slave.
His people were his all, no other tie
Twined round his heart or shone upon his eye ;
They were his heritage, his regal dome,
His father, mother, children, wife, and home ;
And them he gave ; his graceful head he bowed
Beneath the clamors of the raging crowd,
And when a faithful band their will made known
To quell th’ opposers and restore his throne,
A secret fugitive he sped away—
Yet more than conqu’ror—from the ripening fray,
Lest eager friends and stubborn foes should roll
The charge of blood upon his shrinking soul.
O wond’rous power, a stony heart to change,
And man from all his native self estrange !
Had the proud chief, ere yet by grace subdued,
In glory or in love a rival viewed,
His soul had kindled into vengeful ire,
And blood alone had quenched the scorching fire ;
Yet when he heard thy pleading lips declare
Thy love to Zaila, his revenge was prayer.
Through midnight shades he saw the maid depart,
The lone defenceless treasure of his heart,

And broke a murmur forth, as then he bore
Thee, his unconscious rival, from the shore ?
Or did a deed, a word, a glance betray
One jealous pang upon thy lengthened way ?
This last great triumph over self was given,
To crown the fight, and ripen him for heaven.

“ O friend so gently kind, so meekly sage,
The staff, the solace of my bending age,
And shall my failing eyes no more behold
Thy shepherd love amid this weeping fold ?
Wilt thou no more my awful burden share,
Trim the weak lamp of faith, and raise the hand
of prayer ?

Wilt thou no more my wandering thoughts recal,
Cheer when I droop, and lift me when I fall ?
No more to rouse my slumbering soul withdraw
The veil, and show the terrors of the law :
With sweet assurance all my doubts remove,
Or pour the cordial of a Saviour's love ?
Wilt thou no more—ye sinful sorrows, peace :
Lord, bid by hope revive, my murmurs cease.—
Dare I rebuke thee ? thou hast claimed thine own
And placed that priestly king on an eternal throne.

“ His was a lot above the common race,
A sterner conflict and abounding grace :
Yet many, in the humble flock around,
If theirs the trial, were as constant found ;
Heirs of a faith as pure, a hope as bright,
And meet partakers with the saints in light.

“ O let me, Lord, in wondering joy adore
Thy name, who led me from my native shore !

Taught by thy Spirit, by thy love constrained,
And by thine everlasting arm sustained,
E'en I could from the mighty rend the prey,
And bear the captives freed by thee away.
Thrice blessed privilege ! for thee to feel
Hunger, and thirst, and nakedness, and steel,
The dreary wilderness for thee explore ;
And where the living surges wildly roar,
To cast the Gospel net, and to thy hand
Present the tribute of a heathen land—
The first-fruits off'ring—Lord, before our sight,
The fields are teeming, and the harvest white :
And shall it fall, and perish on the ground,
For lack of reapers ? bid the summons sound ;
Send forth a missioned band, ordained of thee,
And let the armies of the mighty flee
Before the beauteous feet of him who brings
Tidings of peace and joy from thee, the King of
kings.

When shall the tide of soft compassion flow
O'er the sad story of a brother's wo,
Throughout the polished race ? oh when shall love
To human kind, the selfish bosom move,
And musing crowds in solemn wonder scan
The priceless value of the soul of man !
Av'rice would ope his chest, and folly pour
Her glittering trinkets in the sacred store,
And send, where Christain foot hath never trod,
A peaceful host to fight the battles of their God.

“ On us be all the peril, shame, and toil,
But let thy household, Lord, divide the spoil,
And the broad blessing share : O now inspire
Thy gathered churches with intense desire,

And fervent supplication ; bid them pray
For us, who bear the burden of the day,
The brunt and fury of the combat prove,
Far from the soothings of the friends we love,
Far from the hallowed house of thine abode,
And sweet communion with the saints of God,
To them so free : O tell them we explore
The dens that echo to the lion's roar,
Our foe and thine :—we come to wrest away
From his terrific grasp the helpless prey,
Ourselves as weak, as impotent to save,
Frail as the leaf, unstable as the wave.
O tell them how on burning sands we trail
The blistered limb, and drink the poisoned gale ;
Pant in the shadeless ray, and crawl to sip
The stagnant drop that curdles on the lip ;
Or count, in weariness, and want, and wo,
A night of months beneath a dome of snow ;
While, still beset with unbelief and sin,
A sadder, drearier winter glooms within ;
The strong temptation and the fiery dart,
At hand to wear the flesh, and wound the heart,
Let them in thought our wasted forms survey,
And think they hear us murmur, ‘ Brethren, pray.’
And do thou hear, in heaven thy dwelling-place,
And pour unmeasured forth the golden stream of
grace !”

Six days are gone ; the sun retiring throws
A glance of light upon the sparkling snows :
The gathered group are sadly gazing still,
On the pale outline of the eastern hill ;
For there a distant speck the semblance gave
Of a dark sea-bird on the crested wave.

And plainer now, the deepening line extends,
And down the sloping path-way slowly wends.
Each on his fellows gazed, no word was spoke,
The thought was seen, the soul was in the look.
With one consent they form in long array ;
Close by their path the Pastor's dwelling lay,
They pause not there, but passing wave the hand,
Full well he knows the purport of the band ;
Fast in his aged eyes the tear-drops swell,
Yet for a smile he struggles, " It is well."
And while he totters forth on Osric's arm,
The Christian's hope would human grief disarm ;
Oft from his lip the broken accents fall,
Of meek submission ; " He is Lord of all.—
He lent, and shall he not resume ?—The same
In mercy,—judgment—glory to His name !
It is His children's privilege to lay
Their all on Him, and trust Him though he slay ;—
The chastening rod is felt by every son ;—
It is the Lord, and may his will be done !"
Thus in short phrase the soothing word he speaks,
But hectic pain is flushing on his cheeks ;
And often, as the winding train he spies,
The lip will quiver, and the sob will rise.
Approaching now, the low lament they hear,
In soft sad cadence breathing on the ear ;
And as the plaint in measured numbers flows,
The sighing breeze responds each lingering close.

" No more we speed thy bounding step to greet,
Light as the roe, and as thine arrow fleet :
Nor deck thy lowly hut with duteous care ;—
A dark, a lonesome dwelling we prepare.

“ Azmourai ! brother ! can thy people’s cry
Resound so near, nor move thee to reply ?
And must we shroud in solitude and night
Thy form beloved, from our reluctant sight ?

“ Alas ! how soon upon thy blooming day.
The blast hath blown, and withered thee away :
The sweetest flower that graced the dewy morn
Beneath a noon-tide blight untimely shorn.

“ Oft, oft regardful of our weeping song,
The plain and valley shall thy name prolong,
And bid the hills with solemn echo tell,
How in the dreary wild their pride and beauty
fell.”

Lamenting thus, the mountain’s foot they gain,
And meet their Pastor on the darkening plain.
The bier they rest, and mutely parting show
The cold still object of their artless wo.
O’er that pale form the aged mourner bent,
“ My son, my son ! ” no other word found vent.
His streaming tears the faded visage steep ;
A glad relief ; but Osric could not weep.
His burning hand upon his brow he press’d,
And self-accusing anguish wrung his breast.
That inward pang the pitying tribe could read ;
They raised the bier and motioned to proceed ;
And while they bore the sacred freight along,
In mingled chorus rose a loftier song,
The silver moon-beam brightening on the plain,
Crests the tall trees that bow responsive to the
strain.

“ Joy to the victor, whose unearthly sword
The combat dared, and triumphed in the Lord !

Called to receive an everlasting crown,
Before the bleeding Lamb he casts the trophy
down.

“Though loved and lost, not ours the pang of
those
Whose earth-born grief no heavenly balsam knows :
We would not call thy spirit from its home,
Where sin assails thee not, and sorrow cannot
come.

“And when the trumpet’s awful note shall
sound,
The dead to summon from the teeming ground,
E’en these, the mortal wrecks that pain the eye,
Shall rise to light and life, and immortality.

“Hid in the kindred dust from whence they
came,
Sown in corruption, weakness, and in shame,
We know these feeble clods of earth shall shine
Pure, incorruptible, immortal and divine.

“Where then thy triumph, Grave ? and where
thy sting,
O sullen Death ? what terror dost thou bring ?
We burst thine iron band, and soar on high ;
Glory to Christ the Lord, who brings us victory !”

Full many a rolling year hath pass’d away
Since rose upon the breeze that funeral lay,
And childrens’ children press upon the sod
Where sweetly sleeps the old white man of God.

But if thou wilt list to the simple tale
Of the dark Patriarchs in that lonely vale,
Their falt'ring lips in broken speech can tell
Of one who ruled them long, and loved them well ;
Whose life reflected, like a lucid stream,
The splendors of his ever-during theme.
Whose arms of love through all the nations reached,
Whose lowly spirit bore the cross he preached.
Whose glowing zeal, in mission ardor bold,
Assembled many in that sylvan fold.
He lived to feed, to shelter, and to guide
That cherished flock, and in their bosom died.

Then will they guide thee to a broken crag,
Where waves the woodland vine her verdant flag,
And bid a turf-clad mound thy notice claim,
And rudely sculptured rock, impressed with OSRIC'S
name.

And canst THOU pause, while sin and wrath
abound,
And darkness reigns, and souls are dying round ?
Canst thou with close and niggard hand withhold
The slender pittance of thy snaring gold,
Whose rust may as a canker eat away
Thy lingering hope in the tremendous day
When conscience re-awakens at the word
Of stern appeal, "What ow'st thou to my Lord ?"
Where are the two prolific Talents, given
To store thy coffers in the bank of heaven ?
Those Talents with abundant produce fraught,
Thy TIME and MEANS, what int'rest have they
brought ?

Turn not—from this appeal thou may'st not flee,
The solemn query is addressed to Thee.
To Thee who readest, Thee who hear'st the tale ;
To Thee whose every earthly stay must fail ;
Whose present joys, the baubles of an hour,
And secret griefs that now thy peace devour,
Shall fade to nothing :—thou, who soon must
stand

Before the Lord, with that unnumbered band
Of souls that battle in the glorious strife,
And souls that perish for the bread of life,
And souls that for a toy their birth-right sell,
And slumbering souls, that dream till they awake
in hell.

O may the Lord, who yet shall conquer sin,
Whose strong right hand shall yet the battle win,
May He with thundering call thy bulwarks shake ;
And if thou yet art sleeping bid thee wake ;
And if thou hast poured forth thy scanty store,
Bid thee increase, abounding more and more ;
And if thy secret prayer ascends on high,
Swell that weak murmur to a mighty cry.
O for the startling call of faith ! that knows
To rouse the Lord, and give him no repose
Till He, responsive to the voice, again
Rends the blue vault and comes in majesty to
reign !

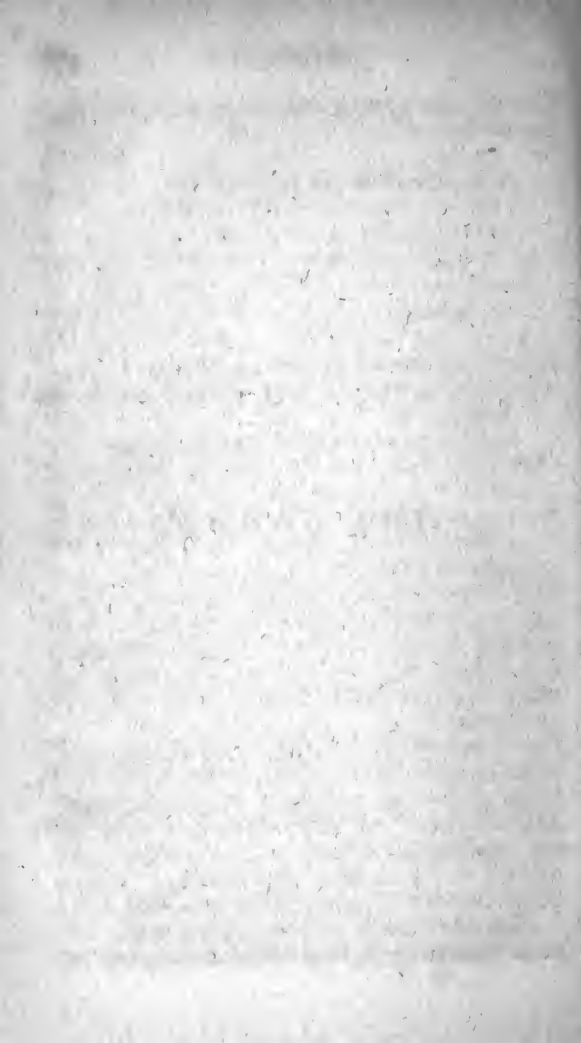
Then earth her bright attire shall don once more,
The bridal robe that spotless Eden wore ;
Then tenfold day shall burst upon the gloom ;
The thorn shall wither and the flower shall bloom ;
The thousand tribes of ocean, air, and land
Pay willing duty to man's mild command,

And he the homage of creation bring
Through Zion's golden gate to Zion's dazzling
King.

Oh, joy for Zion, when her towers shall bear
That name ineffable "THE LORD IS THERE."
The Lord of life, death's gloomy path who trod,
The man of sorrows—the eternal God !
Not hid, as when his cloud-wrapped glory shone
In mystic guise above the golden throne,
But visible, unveiled as when of yore
Through Zion's streets the felon cross he bore,
His feet, his wounded feet, shall press again
The soil once crimsoned by his flowing vein.
Beneath his pierced hand the world shall bow,
And all earth's diadems shall gleam upon his brow.

O labor now, improve thy little span ;
Full soon will cease the puny work of man,
For He who deigns thy feeble aid to own,
Ere long shall take his power and rule alone.
And thou rejoicing in thy lot wilt stand
While his bright sceptre waves o'er every land ;
And the resplendent stream that issues forth
From his high throne, o'erspreads the yielding
earth ;
And as in lunar tides the sounding sea
O'er barren sands holds his majestic way,
The ocean billows of his glory roll,
And his salvation's song resound from pole to pole.

THE GARDEN.



THE GARDEN.

HERE will I rest me on this mossy bank,
While the soft breeze that rustles through the
boughs

Of this antique and well-remembered beech
Shall sadly commune with me of the dead.
It was her favorite spot ; but she is gone
Whose presence was the soul that lighted up
Each beauteous prospect into double life :
She came to this fair scene a poor recluse,
To hide her head from an unfeeling world,
And sink in calm oblivion to the grave :
A gentle summons reached her from her Lord,
A messenger of love, who warned her home
Along a painful path by slow degrees,
And cheerfully she went : she did not ask
For length of days in such a weary world,
But bore the cross, the anchor of her hope,
Badge of her faith, and pledge of her salvation ;
And whensoever she bent beneath its weight
She called upon the Lord, mighty to save,
And felt the everlasting arms beneath,
Supporting and defending. She possessed
A mind whose cords, like the Æolian harp,
Responded to the lightest breeze that sighed.

And once she made her Paradise on earth,
Loving its transitory bliss too well,
Until the brittle reeds whereon she leaned
Broke, and the fragments pierced her. Then she
turned

To Him who cannot fail : upon the rock
Her fortress building, and reposing there,
In patient expectation of the call
That summoned her to everlasting peace.
The voice of former days perchance would come
As the low cadence of the distant hymn
Steals o'er the evening sea ; and faintly shone
The memory of their joys, like the pale beam
That glances all unfelt upon the tide.
Long had the blazing ray, the blackening cloud
In rapid alternation triumphed there,
And storms had ploughed the troubled surface oft,
Till He who walked the Galilean sea
Passed o'er the toiling waves, and bade them rest,
In deep unbroken calm ; revealing nought
Save the reflection of a promised heaven.
Quenched was the meteor beam of earthly hope,
But still the pole-star of the Gospel shone,
And glowed more brightly through the shade.—

She knew

This spacious world had not a joy for her,
Save those, which, planted by the hand of faith,
Might rise indeed on earth but could no more
Till death transplanted them to bloom in heaven.
Yes, she is gone :—but shrouded in my heart,
As in a living sepulchre, she lies,
And in the silent solitary hour
Methinks I could unlock the sepulchre,
And gaze upon my treasure—fair in death,

Like the cropped rose decaying on the stalk,
And fragrant as the scattered leaves. I love
The meanest object that her eye has scanned,
Above the splendors of the the brightest scene
That never caught its glances. All are here,
All that she loved to gaze on—they remain
Unchanged and smiling yet : the little flowers
That gem the grassy slope, and waving shine
With mimic beauty in the stream that glows
With their reflected blushes : roses, pinks,
And flaunting pionies, and tulips gay,
With the dark foliage of the classic leaf,
Laurel and bay ; and willow drooping sad,
Wooing the idle wave that ripples on,
Unmindful of her charms, and then expands,
Rolling with broader bend through yonder mead,
And laves the base of a majestic pile,
Glorious in ruin, where in sterner days
The arm of feudal might rested secure,
And centuries in their sweep have scarcely hurled
Half of their ponderous fabric to the dust.
One heavy mass, the fragment of an arch,
Rent by explosion, to the river fell,
And turned the waters from their native bed
With separating force ; the streams divide,
And either speeds unwillingly alone,
Till, far beyond, they meet and part no more

There dwelt some chord unbroken in her heart
That vibrated to such a theme as this,
And owned a sad similitude within ;
Some pang untold, or only told to Him
Who bent beneath the burden of our woes,
That he might solace us with sacred balm,

And tell us all we should resign on earth,
In meek obedience to His holy will,
His treasury would repay a thousand fold.
Oft have I seen her look upon the tides,
Pursuing them in their divided course,
Till tides responsive swelled in either eye,
And heard her breathe in such a mournful tone
As echoed to the cadence of the stream
The thought that rose within her as she gazed.
E'en now, all lonely as I sit, and list
To the soft rolling of the stream, methinks
I hear her gentle accents mingle there.
She loved the watery world ; the humblest spring
That creeps along the vale, had charms for her,
But in the grandeur of the mighty main
Her very soul seemed wrapt—and when the storm
Heaved the vast billows from their dark abyss,
And hurled them to the sky, nor roaring wind,
Nor thunders peal, could fright her from the scene,
She called it nature's majesty, which man
Could never yet depose—his impious touch
Had spoiled the earth of many a goodly grace,
Levelled the mountain, felled the towering oak,
And rent the bowels of the peaceful soil.
He binds a galling fetter on the neck
Of all that breathes below ; from the poor worm
That dies in torture on the barbed hook,
To the strong bull, whose mangled lip must yield
Diversion meet for his unpitying eye ;
The noble steed that sinks beneath the lash ;
The lordly lion pining in his chain ;
And man himself, in shameless barter sold
To slavery, and cruelty, and death,
To glut his fellow's avarice and pride.

This fair creation writhes in bitter throes,
Beneath his sway, and for deliverance groans,
But ocean scorns him.—Lo the billows rise,
And roar defiance on his shrinking ear ;
In conscious impotence the tyrant speeds
From the incursive wave, or wildly tossed
In some frail bark upon that boiling surge,
Reads in the volume of the sheeted foam
A tale of swift destruction. Where is now
Thy boasted charter ? whither wilt thou turn
For glad deliverance now ? where but to Him
Who winds his pathway through the awful deep,
Who rides the ocean as a steed, and lays
A curbing hand upon his tossing mane,
And chides him into peace ? Wouldst thou be heard
And succored in the helpless hour of need ?
Oh, then beware ! hold thy permitted rule
In gentleness ; the merciful alone
May look for mercy at the hand of Him
Who knows the measure that ye mete withal,
And seals in vengeful wrath the tyrant's doom.

Amid the shining attributes, that blend
A living rainbow round the throne of God,
The emerald still prevails ; the soothing tint
That clothes the summer landscape ; 'tis the hue
Of mercy that embraces earth and heaven ;
And as the distant flock on yonder hill
Crop from the verdant sod a full repast,
Or slumber unmolested in the shade
Of the green spreading bough, so mercy yields
The food, the shelter, to our mortal frames,
And nourishes the soul to endless life.

That flock hath furnished many a moving theme
For converse on the love of Him who spreads
His tender mercies over all his works.
Poor simple pensioners ! how oft they flee
The careful hand, outstretched to fix the seal
That marks them his :—how prone to wander forth
From the safe pasture to the howling waste,
And when recovered by the swain, and borne
On his kind shoulder, how the thankless fool
Will strive and bleat, as though his tender limbs
Were writhing underneath the lion's paw !
Oft have I seen my loved companion smile,
By glad experience taught to bless the arm
That folds the flocks, and leads the wanderer home.
O rest, thou wilful truant, she would say,
Thy shepherd bears thee by a path unknown ;
A way thy straggling steps could never find ;
He bears thee from a sullen wilderness,
Where thirsty sands abound, and poisonous weeds,
To a fair pasture, shaded from the heat,
And sheltered from the storm : to verdant meads,
Where the meandering streamlet glides along ;
No ravening beast of prey can enter there,
No secret venom work ;—the rescued flock
Snatched from the lion's jaws, and gathered home,
Dwell there secure beneath the shepherd's eye,
Whose presence glads them, and whose tender love
Forms the sweet sunshine of their cloudless day.
O let not then the weak believer strive,
Though rent from all his erring nature deemed
Most fair to view, most meet to rest upon,
And borne along a new mysterious path,
Through gloomy deserts, over barren rocks,
And cross the thundering torrents that o'erwhelm
With desolating sweep the works of man.

Let him not shrink, nor tremble at the scene ;
His Shepherd bears him :—round his feeble form
Th' Almighty's everlasting arms are spread ;
The foot which treads that desert cannot err ;
The bosom where he rests has bled for him ;
And the eternal Word, whose fiat brought
Light from primeval darkness, life from death,
Is pledged to guide him safely to the fold.

Wo to the hireling ! wo to him who deals
With niggard hand the stipulated dole
On each returning Sabbath, and surveys
With cold indifference the neglected flock ;
Assembled to receive the bread of life,
And fed with husks, or scantily supplied
With better nutriment, then left to roam
Unnoticed through the week ; to crop the blade
Of specious poisons on the world's dark waste,
And wander heedless in the lion's haunts,
A prey to his devouring rage. Attend,
Ye hirelings ; listen to the awful threats
Israel's Great Shepherd has recorded—" Wo
To them who feed themselves, and not the flock !
Ye eat the fat, and clothe you in the wool,
But tend them not ; nor strengthen the diseased,
Nor heal the sick, nor bind the smarting wound ;
That which was chased away ye bring not back,
Nor seek the wanderer—they are straggling wide
On the bleak hills, a prey to every foe.
Ye faithless shepherds, hear Jehovah's word.
Is this the flock I purchased with my blood,
And bade you feed ? and shall my vengeance sleep
While famine wastes them, and the prowling wolf
Scatters and tears them ? tremble at the sword

That glitters o'er your guilty heads ! the eye
That pitied not my sheep shall waste away ;
My thunderbolt shall blast the cruel arm
That would not gather them. How will ye face
That fearful hour, when, at the bar of heaven,
They testify against you, and display
Their famished forms, their fleeces stained and torn,
Unmeet to enter the celestial gates,
Where nought defiled can come : will ye endure
To hear that question from the Judge's lip—
' Where is the flock I gave ; thy beauteous flock ?
How will ye bear the overwhelming weight
Of blood upon your heads ! the blood of souls !
The screams of anguish, the exulting taunts
Of fiends that plunge them in the lake of fire,
While through the hollow regions of despair,
Rperoaches endless, never-ceasing groans,
Echo from tortured spirits—lost through you !”

Oh that they would consider and be wise,
And feel the lofty privilege they bear,
Ambassadors for Christ, who gives to them
The reconciling ministry ; by them
Beseeching guilty man to turn, and live !
And some there are, thrice blessed of the Lord,
Whose meat and drink it is to do His will ;
Who love their Master's sheep, and would resign
Their very lives to feed and nourish them.
And e'n with such a shepherd have I walked
Through the green valley where his flock was spread,
And sweet it was to mark his tender love
For every feeble lambkin in the fold :
He knew them all, and warily he watched
To shield them from the perils of the world,

To turn their steps from every devious way,
And lead them to the still pure stream of life.
He wept in secret o'er the wayward bent
Of their corrupted nature ;—oft he fell
Before the footstool of the Lord, and prayed
With all the fervor of a wrestling soul,
That He would send His potent breath to breathe
Upon these withering bones, and bid them live :
And then, refreshed by prayer, and strong in faith,
He sallied forth upon his daily task,
Seeking each lowly shed, and from his heart
Sending the Gospel salutation—‘ Peace.’
Sometimes perchance the son of peace was there,
And there the blessing rested, there diffused
A softer calm throughout the poor abode,
Where the disciple of his Lord sojourned.
But some polluted walls could not afford
A spot to court the dove’s unsullied foot,
And then the peace returned, and nestled close
In the kind bosom which had sent it forth :
Like the thin vapor, by the earth exhaled,
Which rises to the sky, and finding there
No certain habitation, falls again
In fertilizing rain, and dewes the ground
From whence it sprung ; yielding a rich increase
Of cool refreshment in the hour of drought.
With what a patient spirit he endured
The contradiction of a sinful race !
Precept on precept, line on line he gave,
That showed like sketches traced upon the sand,
By the next billow rudely swept away.
Grieving, but not discouraged, he pursued
His sacred office ; working to the Lord ;
And many a seed cast on the thankless soil,

Though seemingly in vain, some silent shower
Of grace unnoticed may have sunk beneath
The barren surface ; caused it there to swell,
And vegetate, and bear a golden crop,
To glad the wondering husbandman, and form
A crown of joy in the great harvest day.

How oft he placed him on the lowly couch,
And bent in silent sympathy to hear
The feeble plaint of querulous disease ;
Moistened the parching lip : with gentle hand
Wiped the cold dew-drop from the throbbing brow,
And spoke of hope and comfort : soon he led,
With skilful wile, to that inspiring theme
Which dwelt within his heart, and longed to rise
In glowing words to his persuasive tongue :
He told the sick man of a broken law,
A sinful nature, and offended God,
A throne of judgment, and a scene of woe :
Then bade him raise his drooping head and view
The cross on Calvary's mount : the Son of God
Bearing our countless sins upon the tree.
In his own spotless body. " Oh behold
The thorns that rend His brow ! the trickling tide
That issues from His hands and feet ; the sponge
Of vinegar and gall, so rudely forced
On His pale quivering lip. Hark to the cry
Wrung from the Father's well-beloved Son,
' My God, my God, hast thou forsaken me ?'
Now mark the fountain opened in His side ;
And hear him by his Spirit calling thee
To cleanse thy soul from each polluting stain,
By bathing it in a Redeemer's blood.
What wilt thou give, to know thy pardon sealed
In heaven, and an eternal crown thine own ?

Alas ! my brother, thou hast nought to give ;
Nor would ten thousand worlds suffice to buy
One gleam of hope. Behold, the gift is thine !
Bought at a price too great to be conceived,
And freely given. Believe, and thou art saved ;
Repent ; thy sins shall all be blotted out.
Soon shall the soul-refreshing season come
From God's own presence, breathing peace and joy."'
Then to the sacred page he turned, and showed
His high credentials ; proved the message sent
From Him whose footstool is the highest heaven,
Down to the low abode of sinful man.
But trusting not to all the eloquence
Of men and angels, kneeling he besought
A blessing on the word he had declared ;
With demonstration of the Spirit's power
To rouse a sleeping sinner, new-create
A being born in guilt, and bear a soul
On faith's strong pinion to the gates of heaven.

Nor was his active ministry confined
To the poor inmate of a cottage wall ;
The lofty dome that echoed to the notes
Of revelry, has heard his mild reproof ;
And painted folly in her mad career
Has paused, to list the unaccustomed sound
Of Gospel truth : has gazed in silent awe,
On the smooth open brow, where God's own seal
Of inward peace was stamped so legibly,
That mirth's unthinking votaries would sigh,
And envy what they could not comprehend.
'Twas lovely, to behold the bloom of morn,
With evening's sweet solemnity combined.
Vice shrunk abashed from looks that still proclaimed

A vessel unto honor, sanctified
And set apart for the great Master's use.

Methinks e'en now I see the dark trees wave,
Shading his modest church ; where the long grass
Bends to the wind, and decks the hollow ground
That oft has echoed to his pensive tread.
There rest the mouldering bodies that await
Th' Archangel's awful summons to arise
And meet their pastor at the throne of God.
I've known him dwell on the tremendous hour,
Till tears suffused his eyes, and bitter grief
Found vent in words ; he has condemned himself
As an unfaithful steward, indolent,
Unprofitable to his Lord, and meet
For everlasting wo :—for some there were,
Some burning brands he *could* not pluck away
From Satan's fires. He warned them oft, and long
Besought them to be reconciled, and held
The fearful doom of Sinners to their view,
But all, alas ! in vain : they mocked his care,
And perished : Surely on their impious heads
Rests their own blood ; the watchman gave th'
alarm,
From day to day admonished them ; and he
Is clear, and shall be cleared before the world.
But many a naked, hungry, captive soul,
Clothed, fed, delivered through his ministry,
Shall bear a glorious witness in that hour ;
And many a willing cup his hand has given
In a disciple's name, shall then receive
A blessed recompense—the crown of life
Placed on his head ; the palm of victory
That marks him more than conqueror through
Christ,

Who loved and conquered for him, and the sound
Of smiling welcome by the Judge proclaimed,
“ Well done thou good and faithful servant ; come,
Enter with joy the kingdom of thy Lord.”

Yes, such a kingdom, such a joy there is,
As man's fond heart, with all its golden dreams
Of pleasure unalloyed, could ne'er conceive.
A kingdom where the elements of earth
Shall pass away, and all be made anew,
No wave of trouble rolls upon the shore
Of that celestial Canaan : Jordan passed,
No other water but the stream of life
Greets the blest denizen : no sound of wo
Floats on the balmy breath of heaven ; no tear
The cheek defiles ; no sorrow heaves the heart ;
Nor pain nor death, can enter there, for sin,
The black prolific parent of the race,
Is slain ; and with her all her brood expire.
The temple of the Lord is open flung,
The veil is rent, and from His mercy-seat
Beams forth the light ineffable that sheds
Throughout that boundless realm eternal day.
Then who, with reason's privilege endued
To shun the greater ill and bear the less,
And by a present momentary pang
The tasting of a bitter potion, gain
Unnumbered years of ease and smiling health,
Oh who would screen him from the strife of
tongues,
The little cloud of man's contemptuous frown,
The peevish buffeting of pigmy spite,
Or rudder pelting of misfortune's storm,
Fierce, but coeval only with his breath,

And leave his naked, helpless soul exposed
To the undying worm, and quenchless flame
The fearful thunders of Jehovah's wrath,
The blasting of the breath of His displeasure,
And withering glance, transfixing it in hell !
Go, ye who list, and barter endless joy
For the world's harlot smile, that inly mocks
The fool her painted blandishments allure :
Go, strut upon the crowded stage, and turn
An eye of scorn, and shower the polished darts
Of calumny and envy-born dislike,
And sneering pity, on the wiser few
Who wear the pilgrim's heart without his garb,
And taking silently their Master's cross,
Bid your vain resting-place farewell, and seek
A more abiding city, founded sure,
Whose architect is God. O be it mine
To follow, in the footsteps of the flock,
To the Good Shepherd's fold—His word my light,
His staff my sole defence, His rod my guide,
Forward I press to reach the glorious prize,
Nor heed the shadows of the darksome vale.

A line of lustre streaks the distant hill,
On that I gaze, by that I shape my course,
And though death's sullen portal intervene
I shrink not, for the Lord hath passed it through
And left the gleaming of his presence there.
In vain embattled hosts my path beset,
I gird me in the armor of my God.
His truth surrounds my loins, His righteousness
Yields a firm breast-plate ; His salvation shines
An adamantine helm upon my head ;

Shod with the Gospel of His peace, I step
O'er pointed thorns, and crush them. Even I
Can dare a thousand foes, for He hath taught
My feeble hand to wield the Spirit's sword ;
While weak as leaves that scatter the seared turf
In the autumnal wood, the fiery darts
Innoxious fall ; recoiling from the touch
Of faith's broad shield, they tremble and expire.

O bright reality of future bliss .
All else a shadow ; though the flesh will feel
And shudder underneath the probing knife,
And dread the hand that lops the limb away,
The spirit can rejoicing cry, " E'en so,
Father ; for so it seemeth good to thee."

The tear must trickle while remembrance wakes
At every breath that sighs among the shades
Where the soft echo to the loved one's voice
Responds no more ; but faith can steal away
The falling drops, and gild them with a smile.
Amid those ancient trees, whose stately head
With dark, unbroken, undulating line,
Like mountain summits stretch along the sky,
To giant growth attaining, broad beneath,
Rounding in leafy swell, thence tapering up
In nature's line of grace, the beauteous curve,
Rearing their equal tufts, and from above
Seeming in guardian majesty to smile
On the soft scene they shelter, a fond pair
Of doves, embosomed in the verdant shade,
Had built her nest, and warmed the young to life,
We love to mark the Turtle as he cheered
His mate with the soft cooing of his voice,

Or took her station, and encouraged her
To rove awhile beneath the morning sun,
Soothing the little ones till her return ;
Then sallying forth to cull the plenteous spoil
And satisfy their cravings. One sad eve,
When ranging o'er the neighb'ring fields, a shot,
Winged by the hand of wanton murder, pierced
His harmless breast, and stained his silver plumes
With crimson spot ; he felt the hand of death,
Yet strained his fainting wing to reach his home,
And fluttered o'er the tree,—then fell and died.
With terrified surprise his mate beheld,
And called him with her loudest, sweetest songs,
But called in vain ; then wheeling round the spot
She 'lighted near and gazed upon the corse,
And pecked him with impatient agony :
Then to her nest returning, called again
With piteous lamentation : came once more,
And seemed to chide his strange indifference,
Unheedful of her plaints.—It was a sight
That might suffuse a stoic eye with tears.
I bore the little victim from the spot,
With silent sad foreboding, that the wo
Of such bereavement should ere long be mine.

Too well I know the agonizin~ pang :
Mine was a life of partings : I have wrung
The very dregs of that most bitter cup,
Beside the dying bed, and on the shore
Of seas that soon should roll between the hearts
Linked in the bands of love. The last and best
Is severed now ; but ne'er to be forgot
While in this bosom throbs one vital pulse.
For she was fraught with gentle sympathy,

As generous and true as he who wept
O'er persecuted David. When the world,
The fickle world, slid from my feeble grasp,
And left me nothing but the empty name
Of friendship and of faith, then she appeared,
A flower still blooming in the wilderness
When all were withered round; and sweeter far
Than those that shone so gay, and died so soon.
She bore with patient and forbearing love
The fretfulness a wounded spirit showed,
And when in dark despondency I mourned
My joys all blighted, and my hope cut off,
With sweet reproof she pointed to the cross,
And told me of the Lord, who freely gave
His own, His only Son, to die for me,
A costly pledge that He would ne'er withhold
Aught of inferior blessing. He it was
Who now with His mysterious hand prepared
A pathway strewn with thorns, yet opening
On endless life, and everlasting peace.
How oft she taught my stubborn will to bow,
And kiss the rod I murmured at before!
She cheered the gloominess of sorrow's night,
Pure, mild, and soothing as the lunar ray:
I rested in that light, till I forgot
It was but borrowed from the glorious Sun
Of Righteousness, and soon to be withdrawn;
The sooner that I prized it over-much.
For He who calls himself a jealous God,
Will brook no rival in his creature's heart.
I made an idol of the staff He lent,
And half o'erlooked the donor in the gift;
Therefore the Lord resumed it for awhile,
But not for ever.—When these mortal frames,

Dissolved in dust, shall rise all spiritual,
And this now earthly bear the heavenly stamp,
The love of God supreme pervading all,
And in celestial harmony combined
One note of triumph breathe from every soul,
O then the kindred spirits shall unite
In the sweet task of all-adoring praise,
And wondering contemplation of the work
That saved, and purified, and brought them there,
Recounting oft their trials, and the tears
By God's own hand for ever wiped away.
Then shall it be perceived how merciful
Was every stroke of his chastising scourge ;
And still new hallelujahs shall succeed
Each retrospect of that amazing plan—
The ransom, the salvation of a soul.
It was the very bitterness of death
To part with such a friend, and wander on
This long and weary pilgrimage alone.
What will the rapture be to meet again,
Glorious immortal spirits, freed from sin,
To die no more—to weep—to part no more
But dwell for ever with the Lord our God !

Welcome thou soft and inobtrusive orb,
Whose silent pace hath stolen unperceived
Upon my musing hours. The sun has dipped
His golden wheel beneath the main; that laves
The rocky base of yonder western hill,
Unseen from hence, but not unheard at eve,
When stronger breezes curl the rippling tides,
And bid their deep and measured murmur break
On nature's sleeping pause : a solemn dirge,
Well suited to the scene, and most to me.

And now it swells, and now it falls again ;
While zephyr freshened by the briny wave
Her passing wing hath brushed, salutes the trees
With rougher play, and heaves the lofty boughs
In mimic billows—there the shifting ray
Steals through the moving foliage, and adorns
With frosted silver half the sod beneath ;
But pours a broad unbroken stream of light
O'er the parterre, and sparkles on the leaves
Of polished laurel, and the thousand gems
Of glittering dews, that bathe the sleeping flowers.

How pleasant is the modest lamp of night,
In brightness walking, to the sorrowing eyes
Of friends by fate and distance severed far,
Still meeting on her orb, as on a point
Of common union—happier, if their souls
Meet at the ever-beaming theme of grace,
In the sweet harmony of praise and prayer.
Nor rolling years, nor widening space, affect
The tie that centers thee : though death himself
Should intervene, his stern, divorcing grasp
May from its kindred body rend the soul,
But cannot touch the consecrated bond
That links believing spirits ; one in Christ.
I do but linger here my little day
Of fading life, to gaze upon the scenes
Once vocal to the voice I loved, now wrapt
In deep sepulchral silence ; yet they smile,
And yet display the handy-work of God,
And call on me to lend the tongue of praise
To their mute adoration. Be it mine
To work my Master's will while day endures,
And peacefully beneath the darkening shade

Of night, compose me, till the welcome voice,
The Bridegroom's call, breaks on my listening ear,
"Behold I come!" O may my soul respond
The glad "Amen. Lord Jesus, quickly come!"

THE IVY.

O DEEM not, while my pensive eye
Dwells upon yonder ruined towers,
That sorrow breathes the rising sigh,
Or memory pines o'er fairer bowers.
I love the wild uncultured scene,
The broken arch, the crumbling stone,
The graceful vest of Ivy green,
O'er yon grey wall so lightly thrown :
And if from rude unhallowed mirth,
From swelling pride, thy heart be free,
Rest on this mound of sacred earth,
And ponder o'er the scene with me.
Recal the days of other years,
When feudal power unvanquished trod,
And where the browsing kid appears
The pampered war-horse shook the sod.
When turrets high, and banners gay,
O'erlook'd the stream that murmurs by,
And sculptured roofs, long passed away,
Rang to the notes of revelry.
But when the neighboring tombs had closed
Above the bold, the gay, the fair,
When in these vaults the bat reposed,
And time had pressed his signet there ;

When all was desolate and mute,
And human step the dwelling fled,
Appeared yon Ivy's infant shoot,
And slowly reared its hermit head.

Unscathed by frosts of winter keen,
Unharm'd by summer's parching ray,
Robed in unfading, changeless green,
The silent guest pursued its way.

And oh that rich luxuriant wreath,
Crowning in solemn grace the tower,
Blooming on high, while low beneath
Are strew'd the wrecks of fame and power !

Those fibrous arms, with strong embrace,
Support the crumbling wall they bind ;
And canst thou no resemblance trace
To cheer the Christian's pensive mind !

Yes :—so when mortal hope is fled,
When earthly bulwarks ruined lie,
Triumphant Faith uprears her head,
Glorying in man's infirmity.

THE HYACINTH ROOTS.

HEALTH and peace await my friend !
Let her prize the gift I send,
Where, beneath a mystic veil,
Stands impressed a glorious tale,

Graven by th' eternal hand,
When this shapeless mass it spanned,
And the Spirit, breathing warm,
Charmed creation into form,
Through the realm of ancient night
Glanced, and lo, the world had light.
Yonder vault of azure spread,
Poured the waves in ocean's bed,
Raised the mountain, smoothed the plain,
Clothed the forest, waved the grain,
Hung the kindling lamp of day,
Rolled the planets on their way,
Brought from dust the living birth,
Peopling ocean, air, and earth,
Breathed a blessing through the whole,
But gave to man a deathless soul.

Glorious work ! stupendous love !
Wonder of the hosts above.
Ah, how quickly entered in
Sin by man, and death by sin !
God's all-gracious purpose cross'd,
Earth is curs'd, and heaven is lost.
Cheer me not, for I will weep
O'er the wreck so vast and deep ;
Sorrow, shame, and cruelty,
Stalk abroad with ruthless eye.
Man, a blind and willing prey,
Bends his soul to Satan's sway :
Life but hovers o'er the tomb,
All within is silent gloom,
All beyond is dark despair,
Wrath and vengeance triumph there.

Oh, my friend, how many a time
We have mourned for Adam's crime ;
While our hearts have warred within,
Captives to the law of sin ;
Or the pang of mortal wo
Caused the bitter tear to flow ;
Or disease, with laboring breath,
Bowed us nigh the gates of death.
We have felt the dark control,
Eden blighted in the soul.

Weep no more—a blaze of light
Bursts upon this tenfold night.
In a word the tale is said,
“ Christ is risen from the dead.”
Christ hath suffered—all is done,
Christ is risen—all is won.

Now my simple gift behold,
Rugged garbs the gems enfold :
Shapeless and uncouth to view,
Earthy, and decaying too.
Bury them in kindred dust,
Yet with patience wait and trust :
Soon a lovely form shall rise,
Tending upward to the skies ;
Not a trace shall there remain
Of deformity or stain ;
In majestic beauty standing,
To the noontide blaze expanding,
Bathed in heaven's nectareous dews,
Glowing in celestial hues,
Robed by workmanship divine,
—'Tis thy prototype and mine.

Let us seek supplies of grace,
Let us run the heavenly race,
Let us yield our fleeting breath,
Smiling on the shaft of death,
Let these mortal frames decay,
And our memory fade away ;
Christ is risen—we shall rise,
Flowers to bloom in Paradise.

THE WINTER ROSE.

HAIL, and farewell, thou lovely guest,
I may not woo thy stay,
The hues that paint thy blushing vest
Are fading fast away,
Like the retiring tints that die
At even from the western sky,
And melt in misty grey.

The morning sun thy beauties hailed,
Fresh from their mossy cell,
At eve his beam, in sorrow veiled,
Bade thee a sad farewell :
To-morrow's ray shall gild the spot
Where loosened from their fairy knot
The withering petals fell.

Alas! on thy forsaken stem
My heart shall long recline,
And mourn the transitory gem,
And make the story mine
So on my joyless wintry hour
Hath open some bright and fragrant flower,
With tints as soft as thine.

Like thee the vision came and went,
Like thee it bloomed and fell,
In momentary pity sent
Of fairer climes to tell.
So frail its form, so short its stay,
That nought the lingering heart could say,
But hail, and fare thee well !

THE EVENING PRIMROSE.

FLOWER of eve, the sun is sinking
Far beneath the western main,
Thirsty shrubs the night dews drinking,
Moon-beams stealing o'er the plain,
Stars are trembling through the sky,
Flower of evening, ope thine eye.

Now with bending heads the roses
Slumber in their perfumed bower,
Not a bud its leaf discloses
To salute the silent hour,
Not an eye is near but mine,
Watching to encounter thine.

Gem of eve, I love to view thee,
While thy velvet petals spread,
Tearfully my looks pursue thee
As thou rear'st thy golden head ;
Sleep may rest on other eyes,
Ours shall commune with the skies.

Praise to Him who fixed His dwelling
Unapproachable in light !
Now the lofty tale is telling
Through the spangled vault of night ;
Speech nor language issues thence,
All is silent eloquence.

Every star confirms the story,
Every bending flower agrees,
Solomon in all his glory,
Was not robed like one of these ;
Those Jehovah's power express,
Glorious, awful, numberless.

Lo, in ceaseless praise the ocean
Lifts his voice and hands on high,
Breathes the hymn in calm devotion,
Or in thunder greets the sky.
With creation rose the song,
Destined to endure as long.

While the speaking scene around me
Tells of one stupendous plan
Wonder, fear, and shame confound me,
As I utter What is man !
Glory, honor, wreath a brow,
Flower of eve, as frail as thou.

Yet, beneath the glance of morning
Fading, thou'lt for ever die ;
I, to kindred earth returning,
Then commence eternity :
Thou must fall, but I shall rise
Denizen of yonder skies.

May my spirit rest confiding
In the hand that nurtured thee ;
And for thy short span providing
Formed thee to admonish me.
Graving on the frailest flower
Such a tale of love and power.

THE VALLISNERIA.

“ OFFSPRING of the waters, tell
By what undiscovered spell
Thou art taught unmoved to rest
On the wave's inconstant breast ?
When the river's gushing tide,
Rising high, and ranging wide,
Threats with overwhelming force
All that meets her headlong course,
Still appears thy fragile head,
Still thy flowers the wave o'erspread.
Though the stream be sucked away
By the summer's thirsty ray,
Till the meadow's children round
Wither on the parching ground,
Yet thy peaceful cheek I find
On its liquid couch reclined ;—
Whence the charm, concealed and strange,
Suiting thee to every change ? ”

“ Lady, He who bade us dwell
Where the troubled waters swell,
Lent our stem a spiral power,
Precious in the needful hour.
Though to earth our root be given,
Still we fix our view on heaven.
When the tides begin to rise,
Nearer we approach the skies :—
How can waters overflow ?
If the Lord support bestow,

“ As the rolling floods retire,
Slowly coils the living wire ;
Still contracting while we sink
Far beneath the grassy brink,
All unmoved our heads can rest
On the streamlet’s shallow breast :
Lady, how can we be dry,
If the Lord our need supply ? ”

“ Favored flowret, from my heart
Never may the lesson part !
Ne’er shall threat’ning waves of wo
O’er the humble Christian flow ;
God can bid the storm be still,
Or impart the needful skill,
In confiding strength to ride
Buoyant on the furious tide.
—Never shall the streams of grace
Fail, in their appointed place,
While, relying on His word,
Man undoubting trusts the Lord.”

FORGET-ME-NOT.

FORGET me not, friend of my choice,
When mute is the breath of my sigh,
And silent the tones of this tremulous voice,
And quenched the faint beam of the eye ;
When the zephyr, now fanning my cheek,
Shall wave the long grass o'er my head,
And morn in her blushes unheedingly streak
The sullen abode of the dead.

Oh forget not : this azure-eyed flower
Shall yet thy remembrancer be,
Shall lift its meek head from the moss of thy bower,
And look like a vestige of me.
Thy soul will unconsciously prize
The dream that was soothing to mine,
And a weed of the wilderness fair in these eyes
Will ever be lovely to thine.

How sweetly with delicate blue
This infant of nature is graced,
How tenderly marked, yet how equal and true,
The lines on its surface are traced !
E'en so in thy bosom shall blend
Remembrance with lingering regret,
When the flower shall recall the pale shade of thy
friend,
And whisper thee not to forget.

The Missionary, WOLFF, met at Jerusalem with some aged Jews, who came from Poland to die there. One of them said to him, "It is not pleasant now to *live* in Palestine, but it is pleasant to *die* in this land, and all of us here have come to *die in the land of Israel*."

RETURNING from a stranger land,
We come, a feeble, aged band,
To linger out life's fading hours
Beside our ruined Salem's towers ;
Where once exulting myriads trod
To throng the fane of Judah's God,
With trembling pace her exiles creep,
Lean on the way-worn staff, and weep.

The spicy breath of Lebanon
Our welcome sighs, and passes on ;
We stand on Olivet's ascent,
Where royal David weeping went :
Behold yon spot, profaned by foes,
'Twas there our beauteous Temple rose ;
But not a vestige, not a stone,
Tells where Jehovah's dwelling shone !

Unmeet it were for us to dwell
Where Paynim hymns through Zion swell ;
And day by day, with callous eye,
Gaze on her faded majesty ;
And view the gorgeous Mosque arise,
Where blazed her holiest sacrifice
Beneath the Crescent's impious pride
It is not meet that we abide.

But oh, how pleasant 'tis to *die*
Where Israel's ruin'd glories lie !
How sweet to bid her children's bones
Blend with the dust of Salem's stones !
Her's is the mould beneath them spread,
And her's the sod above their head.
E'en the cold worm, with slimy coil,
Is welcome, bred in Judah's soil.

Soon shall these weary frames of ours
Dissolve like Salem's crumbling towers ;
Her outcast tribes no longer come
To greet her as their hallowed home,
But sadly joy to lay their head
Beneath her foes' insulting tread ;
To fall by her they could not save ;
Their glory once, and now their grave !

Say, Christian, canst thou hear that plaintive
strain

Breathe o'er Judea's desolated plain ;
While the sad exiles, worn with age and wo,
With faltering step, and swelling bosom go ;
Where erst, descending from the Olive steep,
One mightier far than David paused to weep ?
O canst thou hear, nor ask an eagle's wing,
An angel's tongue, the tale of peace to bring ?
From the high mount to send the joyful word,
" O comfort ye my people ! " saith the Lord.
Say not, thou trembling one, that I am gone,
That all my loving mercies are withdrawn.
What mother can forget the infant, pressed
In helplessness to her supporting breast ?
She *may* forget him, smiling on her knee,
But I, the Lord, will yet remember thee !

Still in my sight the mighty Bulwark stands,
 And still thy name is graven on my hands.
 What though from age to age the bitter draught
 Of wrath unmixed thy quivering lip hath quaffed,
 'Twas Sin exposed thee to that wrath divine—
 My ways are straight—but how unequal thine !
 Draw near, my people with your Maker plead ;
 Produce your cause, and vindicate the deed ;
 Retrace the gloomy wilderness of time,
 Raise the dim veil, and contemplate your crime.

Lo ! in the centre of yon scoffing crew,
 Say what Majestic Victim meets the view ?
 O fools and blind ! ye raise the murderous knife
 Against the Son of God, the Lord of Life ;
 The promised Prince, the Saviour of your line,
 The branch of Jesse's root, Messiah, King Divine !
 A Man of woes, rejected and unknown,
 Pressed by a weight of sins, but not his own ;
 Guiltless and uncondemned the Sufferer stands
 Mute as the sheep beneath her spoiler's hands.
 Turn to the record * of your ancient Seer,
 The shadow there behold—the substance here.
 In vain—the heart is hardened, closed the eye,
 And He—the very Paschal Lamb—must die !
 Hark to the import of that fearful strain—
 “ *On us and on our race His blood remain !* ”
 The word is past—the awful doom is given !
 And Israel stands accursed before the God of Heaven !

O thou afflicted, worn, and tempest-toss'd,
 How hath my thundering scourge thy pathway
 crossed !

* Isaiah liii.

Hungry and weary, desolate and sad,
Fed with my fury, by my vengeance clad ;
Victim of mocking hope and fruitless toil,
The scorn of nations and the people's spoil ;
Where'er thy wandering feet assay to pass,
The field is iron, and the sky is brass.
The beauteous land, thy glory and delight,
Devoured by Pagan foes before thy sight !
But deeper woes thy tainted soul hath known,
Thy conscience seared with fire, thy heart a stone.
Thine eye is dark beneath the day-beam's blaze ;
Thine ear is deafened to the song of praise ;
Thy back is bowed, thy table is a snare ;
Thy piety a sin, thy hope despair !

“ And will the Lord of Mercy ne'er forgive ? ”
Oh turn to me, my people, turn and live !
My Israel, turn ! thy murder'd Lord survey,
I rend the veil, and wash thy guilt away.
My own, my ransomed Judah, doomed to prove
A moment's wrath, and everlasting love !
I, even I, will wipe thy streaming tears,
And raise thy drooping head, and dissipate thy fears.
I am thy God—thy Husband—thou art mine ;
Thy glory shall return—arise, and shine !
From burning flames thy life do I redeem,
My hand upholds thee through the swelling stream ;
Thy darkest night with noontide splendor glows,
Thy howling desert blossoms as the rose ;
Thanksgiving, and the voice of melody,
Burst from thy lip, and echo through the sky ;
As, Zion-bound, thy homeward footsteps tread,
With everlasting joy upon thy head !

Thou wert a chosen Vine, supremely fair,
Placed by my hand and nourished by my care.
With watchful love I built a fortress round,
Beamed on thy head, and fertilized the ground ;
But barren, wild, unprofitable still,
No ripening fruit repaid my patient skill.
In wrath I turned, and smote thy spreading boughs,
Gave the wild cattle on thy leaves to browse ;
On thy bare trunk my storms and tempests hurled,
A monument of vengeance to the world !
But I will graft thee with a nobler shoot,
And with heaven's dews revive thy fainting root ;
The wondering nations in thy shade shall meet,
To quaff the streams that murmur at thy feet ;
Thy Moon the Brightness of the Sun display,
While sevenfold lustre gilds the solar ray ;
And thou, far lovelier, dearer than before,
Beneath Jehovah's smile shalt bloom for evermore.

THOUGHTS AT NIGHT.

O THOU, whose piercing glance pervades
The noon-tide blaze, the midnight shades,
Encompassing the path I tread,
 Beneath the cheerful beam of day,
And watching o'er my lonely bed,
With broad ethereal buckler spread
 To chase each lurking foe away ;
Lord of my life ! be with me now
While sleep forsakes my throbbing brow,
And in resistless billows lost,
My weary soul seems tempest-toss'd.
Be with me now : for thou hast been
My guard through every chequered scene,
Where memory lingers yet and weeps
 O'er the wild maze my feet have trod,
And still her faithful record keeps
Of deepening dells, and toilsome steeps,
 And storms that drove me to my God.
Beneath a strange and fearful lot
My blinded spirit saw thee not :

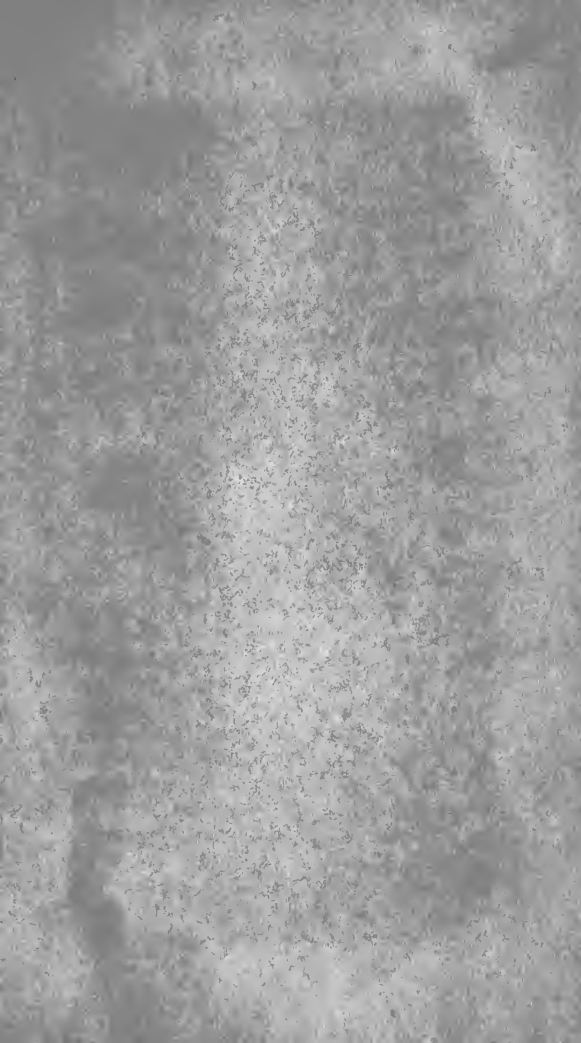
I deemed it harsh to dash away
The brimming cup of earthly joy,
And on the bloom of life's young May
Bid the remorseless whirlwinds play
To ravage and destroy.
Could this be love? to bid me know
The very bitterness of wo,
To lead me in a desert path,
Dark with the deepest frowns of wrath,
To rend the bosom's dearest ties,
To hide me from the kindred eyes
With tenderness and pity beaming;
No smile of sympathy to cheer,
No gentle hand to dry the tear,
Of solitary anguish streaming;
Or, if a gleam of mercy shone
In mortal mould, how quickly gone!
A meteor on the midnight sky,
Just born to glimmer and to die;
While years of sorrow sadly told,
Still gathered blackness as they rolled.
Could it be love that thus o'ercast
The glow of nature where I passed,
And with an icy frown repress'd
Each joyous throb that warmed my breast;
Flinging a stern untimely blight
On all the blossoms of delight?
Yes, it was love.—Thou, Lord, wert near
To treasure up each secret tear,
And on the softened heart engrave
A lesson to reclaim and save.
My every earthly prop o'erthrown,
I learn to rest on thee alone;

And oh, the hope, the joy, the peace,
Thy love upon my path hath shed,
Since thou hast bade my doubting cease,
And dried the tear, and raised the head.
The cloud, the tempest, still endure,
And warring elements engage,
But on Salvation's Rock secure
I smile upon their feeble rage ;
For oh, my Lord ! I know thee now !—
The blast may rush, the billow rave,
But who can harm the soul which thou
Art swift to hear, and strong to save ?
The records of thy praise unfold
Thy love and faithfulness of old ;
Firmer than giant rocks, that shoot
Through earth their adamantine root,
Thy truth and thy redeeming grace
Unchanged, unchangeably abide,
And thou hast sworn thou wilt not chace
One contrite sinner from the place
Of safety by thy side.
Let earthly comfort's feeble ray,
Like shooting stars, to darkness fall,
But thou—the fount of endless day,—
My Saviour, thou art all in all.
And since thy saving health I know
I would not bend to mortal wo :
From rising fears, that fain would blight
The moment's peace, oh set me free !
Why should yon pale soft lamp of night
That shines on all, not shine for me,
And beam upon me from above
The tale of providential love,

That swells her waning orb anew,
Feeding it with exhaustless ray,
And guiding with direction true
Upon her pathless way.
Why should I turn a sickening eye
From scenes thy bounteous fingers deck?
The gleams of pristine majesty,
Yet lingering on creation's wreck.
While all thy works bespeak thy praise,
'Tis meet a thankful song to raise;
'Tis meet, O Lord, to cast my care
On thee, who wilt the burden bear,
And own the ills I now survey,
Sufficient to the passing day.
And should a darker season lower,
And fiercer storms upon me burst,
I trust thy love, I trust thy power,
To answer in that helpless hour,
The hope thy promise nursed.

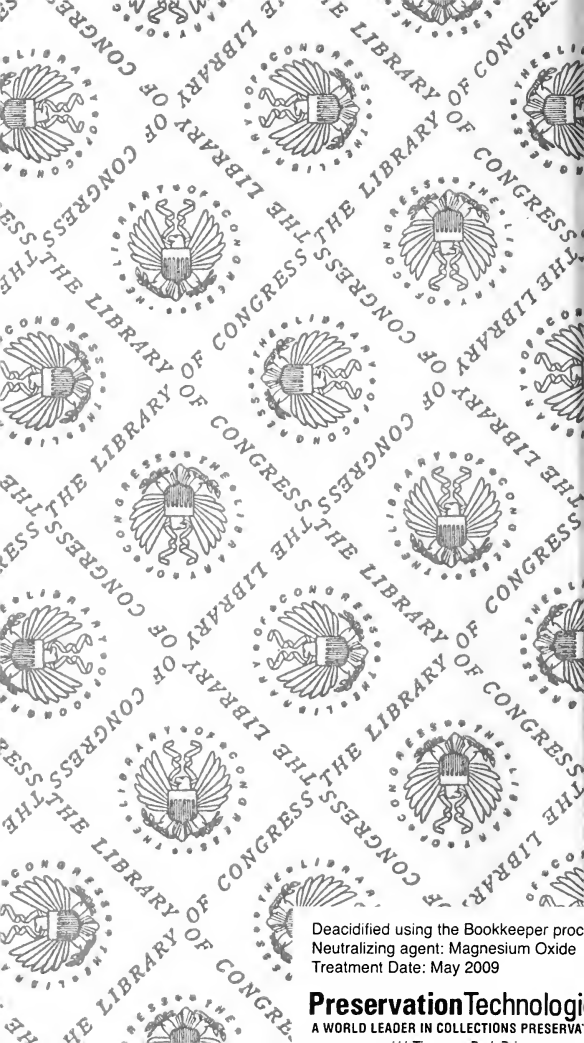












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